

PHOTOPLAY

PP 2-44 43 4/L 2Y R
MRS CHAS SLOSBURG
7 CLEVELAND RD
BROOKLINE MASS

now with
MIRRORE 10¢
NOVEMBER



CLAUDETTE COLBERT
BY PAUL HESSE

TWO GREAT MAGAZINES FOR THE PRICE OF ONE
HOLLYWOOD JOINS THE NAVY by WALTER WINCHELL

"I get a lot of fun out of smoking Camels...

Grand-tasting
and mild as can be!"

M^{rs} Martin Osborn
of Santa Barbara, California



"I'M BUSY EVERY MINUTE of the day," says Mrs. Osborn. Besides running a household, Mrs. Osborn finds time to do Red Cross work... enjoy sailing, golfing, riding. She entertains occasionally with garden parties, frequently with barbecues. • • "Camel cigarettes are such a favorite with my guests," says this California matron, "that I order Camels by the carton. Of course, 'I'd walk a mile' for my Camels, but I prefer to have them handy!"

BY BURNING 25% SLOWER than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to
5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!



IN THE COLOR PHOTOGRAPH ABOVE, Mrs. Osborn wears one of her favorite dinner casuals, a printed silk jersey... and she smokes her favorite cigarette, a Camel. • • "When anyone asks me what cigarette I smoke," she says, "I say 'Camel.' I've been smoking Camels for ten years and I never tire of them. Their flavor tastes just right and they're *milder* to smoke than any other cigarette I've ever tried."

The smoke of *slower-burning* Camels
contains

28% Less Nicotine

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests *of the smoke itself!*



CAMEL
*the cigarette of
costlier tobaccos*

R. J. Keynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

*A few of the many other
distinguished women who
prefer Camel cigarettes:*

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle,
Philadelphia

Mrs. Gail Borden, *Chicago*

Mrs. Powell Cabot, *Boston*

Mrs. Charles Carroll, Jr.,
Maryland

Mrs. Randolph Carter, *Virginia*

Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2ND,
Boston

Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3RD,
Philadelphia

Mrs. John Hylan Heminway,
New York

Mrs. Oliver DeGray Vanderbilt III,
Cincinnati

Mrs. Kiliaen M. Van Rensselaer,
New York



You can be Plain and still be Appealing

LUCKY, LUCKY YOU.. if your Smile is Right!

Let your smile win you admiration. Help keep it sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

BEAUTY editors agree! Beauty specialists give their approval and men from the days of Adam have endorsed with their eyes and sealed with their vows every single word: "Nothing adds more charm to a girl than a *bright, sparkling, appealing smile.*"

Take hope, plain Sue, and take heart. Even if you weren't born to beauty, you can win beauty's rewards. Help your

gums to health and bring out your smile's sparkle. Start today with Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

Guard against "Pink Tooth Brush"

Play safe! If you ever see a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist immediately.* He may simply tell you your gums have become sensitive because they need more work—work denied them by today's soft, creamy foods. And like many dentists these days, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste is specially designed not only to clean your teeth to a brilliant lustre but, with massage, to help bring new strength and firmness to your gums.

Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. You'll like its clean, freshening taste. And that invigorating "tang" means circulation is quickening in the gum tissues—helping your gums to new firmness. Keep your smile your most appealing asset. Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today.



"A LOVELY SMILE IS MOST IMPORTANT TO BEAUTY!"

say beauty editors of 23 out of 24 leading magazines

Recently a poll was made among the beauty editors of 24 leading magazines. All but one of these experts said that a woman has no greater charm than a lovely, sparkling smile.

They went on to say that "Even a plain girl can be charming, if she has a lovely smile. But without one, the loveliest woman's beauty is dimmed and darkened."

Start Today with
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

A Product of Bristol-Myers Company

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
The
LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



**The greatest
star of the
screen!**

We are about to usher in a most usherable morsel. It is called "Smilin' Through", that timeless classic of American theatre annals written dramatically by Janes (Cowl and Murfin) and screenatically by Donald (Ogden Stewart) and John (Balderston).

Those who have bathed their eyes in the romance of Moonyean Clare will be interested to know that in this moon-drenched incarnation, the director, Frank Borzage, has rendered us a musical version.



Starring the incomparable Jeanette MacDonald. And co-starring the logical choice—Brian Aherne as Sir John Carteret.

Gene Raymond and Ian Hunter must be emphasized, for they are major curves in a rounded cast.

As the theatre darkens and the traveling curtains part, leaving an after-image of the main title, the strains of "Two Eyes of Blue Come Smilin' Through," pleasantly massage our hearts and a lovely wistful story of honor and chivalry unfolds.

Many of us are in love with the spirit of "Smilin' Through". Many more of us will be when we see and hear Jeanette's Moonyean in perfected Technicolor.

There are songs that no one can deny. All of us will react soulfully to Miss MacDonald singing "Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes" and "Just A Little Love, A Little Kiss".

And to the more rousing, gayer melodies that throng through this visit to Nostalgia.

Or, reducing ourselves to show parlance,
 "Smilin' Through" has everything.

That includes



- Lea

Advertisement for *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures*

PHOTOPLAY

combined with

ERNEST V. HEYN
Executive Editor

MOVIE
MIRROR

HELEN GILMORE
Associate Editor

HIGHLIGHTS OF THIS ISSUE

Hollywood Joins the Navy	Walter Winchell	26
American's ace columnist gives the exclusive lowdown on Hollywood higher-ups		
No Secret Marriage This Time	Rilla Page Palmborg	28
Priscilla Lane wants everyone to know the truth about her new and serious romance		
Round-up of Romances	Ruth Waterbury	31
The inside facts about the status of Hollywood's five headline couples		
Could You Tame Stirling Hayden?	Roberta Ormiston	34
Are You Afraid to Walk Alone?	Helen Louise Walker	36
Read this and you'll find yourself giving up some of your pet ideas		
If I Were Editor		39
Douglas Fairbanks Jr. suggests an innovation; author Harmony Haynes carries it through		
Clamor Boys	Ida Zeitlin	42
The zany explosion of Abbott and Costello into print		
I Wake Up Screaming!	Steve Fisher	44
A strangely thrilling story of two frightened by something stronger than themselves		
How Linda Darnell Lives	Adele Whitely Fletcher	46
Visit a sweet girl—another in our Hollywood At Home series		
Bike Hikers		49
Hyman Fink's camera gives you a "for the first time" view of stars on cycles		
You Can't Count Him Out!	John R. Franchey	52
Randolph Scott pulls a fast one on the Hollywood sages		
To My Lady of Courage		54
The personal letters of Barbara Stanwyck to that admirable woman, Vivian Cosby		
Small Town Deb	Fiction version by Norton Russell	62
This is what happens to Jane Withers in Fox's new hilarious comedy		
Cowboy with Sex Appeal		64
What everyone wants to know about Roy Rogers		
Hollywood's Unknown Friendships	"Fearless"	65

GLAMOUR

Natural Color Portraits of These Popular Stars:	Whose Back?	41
	How fast can you answer this Holly- wood back talk?	
Deanna Durbin	Portraits:	
Stirling Hayden	Robert Taylor	50
Douglas Fairbanks Jr.	Paulette Goddard	51
Lucille Ball		

FASHIONS, BEAUTY NOTES AND DEPARTMENTS

Close Ups and Long Shots—		Maid into Movie Star.....	56
Ruth Waterbury	4	Take Fall in Your Stride.....	57
The Shadow Stage	6	Star Finds in the Stores.....	66
Inside Stuff—Cal York.....	8	Photoplay-Movie Mirror Junior	68
Brief Reviews	18	Porridge Preferred.....	100
Speak for Yourself.....	22	Casts of Current Pictures.....	104

COVER: Claudette Colbert, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR is published monthly by MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC., Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, New Jersey. Editorial offices, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. Executive office, 205 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y. O. J. Elder, President; Haydock Miller, Secretary; Charles H. Shattuck, Treasurer; Walter Hanlon, Advertising Manager. Advertising offices, 122 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y. Chicago office, 221 North LaSalle St., E. F. Lethen, Jr., Mgr. Pacific Coast office: San Francisco, 420 Market St., Lee Andrews, Mgr. Entered as second-class matter September 21, 1931, at the post office in Dunellen, New Jersey, under the name of PHOTOPLAY, Inc. Postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Send address changes in U. S. to PHOTOPLAY, Inc., 111 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y. 10017. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Price in the United States and Possessions, and Newfoundland, \$1.00 a year; price per copy, United States, 10c; Canada, 15c. In Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch and French Guiana, \$1.50 a year; in other countries \$2.50 a year. While Manuscripts, Photographs and Drawings are submitted at the owner's risk, every effort will be made to return those found unavailable if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and explicit name and address. But we will not be responsible for any loss of such matter contributed. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions; otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk.

Member of Macfadden Women's Group.

The contents of this magazine may not be reprinted either wholly or in part without permission. Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. Title trademark registered in U. S. Patent Office.

Printed in U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Co., Dunellen, N. J.

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



Because this romantic story is the

most beloved of our time M-G-M set it to music...

glorified it in brilliant *Technicolor* and now

presents it as one of its greatest productions.



JEANETTE
MacDONALD

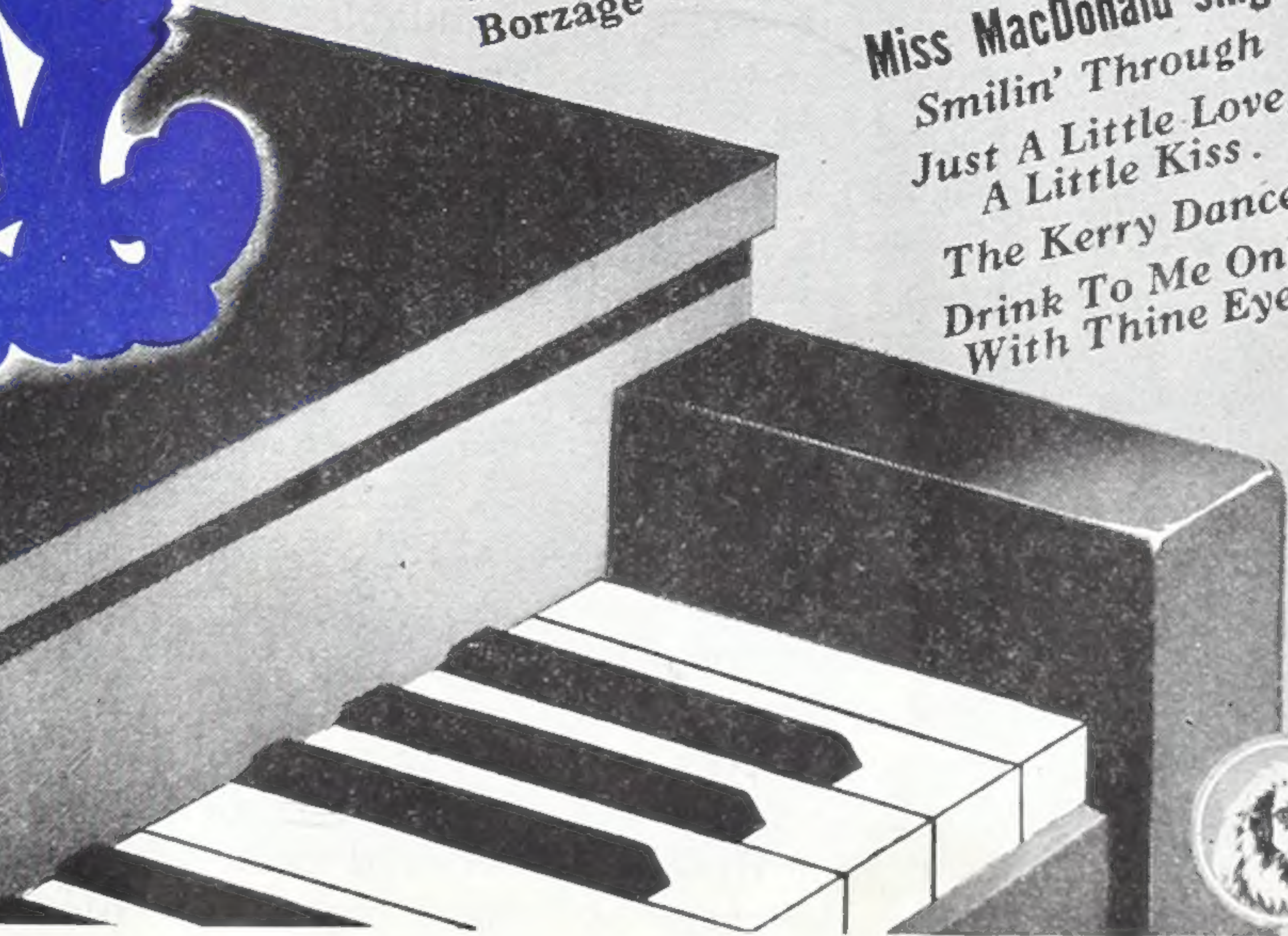
BRIAN
AHERNE

IN
Smilin' Through

with IAN
GENE
RAYMOND • HUNTER

A Frank Borzage Production
Screen Play by Donald Ogden Stewart
and John Balderston • Based on the
Play by Jane Cowl and Jane Murn
An M-G-M Picture • Directed by Frank
Borzage • Produced by Victor Saville

Miss MacDonald sings
Smilin' Through
Just A Little Love,
A Little Kiss.
The Kerry Dance
Drink To Me Only
With Thine Eyes



Deanna Durbin's story-book wedding was an influencing factor in . . .

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS



You won't believe it but: Dietrich's present career problem is the result of Kathryn Grayson's marriage



. . . Judy Garland's sudden elopement to Las Vegas with bandleader Dave Rose



Kathryn Grayson, who eloped with John Shelton and thereby mixed up Marlene



BY RUTH WATERBURY

EVERYTHING in Hollywood . . . but everything . . . is interrelated . . . that is both the strength and the weakness of the movie capital . . . and that is why there is always much more than meets the fan's eye in any story that gets into the headlines. . . .

As, for instance . . . you read about Marlene Dietrich's breaking her ankle on a movie set right down to the last detail . . . but you never heard a whisper about the connection between Kathryn Grayson's elopement and the Dietrich career . . . and there is a connection, an astounding one. . . .

You might not realize that the entrancing dignity of Deanna Durbin's wedding was the influencing factor in Judy Garland's eloping to Las Vegas . . . but it was. . . .

You probably would never connect the fact that Wendell Willkie's having been nominated for the Presidency last fall had a lot to do with Robert Montgomery's now shelving acting to become a naval lieutenant on the staff of the United States Embassy in London . . . yet the two events are definitely connected. . . .

And the real reason that Rosalind Russell, offered terrific contracts by

every major studio, has decided to free-lance instead . . . well, let me tell you the first three stories, and then I'll tell you about Roz. . . .

There is no minimizing the shock that the Grayson-Shelton marriage was to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer . . . there have been a lot of harsh stories written about studio interference with players' romances . . . but the honest fact that Metro didn't want Kathryn Grayson, who is still in her teens, to get married is very understandable. . . for one thing they felt she was too young to know her own mind . . . for another, they have had her under contract for two years, during which time she has not only been paid a good salary but has had a fortune invested in her . . . in voice training . . . in acting lessons . . . in general education . . . in exploitation . . . and the like. . . .

Enter, now the plot and Miss Dietrich. . . .

Over at Universal, Joe Pasternak, the producer, was making a million every few months with Deanna Durbin . . . the girl Metro has never been allowed to forget having dropped from their payroll . . . Metro believed they

had a second Durbin in Kathryn Grayson . . . so they began casting covetous glances at Pasternak and Pasternak began casting interested glances at Metro because his Universal contract was about to run out and he didn't know whether or not he wanted to sign up again at that particular shop. . . .

Along with his success with Durbin, however, Pasternak was regarded as the individual most responsible for the Dietrich "comeback" in "Destry Rides Again" . . . true, this had been followed by "Seven Sinners" and "The Flame of New Orleans" which had died at the box office faster than you can say Douglas Fairbanks Jr. . . . but still, Pasternak believed in Dietrich and Dietrich believed in Pasternak to such an extent that Dietrich signed up with Universal to do still another picture, "Hilo Hattie" . . . at which time, Pasternak did move to Metro, with the announced intention of making the same prima donna of Miss Grayson that he had made of Deanna Durbin. . . .

But now the little girl whose scripts were to present her as dewy Miss Innocence is (Continued on page 94)

CHARLES BOYER says:

"I am a man
of many loves!"

CHARLES BOYER tells about his newest picture, "HOLD BACK THE DAWN."

"I am a man of many loves in 'Hold Back The Dawn'—a sort of international 'heel'—a man who lives by his wits and his way with women . . .

"Frankly, I was worried about playing a role which could be compared to my Pepe le Moko in 'Algiers.' But when *Mitchell Leisen* told me the entire story...how the rogue, Georges, who has known many loves, is at last taught the meaning of true love by the sweet, unsophisticated Emmy . . . then I knew that the role promised to be one of the best I have ever had. I was sure of it when *Mr. Leisen* cast lovely *Olivia de Havilland*



as Emmy . . . and the fiery *Paulette Goddard* to play the role of the dancer who plays such an important part in Georges' life.



"'HOLD BACK THE DAWN' is finished now . . . and I am proud to have had a part in its making, for Paramount feels that this is one of the greatest emotional dramas ever to be put on the screen."

CHARLES BOYER

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND • PAULETTE GODDARD

in

"HOLD BACK THE DAWN"

with VICTOR FRANCEN • WALTER ABEL • Directed by MITCHELL LEISEN
Written by Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder • From a Story by Ketti Frings • A Paramount Picture

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

The SHADOW STAGE

REVIEWING MOVIES OF THE MONTH

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, outstanding



Enchantingly fresh little comedy: Fred MacMurray and Mary Martin in "New York Town"



A laugh-provoking winner: Bob Hope and Paulette Goddard in "Nothing But The Truth"

✓ New York Town (Paramount)

It's About: A New Englander who learns the ropes of Big Town from a seasoned New Yorker.

FRESH as a daisy, well-scrubbed behind the ears and wholesome as mush and milk, this enchanting little comedy takes Mary Martin out of the "Heart Belongs to Daddy" theme and places her, a naïve little girl in big old New York, in the field of straight comedy drama. She has never been better, and no wonder, for look who awaits her in the very first reel—none other than clever, likeable Fred MacMurray, as a sidewalk photographer. He shows Mary how to eat free, gather together free raiment and live off the town, as it were. When Fred attempts to marry her off to prosperous Robert Preston, he learns *all* the best things in life are really free—L-o-v-e among them.

Akim Tamiroff, an alien who wants to become an American, and Lynne Overman as the cheerful but crippled war veteran aid MacMurray in his happy work of getting Mary citified.

Your Reviewer Says: A little honey-bun with currants.

The Best Pictures of the Month

Dive Bomber

Lydia

Life Begins for Andy Hardy

The Little Foxes

When Ladies Meet

Best Performances

Merle Oberon in "Lydia"

Alan Marshal in "Lydia"

Joseph Cotten in "Lydia"

Hans Yarrow in "Lydia"

Bob Hope in "Nothing But The Truth"

Bette Davis in "The Little Foxes"

Teresa Wright in "The Little Foxes"

Charles Dingle in "The Little Foxes"

Herbert Marshall in "The Little Foxes"

Greer Garson in "When Ladies Meet"

Joan Crawford in "When Ladies Meet"

Robert Taylor in "When Ladies Meet"

✓ Nothing But The Truth (Paramount)

It's About: A man who wagers he can tell the truth for twenty-four hours.

OVER Paramount way they've taken their knock-'em-dead comedian, Bob Hope, who, alas, is growing stouter by the minute, and set him squarely into the midst of a 1916 farce. The result is neither fish nor fowl. What was screamingly risqué then seems as antiquated now as a red plush album, but for all that, and in spite of the bewhiskered story, Hope brings in the picture—a laugh-provoking winner. All credit is due Hope, not the story.

He's silly enough, this funny man, to bet \$10,000 of Paulette Goddard's money that he can tell the truth for twenty-four consecutive hours. Maybe you think Edward Arnold, Leif Erikson and Glenn Anders, who took the bet, don't crowd our hero into one tight corner after another.

Paulette Goddard improves with each film, but it's Hope's picture and, brother, he makes the best of it.

Your Reviewer Says: Mama, that man is here again.

(Continued on page 95)

FOR COMPLETE CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES SEE PAGE 104



HEADS UP!



HEARTS UP!



THUMBS UP!

Here's the *first* story! Here's the *furious* story! Here's the *screaming* story of the RAF's daredevil Aces in Exile. From every conquered corner of the globe they come—avenging 'angels' sky-writing their heroic history!

If you never climbed a plane 5 miles up . . . then streaked it earthward 500 miles an hour . . . If you never loved and laughed one moment though you were "going up" the next . . . then you can't possibly imagine how exciting a picture this is!

It's the role that zooms Ronnie to the heights of stardom!

RONALD REAGAN

OLYMPE BRADNA • WILLIAM LUNDIGAN • JOAN PERRY
REGINALD DENNY • Directed by LEWIS SEILER

Screen Play by Barry Trivers & Kenneth Gamet • Suggested by a Play by Frank Wead

THEIR COUNTRIES CONQUERED, BUT NOT THEIR COURAGE

"INTERNATIONAL SQUADRON"

The 'Foreign Legion' of the RAF

WARNER BROS.' THRILLING NEW TRIUMPH!



Jacques, of BELGIUM
the never-say-die ace!



Nick, of GREECE
striking back with relentless fury!



Michele, of FRANCE
fighting-mad, fighting for freedom!



Josef, of POLAND
avenging his home 5 miles high!



Olaf, of NORWAY
flying hero of a heroic land!



Jan, the CZECH
settling a score in the sky!

Inside Stuff

BY CAL YORK

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

Grin extempore:
Gary Cooper and
Claudette Colbert
in a *Ciro's* scene

IMPROMPTWOS

Same place: A funny
ha-ha look at Bill and
Diana Lewis Powell

Bringing to light all the items Hollywood has been
whispering about for these eventful thirty days

EVENTS of the Month: A gala night at *Ciro's* after the premiere of "Charley's Aunt" found all Hollywood wining, dining and gossiping. Anne Shirley and John Payne were the center of the "younger married group"; Joan Bennett, with her new short bob, and Barbara Stanwyck, with her new coiffure, attracted the most attention, with arguments pro and con as to which is more becoming—the short or long hair-dos. Cal refused to be drawn into it. Proud parents Ronald Reagan and Jane Wyman,

and Corporal Jimmy Stewart with lovely Frances Robinson in tow, had the most fun.

Incidentally, Jimmy and his erstwhile girl friend, Olivia de Havilland, accidentally met in the foyer.

"Why, Jimmy, you've lost weight," Olivia exclaimed.

"And you've gained some," Stewart came back, "and it's very becoming."

That was all. Each went on to his separate table. . . .

The Chinese Moon Festival in downtown Los Angeles, with three

nights of gala festivities in old and new Chinatowns, had most of Hollywood riding in the parades and aiding in the cause of Chinese relief.

Betty Grable and George Raft brought loud cheers from the fans, with Judy Garland and Bob Young, Alice Faye and Cesar Romero, Fred MacMurray and Dietrich signing autographs like mad. Handsome Charles Boyer with dignified Irene Dunne, John Payne and Anne Nagel, Henry Fonda with Marjorie Weaver, Joan Bennett and (Continued on page 10)



...THE EPITAPH OF A NICE GIRL

Everybody in town liked Ivy. Then behind her back they began to give her a sinister nick-name. It was "Poison Ivy"—and every one knew what it meant but Ivy herself. Slowly but certainly that nasty whispered epigram became her epitaph. Socially she was simply finished. Men no longer sought her company. Too often for her peace of mind she was left out of parties that in the past she could have counted on.

People were cool in their attitude and sometimes dropped her without a word of explanation. Hurt and puzzled, she sought for an answer but found none; people with that sort of

trouble* rarely do.

Few things are as fatal to friendship, popularity, and romance, as a case of *halitosis (bad breath), yet anyone may be guilty at some time or other—*without realizing it*. That's the insidious thing about this offensive condition.

Consider yourself. How do you know that at this very moment your breath is not on the offensive side? How foolish to guess . . . to take needless chances!

Why not let Listerine Antiseptic help you. It's a wonderful antiseptic and deodorant, you know. While the condition

is sometimes systemic, food fermentation in the mouth is the major cause of bad breath according to some authorities. Listerine quickly halts this fermentation and makes your breath sweeter and purer.

Simply use Listerine Antiseptic night and morning and between times before social and business engagements at which you would like to appear at your best. If you want others to like you, never, *never* omit this delightful precaution.



LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
St. Louis, Mo.

Before all business and social engagements let LISTERINE take care of your breath

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Complacency, or Rooney conquers the lemon: Mickey and his *Ciro's* date, Mary Lou Cook, in an intimate moment of a man's life



Gable grinned when he saw this Fink picture: He looks obliquely across a table at *Ciro's*. Lombard knows all, sees all, says nothing



IMPROMPTWOS

Interested in the *Ciro's* tablecloth is John Carroll; interested in Mr. Carroll is Lorraine Gettman

Ralph Bellamy gathered in their share of yens. Linda Darnell had all the young swains on the sidelines mooning like calves. No doubt of it, Linda was the belle of the Festival.

Oddments: Martha Scott couldn't be happier. Martha and her husband, Carleton Alsop, expect the stork after Christmas. . . .

To turn another page, Thomas Mitchell and the wife from whom he's been divorced for twenty-five years have recently remarried. . . .

(Continued from page 8)

Mary Martin and her husband, Richard Halliday, will call the new baby, due most any time now, Heller, of all things. Boy or girl, it's to be Heller, simply because Mary likes the name. Cal hopes it isn't—a Heller, if you know what we mean. . . .

Gloria Vanderbilt, just seventeen, startled all Hollywood by appearing at the "Charley's Aunt" preview with a six-inch-high pompadour atop her pretty head. On her arm was George Montgomery, ex-Montana cowboy, who was even prettier. Incidentally,

this Montgomery lad is the favorite swain these days, even handing Bobbie Stack a back seat. . . .

Wayne Morris in his Navy outfit is the handsomest actor in uniform. If you'd like an official look at him, turn to page 26.

Favorite Stories of the Month: Ginger Rogers had just returned from the beach and stood by the RKO newsstand looking over the magazines. Her rather thin hair was stringy, her (Continued on page 12)

LADIES!

Here Is Such A Special Introductory Offer To Readers of Photoplay-Movie Mirror

WE HOPE YOU DON'T MISS A WORD OF IT

LADIES . . . have you ever wished to own an expensive diamond ring? Well, you know that the marching armies of Europe have brought the diamond centers of the world to a virtual standstill. With genuine diamond prices shooting skyward, it might be a long, long time before your dreams came true. But here's amazing news. If you act now, today, you can obtain a beautiful solitaire *replica* diamond ring, nearly $\frac{3}{4}$ karat solitaire, one of America's greatest imitations, in a gorgeous sterling silver or gold-plate mounting, during one of the greatest value-giving advertising offers in all history! Simply mail the coupon below. Inspect this remarkable solitaire replica diamond, wear it for 10 days. If you aren't delighted in every way, you need not lose a penny!

Have You Ever Wished To Own A Beautiful Expensive Looking Replica Diamond Solitaire?

JUST think! No other type ring so beautifully expresses the sentiment of true love as a Solitaire . . . a replica diamond solitaire, gleaming in its crystal white beauty . . . exquisitely set in a sterling silver or yellow gold-plate ring that proudly encircles "her" finger . . . the perfect symbol of life's sweetest sentiment . . . an adorable token of love and affection. Replica diamonds are decidedly new and very

fashionable. So closely do they resemble real diamonds in flaming, dazzling colors, the average person can scarcely tell them apart. So you, too, should inspect this replica diamond solitaire. Mail the coupon, see for yourself that it is one of the world's most popular ring styles. Consider your replica diamond on-approval for ten days. If it doesn't amaze you and your friends, return it and you aren't out a penny.

SEND NO MONEY . . . MAIL COUPON TODAY

—TEST 10 DAYS ON GUARANTEE OF FULL SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK

THE beautiful, sentimental solitaire has a gorgeous, brilliant center replica, nearly $\frac{3}{4}$ karat size and two dazzling replicas on each side. The mounting reproduces in fine detail the same popular ring styling which has been the rage from Miami to Hollywood. It is the ring of youth, of love, of affection. You have your choice of genuine sterling silver or yellow gold-plate mountings. Remember, we're not trying to tell you these are real diamonds. The originals would cost \$100.00, \$200.00 or perhaps more. But these replica diamonds ARE one

of America's greatest imitations. Not too big, not too flashy, it takes the closest inspection to tell the difference. Stage stars, celebrities, social leaders and millionaires don't risk their precious originals but wear replica diamonds without fear of detection. The Solitaire is offered to you for only \$1.00. The solitaire and wedding ring to match are specially priced at only \$1.69 . . . the perfect pair for only \$1.69. Send no money. Just mail the coupon below and deposit \$1.00 for the solitaire alone or \$1.69 for both the solitaire and wedding ring,

plus postage charges. Inspect these beautiful replica diamonds. Wear them, see how real-like they sparkle, how amazingly brilliant they are, how envious your friends may be. Convince yourself—compare these replica diamonds with originals. Consider them on-approval, on free trial for ten full days. Then if you can bear to part with your ring, if you aren't satisfied in every way, return them and get your money back for the asking. Don't wait but mail the coupon, today!

"The Perfect Pair"

THE solitaire replica diamond ring, in either a sterling silver or gold-plate mounting, is offered at \$1.00. The wedding ring to match is only 69c extra, both the solitaire and matching wedding ring for only \$1.69. Mail the coupon today.

For Ring Size . . . Use the chart below. Cut out the strip accurately, wrap tightly around middle-joint of ring finger. The number that meets the end of the chart strip is your ring size. Mark it down on the coupon.



CLIP AND MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

The Diamond Man, Dept. 41, 207 N. Michigan, Chicago, Ill.

Send for my inspection and approval, replica diamond rings as checked below. I will pay postman amount indicated plus postage on arrival on the understanding I can return the rings for any reason in 10 days and you will refund my money immediately without question.

☐ Replica Diamond Solitaire—\$1.00
☐ Replica Diamond Solitaire and Matching Wedding Ring—Both For \$1.69

Size ☐ Sterling Silver ☐ Yellow Gold Plate

Name

Address

City

State

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

(Continued from page 10)

most feeling, her skin red. Finally, Ginger pointed to a gorgeous picture of herself on a magazine cover.

"Gee," she said, "if I could only look like that."

An actor, jobless at the moment, sat in Romanoff's staring at Barbara Hutton, the heiress, and her swain, Cary Grant.

"Look at them," he sighed. "Cash and Cary."

Bob Montgomery, accompanied by a friend, was on his way East to join the Navy when a dignified elderly man approached and reached out his hand to Bob.



They go out to dinner at the new Copacabana: George Raft and Gary Cooper, Fink's tight-collar lad

Hello There, Miss Dunne: Irene Dunne heard that a certain driver of a sight-seeing bus for tourists in Hollywood was dropping the most scandalous tidbits as he pointed out the stars' homes.

So, disguised with dark glasses and a scarf over her head, Irene boarded the bus. The driver, while not enthusing, very kindly pointed out each home.

"And now," he finally said, "on the left is the home of the beautiful Miss Irene Dunne and her husband, Dr. Griffin. They are the happiest and most popular couple in Hollywood. And what's more, Miss Dunne is my favorite actress."

Irene gloated behind her dark spectacles. Wait until she told her friends about this.

At the end of the trip, she stepped down blithely with the other passengers.

"Well, good-by, Miss Dunne," called the driver, grinning from ear to ear. "But you should *really* hear what I say on your block sometimes."

Frustrated, Irene stormed home.

Note to Hollywood Chamber of Commerce: Why not investigate those sight-seeing busses? Many stars have complained about the chatter handed out by the drivers.

(Continued on page 14)



These two rise and shine at the Moon Festival in Chinatown for Chinese Relief. Marlene Dietrich and Fred MacMurray. Below: Three lucky strikes at the ball game—Daisy, Larry Simms, Cesar Romero

"Hello, Freddie," he said.

"Freddie?" asked Bob's friend, puzzled.

"Yes, Freddie March, my favorite actor."

"Why, this isn't Fredric March," said the friend. "This is Robert Montgomery."

"Don't tell me," said the now indignant gentleman. "I know Fredric March. Why, I wouldn't walk across the street to see Robert Montgomery!"

Getting Down To Facts: Cal has an interesting telephone conversation to report. It took place between the editor of Photoplay-Movie Mirror and Mae Murray.

Said Miss Murray: "A lot of publications have made incorrect statements about my name and my age. I have only one name—Mae Murray—and only one true birth date: May 10, 1898."





STRAW MEN

Without meat, milk, eggs, fish, America could never have an efficient army—in the field—on the farms—or in the factory.

For these foods contain vital elements which men need for the hard work the nation must perform.

FROM LEAN MEAT come several members of that amazing vitamin family we call B-Complex. Lean meat is *muscle*—rich in strength-giving proteins. Lean meat is a fine source of mineral substances—of iron and copper, for example, without which good red blood cannot exist. Don't forget liver or kidneys either. In some ways they surpass the lean cuts. And the fat from meat is nature's most concentrated form of food energy.

Milk and eggs are also important foods, contributing much to a well-balanced diet.

From fish also we get needed proteins, minerals and parts of the Vitamin B-Complex.

You know how Uncle Sam is bet-

ting on the stamina and courage and alertness of all his nephews and nieces now. Don't let him down.

Proper food, we *all* know, can make the difference between men and women of straw and men and women of iron!

WHERE YOU SEE meats displayed, where you see them advertised in counter and window signs, your merchant is aiding our government's program to make the nation strong. Meat, eaten regularly, helps to build up the individual—helps to build up America's defense.

This message is approved by the office of Federal Security Administrator, Paul V. McNutt, Co-ordinator of Health, Welfare and Related Defense Activities. It is brought to you as our contribution to National Nutritional Defense by Photoplay-Movie Mirror

THE MAGIC FOODS

It takes only a few kinds of simple foods to provide a sound foundation for buoyant health. Eat each of them daily. Then add to your table anything else you like which agrees with you.



MILK—especially for Vitamin A, some of the B vitamins, protein and calcium. "Irradiated" milk—for Vitamin D—the "sunshine" vitamin.

MEAT, eggs and sea food—for proteins and several of the B-Complex vitamins; meat and eggs also for iron.



GREEN AND YELLOW vegetables for B vitamins, Vitamin A, Vitamin C, and minerals.

FRUITS and fruit juices—for Vitamin C, other vitamins and minerals.



BREAD, whole grain or enriched, for B Vitamins and other nutrients.

Enough of these foods in your daily diet and in the diets of all Americans will assure better health for the nation, will increase its energies to meet today's emergencies.

Food will build a NEW America



avoid Lipstick Parching WITH Sub-Deb

This is the Lipstick that may very well change your Lipstick life... Coty "Sub-Deb"!

"Sub-Deb" gives you more than alluring color... it helps you avoid "Lipstick Parching"! Yes, blended through every Lipstick is a softening ingredient that helps keep your lips tenderly soft and sweet. So why risk rough, harshly chapped lips—ever? Today get a Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick, \$1.00 or 50¢.



New Shades

Four of the 9 exciting Coty shades



Gitane

dashing "gipsy" shade

"Magnet Red"

a dramatic red red

Dahlia

smart, flower-soft red

Tamale

alluring "Latin" shade

COTY



CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

(Continued from page 12)

Out for the Count of Nine: When Gene Tierney eloped with Count Oleg Cassini, Hollywood dress designer, her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Howard S. Tierney, were furious. But their amazement was nothing compared to Hollywood's when the parents sued to prevent Twentieth Century-Fox from signing a new contract with their daughter, plus a \$5,000 damage claim. It seems the parents were a corporation that was to receive twenty-five percent of Gene's gross earnings.

Well, you could have knocked Hollywood down with the proverbial feather when that bomb burst, seeing as how Mr. Howard Tierney is a man of considerable means.

Anyway, we are happy to report:

1. The case was dismissed by Superior Judge Robert L. Munger.
2. Gene has hired a new agent, Leland Hayward (Maggie Sullavan's husband), to replace her parents in the handling of her affairs.
3. She has moved into the small apartment occupied by her husband and his mother.
4. She swears she loves her husband.
5. She swore she loved handsome Robert Sterling a few months before and almost married him.
6. The young lady is undoubtedly in love with love and under the circumstances you can't blame Daddy and Mother for being up in arms.
7. Her career is zooming, Gene dashing from "Sundown" to "Shanghai Gesture."
8. Her brother, the Harvard lad, planned to Hollywood to beg Gene to give up her count. She refused.
9. Hollywood is quite frankly dis-

Ciro's sees why Lana Turner, here with Judy Garland, is known as one of the most daringly dressed women in Hollywood

appointed over the whole thing, but then everybody got married to somebody in Hollywood this summer, or so it seems to Cal.

10. Anyway, it's none of our business and we wish Gene and Oleg much happiness.

P.S. Incidentally, don't be discouraged, girls, if your legs are a bit on the too-plump side. Miss Tierney possesses a pair that is much too heavy and look how she gets by. Gene concentrates on her face and hair and thereby takes everybody's mind off the lower extremities. Or nearly everybody's, that is.

Temperature—Zero: We walked onto "The Man Who Came for Dinner" set and stopped in our tracks—our mouths gaping. We'd heard those rumors that Bette Davis and Ann Sheridan were feuding, but never had we expected to encounter the iciness that seemed to fill the very air. Bette and Ann were before the camera waiting for the director to give the word to go ahead, when suddenly Bette turned to Ann.

"Since we're feuding," she said coldly, "I may as well tell you I think you stink."

Ann looked Bette up and down. "And may I say I think you stink, Miss Davis?" she said.

Not a soul spoke a word for a full minute, which aged your old Uncle Cal ten years. Then, just when we could bear it no longer, the two girls burst out in laughter.

They'd been clowning, of course. But you should have seen their faces later when they glimpsed us and you should have heard their frantic explanations lest we really think they



Holding hands at *Ciro's*: Ginger Rogers and George Montgomery, a question-mark couple. For inside news, see the story on page 31

meant it. That's where we got even with them.

Friendship, Marriage, Romance: Olivia de Havilland never missed a day visiting Franchot Tone while he lay ill in the hospital. This is one of those "perfect friendships" that sometimes develop between a man and woman. Franchot, incidentally, is well again after a serious illness. . . .

The bride wore a very sore throat. In Las Vegas, Nevada, Ellen Drew rose from her bed of illness to marry writer Cy Bartlett, Alice White's former husband. Despite the cold, Ellen and Cy went through the ceremony that had been postponed so many times due to picture engagements. Ellen, one of Hollywood's best young actresses, has been married once before and is so proud of her seven-year-old son. All Hollywood wishes the couple happiness—even if the bride did "dak dru her nose" when she said her "I do's". . . .

"I'd certainly like to know how Bonita feels about marriage three years from now," Jackie Cooper told Cal. "We're much too young even to think of marriage now," he said. "Bonita and I are both eighteen and eighteen is too young for so serious a step."

There's an aura of sadness about young Cooper these days because his beloved "Mom" is so very ill. It's a shadow that even his happiness with Bonita can't dispel.

And It Wasn't Harpo Marx: As a rule Betty Grable is kind to autograph hounds. But there is one she would like to strangle with her bare hands. Betty is one of the few stars who drives her own car at night and on the way home recently her heart leaped into her throat when she realized she was being followed by a man in a black sedan. When she speeded up, the other car speeded up. When

Girl meets Boy—Girl wins Boy Girl guards her Charm with Mum!



Keep your Charm your winning asset— prevent underarm odor with Mum!

SOME GIRLS live alone and like it. Others marry their second best choice. But happy Sue nailed the man of her heart's desire and better still, she plans to keep him. Sue knows that personal daintiness is one asset a girl *must* have. And *every day* she guards her charm with Mum.

She knows that even the most refreshing bath can't prevent risk of underarm odor to come. *Mum does.* A quick, daily dab under each arm and you know that your daintiness and charm are secure, all day or all evening long.

More girls use Mum than any other deodorant. You'll like it, too, for—

SPEED—Only 30 seconds to prevent underarm odor for hours!

SAFETY—The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum is harmless to any kind of fabric . . . so gentle that even after underarm shaving, it won't irritate your skin.

LASTING CHARM—Mum keeps underarms fresh—not by stopping perspiration, but by preventing odor. Guard your charm—get Mum at your druggist's today.

CHARM IS WORTH GUARDING . . . PLAY SAFE WITH MUM!

EVEN ON THE BUSIEST DAYS—MUM KEEPS UNDERARMS FRESH

TO HERSELF: JACK'S FULL OF COMPLIMENTS. MANY THANKS TO MUM FOR GUARDING MY FRESHNESS AND CHARM

For Sanitary Napkins

More women prefer Mum for this use, too, because it's gentle, safe . . . guards charm. Avoid offending—always use Mum.

A Product of Bristol-Myers Company

MUM

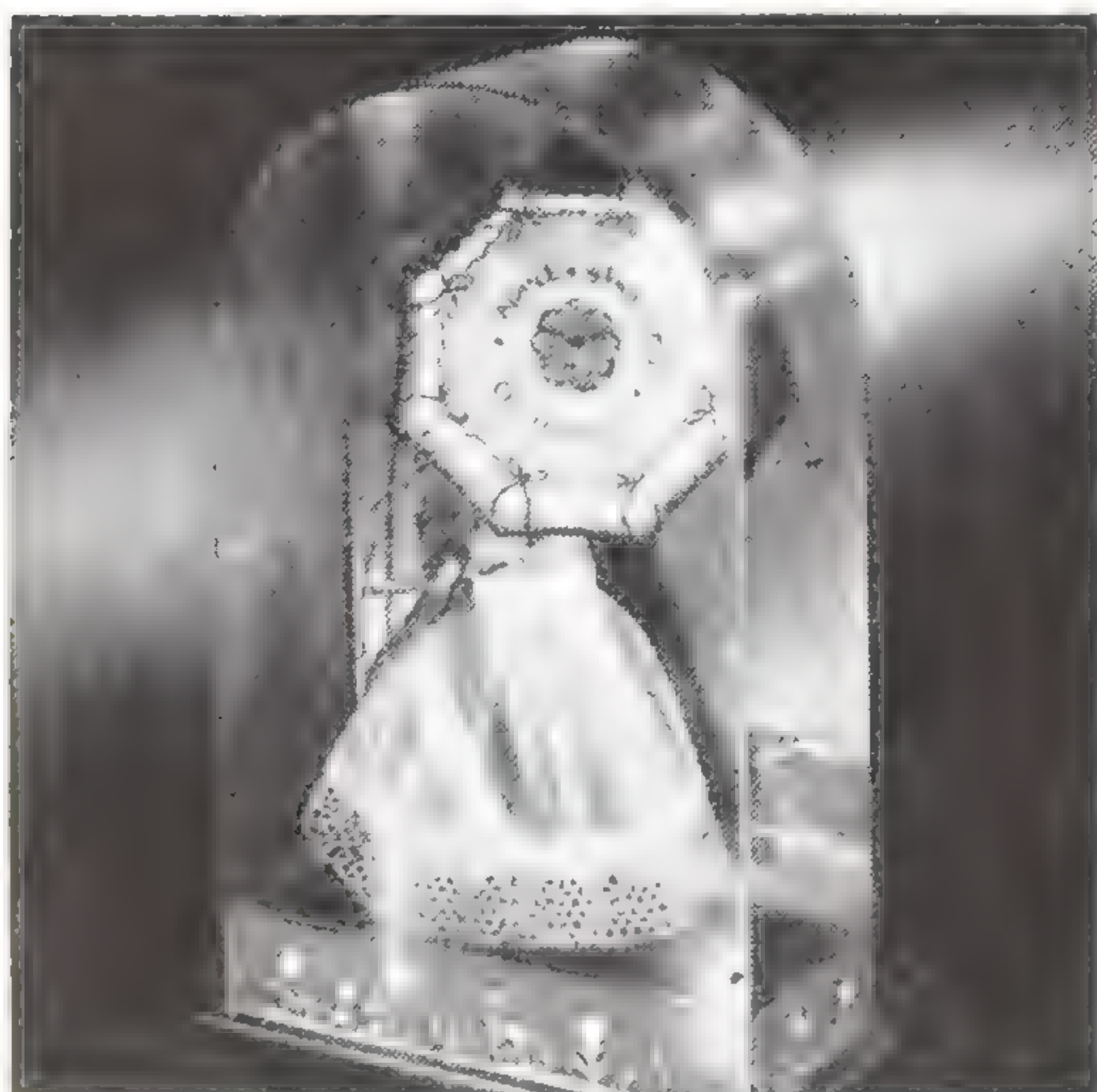
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



Girls who use April Showers Talc find that its sweet freshness lingers on...all through the hours of that important date! Whispering of romance...creating an aura of delicious femininity. *Exquisite but not Expensive.*



NEW . . . April Showers Perfume Girl



Beneath the umbrella, the shy young lady reveals her true identity...a generous bottle of your favorite April Showers Perfume! An adorable gift—for yourself or anyone else. **only \$1.00**

C H E R A M Y p e r f u m e r

APRIL SHOWERS

Men Love "The Fraarance of Youth"

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Expressedly for charity: Olivia de Havilland and Margaret Lindsay 'go into motion at Basil Rathbone's home to plan a British relief event



she slowed down, it slowed down. So Betty put her hand on the horn and drove down Sunset Boulevard like a fire truck. The racket attracted a motorcycle cop who stopped her and, after listening to her story, he approached the driver of the other car.

"I don't know what's the matter with her," said the "mystery man" who turned out to be a fifteen-year-old youth. "I just wanted her autograph!"

Betty's face is still watermelon pink. She solved the problem, however, by giving the cop her autograph.

Cal Whispers: Alexis Smith, Warners' hopeful, is the blonde of the hour; Pat Dane, M-G-M's tamale, is the brunette of the moment. . . .

Richard Travis, discovered by Bette Davis and placed in "The Man Who Came to Dinner" cast, is causing many a backward glance among the young and beautiful. Watch for him. . . .

Tom Harmon, All-American football star from Michigan, could scarcely get the stardust from his eyes. Tom came to Hollywood to make "Harmon of Michigan" and rushed the beauties right and left. And vice versa, Cal may say. . . .

The R.A.F. boys from England, stationed near Hollywood for flight training, are the pride of the Hollywood stars, who take turns entertaining the lads. But those boys have their minds on their work and so far no Hollywood beauty has invaded the hearts of these stout British lads, hearts that so obviously belong to England. . . .

Mickey Rooney requests there be no more remarks made about his shortness. Reason: Mickey claims he's actually growing.

Fun with a Fin: Errol Flynn knows the smartest sailor in the United States Navy.

Flynn met the boy, Emmet Rogers, while on location at the naval air base in San Diego with Warners' "Dive Bomber" troupe.

Rogers, one of a crowd of sailors besieging Flynn for autographs, presented two dollar bills for the star to sign. Flynn hesitated, then signed. The next day the sailor stuck two five-dollar bills under Flynn's nose and asked him to sign those.

Flynn balked and wanted to know what went on.

"Well," said Rogers, "I sold those two one-dollar bills in San Diego last night for \$1.25 each. I ought to get six apiece for those two fives."

Sailor—Beware: The yacht that Jimmy Cagney had hoped would bring him so much pleasure rests alone and forlorn on the waves of Balboa. Jimmy can't use it for a most embarrassing reason—he gets violently, overwhelmingly, actively seasick.

He gave the boat to brother Bill, who promptly gave it back. The upkeep was too terrific. Besides, Bill's wife, Boots Mallory, also suffers from mal de mer.

So there it rests in its lonely beauty, unused, month after month. For heaven's sake, wouldn't you think

Jimmy could make some use of a boat so beautifully equipped?

Cupid Angle: The reports have Lana Turner and Tony Martin marrying almost immediately. Well, Cal observes, if they quarrel as constantly after marriage as they have before, it will be one long grand Civil War.

Cal's Rambles: Billy Conn, "The Pittsburgh Kid" (see page 74), sat in the ring ready to deliver a K.O. to his thugish-looking opponent over on a Republic set. We had a good chance to study Billy, a handsome blue-eyed curly-headed youngster, who took his first movie adventure with all the nonchalance of a veteran and who promises one and all next time he'll beat Joe Louis.

"Mr. York, here, is from your home town of Pittsburgh," Jean Parker said as Billy came out of the ring. He didn't say anything. He didn't look at us. His mouth was ever so slightly ajar and his blue eyes fixed on some vague distant horizon. Cal hopes it was on a cinched championship, or otherwise we'll think Billy has inhaled a whiff too much of that Pittsburgh smoke. . . .

A lemonade on a warm afternoon with the young *Parson of Panamint*, Phillip Terry, brings news for you gals. Phillip, tall, dark-haired and brown-eyed, is a bachelor, and one you will be seeing more and more from now on. We tell you about Phillip so you can get in on the ground floor, for if the fan mail isn't pouring in in that direction very soon we'll be surprised.

And when has old Cal ever failed to spot a winner, eh?



Newest movement in Hollywood is David Selznick's series of plays. Star of the first was Ingrid Bergman; of the second, Geraldine Fitzgerald. After opening night, there was open house at Ronald Colman's new restaurant

Find your way to new Loveliness Go on the Camay "MILD-SOAP" DIET!



This lovely bride, Mrs. Allen F. Wilson of Detroit, Mich., says: "I'm thrilled by what the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet has done for me. It's simply wonderful! I'm telling all my friends about this wonderful way to help keep their complexions beautiful."

Try this exciting idea in beauty care—based on the advice of skin specialists—praised by lovely brides!

YOU CAN BE lovelier—you can attain a fresher, more natural-looking beauty by changing to a "Mild-Soap" Diet.

How often a woman lets improper cleansing cloud the natural beauty of her skin...and how often she uses a soap not as mild as a beauty soap should be!

Skin specialists advise regular cleansing with a fine mild soap. And Camay is milder by actual test than ten other popular beauty soaps tested. That's why we say—"Go on the 'Mild-Soap' Diet!"

Twice every day—for 30 days—give

your skin Camay's gentle care. Be constant—it's the day to day care that reveals the full benefit of Camay's greater mildness. And in a few short weeks you can reasonably hope to see a lovelier, more appealing skin!



Trade Mark
Reg. U. S.
Pat. Off.

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN



Camay is milder by actual recorded test—in tests against ten other popular beauty soaps Camay was milder than any of them!

Go on the
CAMAY
"MILD-
SOAP"
DIET!



Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of the nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with thirty seconds of cold splashing.



Then, while you sleep, the tiny pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with milder Camay and your skin is ready for make-up.



Many girls do not realize that the scalp perspires just like the rest of the skin—and that oily hair, particularly, absorbs unpleasant odors.

If you want to be popular—guard the fragrance of your hair. To be sure you don't offend, make this test—check up on your hairbrush, your hat, your pillow.

There's a simple, pleasant way to be certain that your hair can stand a "nasal close-up". Just shampoo regularly with Packers Pine Tar Shampoo.

This shampoo was scientifically developed to keep your hair and scalp fresh and sweet-smelling. The pure, medicinal pine tar it contains works wonders—helps your hair become soft and lustrous. The delicate pine scent does its work—then disappears. Start the Packers habit today!

PACKERS
Pine Tar
SHAMPOO



Try new Million Dollar
LIPSTICK Ten Cents For Trial Size
it Stays On—new
DON JUAN
Looks Better

...stays on though you eat, smoke, drink or kiss, if used as directed. Lasting loveliness for your lips... natural and soft looking, appealing... Not smearing—not drying. Vivacious, seductive shades \$1 De Luxe Size. Refills 60¢.
ROUGE AND POWDER TO MATCH \$1 EACH.
Large Trial Sizes at 10c Stores. Try Today.



BRIEF REVIEWS

✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED



When is a chamber of horrors comical? When Virginia Grey, Red Skelton and Ann Rutherford wander into it in M-G-M's "Whistling In The Dark"

ACCENT ON LOVE—20th Century-Fox: When George Montgomery rebels against his life and his marriage that can't be dissolved because of family pride, he just ups and becomes a ditchdigger and digs until he's straightened out all his problems. Osa Massen, J. Carrol Naish and Cobina Wright Jr. are all very nice, as is Montgomery, but the story's too laden down with message to be very entertaining. (Oct.)

✓ **ADVENTURE IN WASHINGTON**—Columbia: Although very British Herbert Marshall is cast as a United States Senator, his English accent is forgotten in his very fine performance, but it's Gene Reynolds as the tough lad who is brought to Washington as a Senate page boy by Marshall who steals the show. Virginia Bruce is very pretty as a radio commentator. (Aug.)

AFFECTIONATELY YOURS—Warners: Everybody tries so hard to be funny and the situations are so obviously and laboriously concocted that the result is clumsy and very unfunny. The story's about how Dennis Morgan tries to win back his divorced wife, Merle Oberon. Despite the support of Rita Hayworth and Ralph Bellamy, the whole thing misses. (Aug.)

ANGELS WITH BROKEN WINGS—Republic: Sidney Blackmer and Katharine Alexander can't marry because they're afraid his divorce from Binnie Barnes is illegal, so everybody, including Mary Lee, Billy Gilbert, Jane Frazee, Leo Gorcey and Gilbert Roland, pitches in to straighten things out. (Sept.)

ARIZONA BOUND—Monogram: A good old-time Western about a marshal who solves a series of stagecoach robberies. Three favorites, Buck Jones, Tim McCoy and Raymond Hatton, band together in this picture for some out-west shooting and riding. Buck and Tim are tops as Western heroes and Hatton is a fine laugh-getter. (Oct.)

BACHELOR DADDY—Universal: Baby Sandy gets cuter with every picture and in this one she makes up for a lot of unfunny episodes. Kathryn Adams is Sandy's mother and she sends the child to Edward Everett Horton, Raymond Walburn and

Donald Woods to keep while she's involved with the law. Even with Bert Roach and Franklin Pangborn in the cast, it still isn't very funny. (Oct.)

BARNACLE BILL—M-G-M: Rough-and-ready fun, with Wallace Beery as an old waterfront rascallion always in trouble until his daughter Virginia Weidler succeeds in reforming him. Marjorie Main lends a willing hand to the process, and Donald Meek and Leo Carrillo are also mixed up in the proceedings. (Oct.)

✓ **BIG STORE, THE**—M-G-M: This is supposed to be the Marx Brothers' last picture, and they're retiring on a high note of comedy. It's the Brothers at their best, with plenty of able support from Tony Martin and Virginia O'Brien. Margaret Dumont hires Groucho and Harpo to protect her nephew, Martin, from harm; and the picture takes them on their zany way through a department store. (Sept.)

✓ **BILLY THE KID**—M-G-M: The character of the notorious young outlaw has been so whitewashed that you won't recognize him, but Bob Taylor's sincere performance makes him a convincing and understandable person. Ian Hunter, Brian Donlevy and Mary Howard are the befrienders of the outlaw and Gene Lockhart is the villain. See it for Bob's performance and for the breath-taking and dramatic scenery, enhanced by Technicolor. (Aug.)

BLACK CAT, THE—Universal: Nothing new about this—murders in a spooky old house, suspect heirs, a scary housekeeper, the blundering young man who solves the mystery—but it's still good entertainment, especially with such actors as Basil Rathbone, Hugh Herbert, Broderick Crawford and Gale Sondergaard. (Aug.)

BLONDIE IN SOCIETY—Columbia: The *Bumpsteeds* get in a jam again when Arthur Lake accepts an enormous great Dane dog but promises not to place it in a dog show and Penny Singleton unknowingly enters it in a show. What follows shouldn't happen to a dog, but it's a lot of fun for the audience. (Oct.)

✓✓ **BLOOD AND SAND**—20th Century-Fox: Tyrone Power as the ambitious, ignorant boy who

becomes Spain's greatest matador, Linda Darnell as his loyal wife, and Rita Hayworth as the siren who lures him away from Linda, all give their finest performances in this colorful, picture of Spain's greatest sport, bullfighting. (Aug.)

✓✓ **BLOSSOMS IN THE DUST**—M-G-M: No finer actress than Greer Garson could have been chosen to portray Edna Gladney of Texas, the woman who devoted her life to providing homes for nameless children. Walter Pidgeon as the Westerner who marries Greer, Marsha Hunt and Felix Bressart also create memorable portraits. (Sept.)

✓ **BRIDE CAME C.O.D., THE**—Warners: Jimmy Cagney, aviator, foils Bette Davis' elopement with Jack Carson by stranding her in a desert ghost town, to the accompaniment of all kinds of slapstick. You'll get a bang out of the comic proceedings. (Sept.)

✓ **CAUGHT IN THE DRAFT**—Paramount: The very idea of Bob Hope as a spoiled movie actor who finds himself in the Army is funny enough, but what Bob does to the infantry and the tank corps and the whole Army is a riot. Dorothy Lamour is his girl friend and Eddie Bracken and Lynne Overman his pals. Don't miss it. (Aug.)

✓✓ **CHARLEY'S AUNT**—20th Century-Fox: "Charley's Aunt" gets funnier with every generation and this latest version is a panic. Jack Benny as the Oxford student who is forced to play the aunt of a fellow student is at his very funniest. Complications set in like mad when the real aunt, Kay Francis, shows up on the screen. See it for the best laugh you've had in years. (Oct.)

CRACKED NUTS—Universal: A hollow robot, with Shemp Howard concealed inside, convinces Stuart Erwin that robots are a good investment, so crooked promoters Mischa Auer and Bill Frawley promptly take Stewart for all he's got. How he gets it back forms quite a cute finish. With Una Merkel.

ELLERY QUEEN AND THE PERFECT CRIME—Columbia: Ralph Bellamy as the overly clever detective, *Ellery Queen*, proves there's no perfect crime when he solves the death of a promoter who has ruined H. B. Warner and his daughter Linda Hayes. Margaret Lindsay is *Queen's* capable secretary.

✓ **FATHER TAKES A WIFE**—RKO-Radio: Gloria Swanson's return is the biggest news of this picture, and it's good news indeed. She's perfectly cast as the stage star who retires to marry Adolphe Menjou, expecting a life of peace and rest. Instead, Adolphe turns out to be a playboy and his son John Howard is the serious-minded one. Desi Arnaz, Helen Broderick, and Neil Hamilton are also happily cast. (Oct.)

FORCED LANDING—Paramount: Richard Arlen is the hero aviator of this bang-up little movie that's crowded with action. When enemy agents attempt to wreck defense constructions, Dick steps right in and plays havoc with them. Eva Gabor, a beautiful blonde newcomer, provides the love interest. (Oct.)

✓ **GET-AWAY, THE**—M-G-M: Unless you're fed up with gangster fare, this remake of the old picture, "Public Hero Number One," will entertain you, for it's a rapid-paced, action-full prison drama, well acted by such newcomers as Dan Dailey Jr., Donna Reed and Robert Sterling. (Sept.)

✓✓ **HERE COMES MR. JORDAN**—Columbia: This is one of the most delightful and imaginative stories ever to hit the screen. It's all about how heaven makes a mistake and takes Bob Montgomery's soul before he's due to arrive there, so they have to find him a new body to inhabit. Edward Everett Horton, James Gleason and Claude Rains, as an understanding chief from up above who helps Bob, are wonderful. (Oct.)

✓ **HERE IS A MAN**—RKO-Radio: Here's a picture that for sheer novelty takes its place among the best of its kind. James Craig is the young farmer who sells his soul to Satan, symbolized by Farmer Walter Huston, and then tries to get out of his bargain. Edward Arnold is Daniel Webster, Simone Simon the devil's henchwoman and Anne Shirley is Craig's devoted wife. (Oct.)

HER FIRST BEAU—Columbia: Jane Withers is the victim of violent puppy love when she meets handsome Kenneth Howell, to the bewilderment of her steady beau, Jackie Cooper, in this honey of a little picture. (Aug.)

✓✓ **HOLD BACK THE DAWN**—Paramount: Suspense, drama and love abound in this picture about the struggle by immigrants to enter the United States from Mexico. Charles Boyer is an immigrant who marries schoolteacher Olivia de Havilland in order to gain entry into the States and Paulette Goddard is the foreigner who attempts to weave Boyer into her schemes. It's different and interesting. (Oct.)

✓ **HOLD THAT GHOST**—Universal: You won't care what Abbott and Costello are up to as they wend their way from waiters to gas station attendants to heirs of a deserted, haunted gambling house, because they're man-sized panics all the way through the hilarious nonsense. (Oct.)

HURRY, CHARLIE, HURRY—RKO-Radio: Very funny in spots is this Leon Errol comedy, with Errol inviting the Vice-President of the



FRED

RITA

ASTAIRE

HAYWORTH

in

*You'll Never
Get Rich*



ROBERT BENCHLEY

JOHN HUBBARD • Osa Massen

Original screen play by Michael Fessier and Ernest Pagano

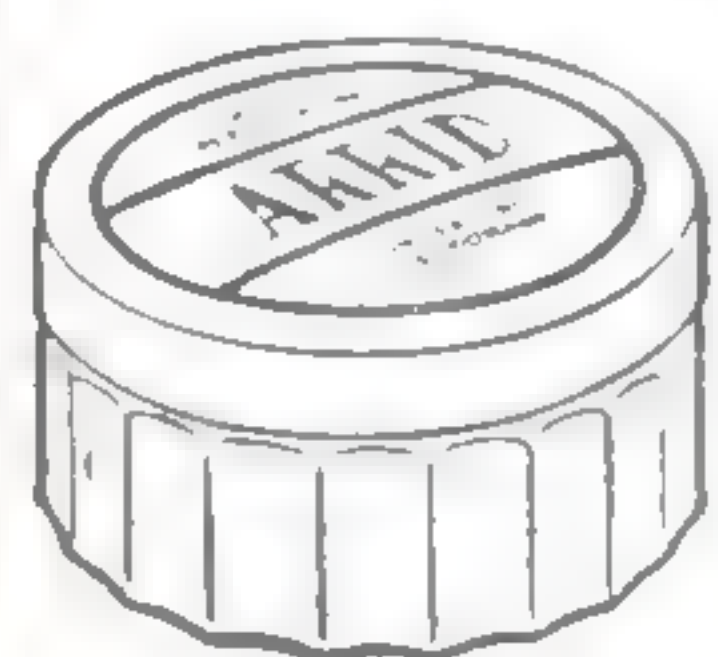
Produced by Samuel Bischoff • Directed by Sidney Lanfield

A COLUMBIA PICTURE

New under-arm
Cream Deodorant
safely
Stops Perspiration



1. Does not harm dresses, or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering, for being harmless to fabrics.



Arrid is the largest
 selling deodorant
 ... try a jar today

ARRID

39¢ a jar

AT ALL STORES WHICH SELL TOILET GOODS
 (Also in 10 cent and 59 cent jars)

DON'T SAY TISSUES

SAY...

SITROUX
Cleansing **TISSUES**
 PRONOUNCED
 SIT-TRUE

**softer • stronger
 more absorbent**

AT 5 & 10¢ — DRUG & DEPT. STORES

U. S. to a party and three phonies plus the real V. P. show up. Mildred Coles is Errol's daughter and Kenneth Howell her boy friend. (Oct.)

I'LL WAIT FOR YOU—M-G-M: Robert Sterling is the smart young night-club racketeer who flees the police and finds refuge and love on a Connecticut farm. Marsha Hunt, as the girl who cares for him. Virginia Weidler, Fay Holden and Paul Kelly add plenty of punch. (Aug.)

✓ **IN THE NAVY**—Universal: Not quite so funny as "Buck Privates," Abbott and Costello's Army picture, this is funny enough to keep you amused and entertained. Some of the gags are hilarious and Dick Powell, Dick Foran, the Andrews Sisters and Claire Dodd add class to the antics of this pair of nitwits. (Aug.)

I WAS A PRISONER ON DEVIL'S ISLAND—Columbia: The eternal triangle again, this time on Devil's Island. Donald Woods is a sailor sentenced to three years, Edward Ciannelli is the crooked doctor, and Sally Eilers his unhappy wife in love with Woods. You wouldn't care much. (Sept.)

✓ **KISS THE BOYS GOODBYE**—Paramount: Stage producer Jerome Cowan, musical composer Oscar Levant, and director Don Ameche search for a naive Southern girl for a Broadway show and they discover ex-chorus girl Mary Martin for the role instead. It's breezy and gay, and Levant and Ameche rate cheers, but it's Mary's picture. (Sept.)

KNOCKOUT—Warners: Arthur Kennedy is a young fighter who marries Olympe Bradna and retires from the ring, only to be double crossed by his manager, Anthony Quinn. Virginia Field is the hussy who takes Kennedy from his wife. (Sept.)

✓✓ **LADY BE GOOD**—M-G-M: It's a parade of star personalities through a Gershwin musical, with Ann Sothern and Robert Young as a song-writing team who hit the divorce courts twice before things work out. Eleanor Powell, Dan Dailey Jr., Lionel Barrymore, Red Skelton, John Carroll and others all add to this big-time musical. (Oct.)

LADY FROM LOUISIANA—Republic: Mediocre story laid in New Orleans of the early '90s, with John Wayne as the upstanding young attorney who tries to eradicate the lottery racket and Ona Munson as the daughter of the main offender. (Aug.)

LADY SCARFACE—RKO-Radio: Packages of money mailed to a New York hotel and picked up in error by honeymooning Rand Brooks and Mildred Coles motivate a lot of chasing and tearing around. Judith Anderson is the leader of a group of thugs. (Oct.)

✓ **LOVE CRAZY**—M-G-M: You'll laugh yourself dizzy at this riotous bit of fun, with Myrna Loy about to divorce husband Bill Powell. In order to thwart her plan, Bill pretends to be crazy and is committed to an asylum. He escapes dressed as his own sister and the fun gets whackier. (Aug.)

✓✓ **MAN HUNT**—20th Century-Fox: For sheer melodramatic tenseness, you can't beat this exciting thriller. English sportsman Walter Pidgeon is caught taking a pot shot at Hitler and the Gestapo hunts him through Germany and England. George Sanders plays the Nazi who pursues Pidgeon, and Joan Bennett is the cockney who befriends him. The direction and performances are brilliant. (Sept.)

✓ **MANPOWER**—Warners: George Raft and Edward G. Robinson are tough power line repairmen who fight it out for the affections of B-girl Marlene Dietrich. When Marlene's father is killed, Robinson marries her, but she falls in love with Raft. The power line repair scenes are excellent and Alan Hale as a practical joker does swell work. (Oct.)

MURDER BY INVITATION—Monogram: Although this thriller has the same old plot of heirs' trying to get a millionairess declared insane, it's fast-moving and suspenseful. Wallace Ford is the columnist who solves the murders and Marian Marsh is his assistant. (Oct.)

MEN OF THE TIMBERLAND—Universal: This action drama has Richard Arlen as a forest ranger who singlehandedly frustrates a plot to despoil a timber tract. Andy Devine is the lumber boss and Linda Hayes the heroine. All three are good. (Aug.)

✓ **MILLION DOLLAR BABY**—Warners: Priscilla Lane, department store clerk, becomes millionairess when eccentric Mav Robson gives her a million dollars, but Priscilla finds the money stands between her and her true but poor love, Ronald Reagan. The story's got plenty of vitality and May Robson and Jeffrey Lynn complement the splendid work of Priscilla and Ronald. (Aug.)

✓ **MOON OVER MIAMI**—20th Century-Fox: A typical Hollywood musical, this, with music, rhythm, color, song and scenery. The story has Carole Landis and Betty Grable inheriting enough money to get to Miami in search of a rich husband for Betty. There they find playboys Robert Cummings and Don Ameche as well as much fun. With Charlotte Greenwood and Jack Haley. (Sept.)

✓ **MY LIFE WITH CAROLINE**—RKO-Radio: Light, sophisticated comedy about a husband's efforts to keep his wife from eloping with various

admirers, including Gilbert Roland and Reginald Gardiner. Anna Lee is the fluttery, attractive wife, although why she should want to leave husband Ronald Colman is beyond us. (Oct.)

NAVAL ACADEMY—Columbia: Three problem lads. Freddie Bartholomew, Jimmy Lydon and Billy Cook, find themselves redeemed and regenerated due to the strict discipline of a naval academy. The three boys are good, but the story isn't. (Aug.)

✓ **NEW WINE**—Gloria Productions-U. A.: Alan Curtis plays the composer Franz Schubert who is aided and encouraged by Ilona Massey in the troubles that beset him. Although the story is inconsequential, the glorious flood of music and Ilona's beautiful singing of the "Ave Maria" are well worth your time. Albert Basserman contributes a memorable scene as Beethoven. (Oct.)

OFFICER AND THE LADY, THE—Columbia: Rochelle Hudson is a pretty schoolteacher who refuses to marry Bruce Bennett for fear he'll be killed in a gun battle. He almost is, too, when gangster Sidney Blackmer escapes from prison. With Roger Pryor. (Oct.)

✓ **ONE NIGHT IN LISBON**—Paramount: Fred MacMurray, zany American, chases aloof Madeleine Carroll all over wartime London and Lisbon in this light comedy. Although it's pretty far fetched, it has its gay and amusing moments. John Loder does a swell job as Madeleine's English suitor. (Aug.)

✓ **OUT OF THE FOG**—Warners: Although this is a beautifully executed picture, splendidly acted and directed, we rather doubt if it will completely entertain you. It's a bit on the arty side. Thomas Mitchell and John Qualen find themselves at the mercy of a cheap racketeer, John Garfield, who also upsets the happiness of Mitchell's daughter, Ida Lupino. With Eddie Albert. (Sept.)

PAPER BULLETS—Producers' Releasing Corp: The fate of three people, who as children lived in an orphanage, is followed in this not-bad little movie. Jack LaRue becomes a gangster, Joan Woodbury serves a prison term, and John Archer becomes an engineer. Linda Ware sings two songs which have nothing to do with the story. (Sept.)

PARACHUTE BATTALION—RKO-Radio: An interestingly done movie of those lads who leap from planes in Uncle Sam's behalf. All sorts of boys who enter the service are revealed in the unfolding of the story, including Robert Preston as the cocky recruit and Edmond O'Brien as the boy who fears fear. Nancy Kelly is the girl. (Oct.)

✓ **PARSON OF PANAMINT, THE**—Paramount: Another good Western, packing plenty of punch and dealing with a young preacher who dares to do his duty in a small Western town. Phillip Terry shows plenty of talent as the fighting fearless parson, and Charlie Ruggles, Ellen Drew and Porter Hall contribute to the entertainment. (Sept.)

PEOPLE VS. DR. KILDARE, THE—M-G-M: Far below the standard of the *Kildare* series is this installment. *Dr. Kildare* goes into the courtroom to stand trial for malpractice, the suit being brought against him by ice skater Bonita Granville who emerges from an operation a paralytic. Lew Ayres, Lionel Barrymore and Laraine Day do their best. (Aug.)

RICHEST MAN IN TOWN, THE—Columbia: This weak little story of a small-town community deals with the rivalry between a banker and a publisher. Frank Craven and Edgar Buchanan, as the two old rivals in love and civic affairs, make up for this puny, unreal little plot. (Sept.)

RINGSIDE MAISIE—M-G-M: Weakest in the series is this installment, with Ann Sothern as the good-hearted taxi-dancer, *Maisie*, who meets up with prize fighter Robert Sterling and his suspicious manager, George Murphy. Young Sterling takes over most of the picture and there's not nearly enough of *Maisie*. (Oct.)

ROAR OF THE PRESS—Monogram: Newspaper reporter Wally Ford finds himself assigned to a murder story right after his marriage to Jean Parker, with complications setting in one right after the other. Wally Ford's a good actor and deserves better; as a good audience, so do you. (Aug.)

ROOKIES ON PARADE—Republic: You'll listen to Bob Crosby's warbling, laugh at the antics of Marie Wilson and Cliff Nazarro, enjoy the singing of Ruth Terry and Gertrude Niesen and go home refreshed. The Army camp routines are very cute and newcomer Bill Shirley is the surprise of the show. (Aug.)

SAN ANTONIO ROSE—Universal: The Merry Macs and Robert Paige take over a night club and with the help of Jane Frazee and Eve Arden, they manage to put it over. This background serves as a good excuse for the almost uninterrupted singing and music, but if you're fans of the Merry Macs, then you're sure to enjoy it. (Sept.)

SCATTERGOOD PULLS THE STRINGS—RKO-Radio: Second in the series, this story of a runaway boy, Bobs Watson, maintains the high standard of the first. Guy Kibbee is so human and natural as *Scattergood Baines*, the small-town Mr. Fixit, that it's a homey, comfortable picture everyone will enjoy. (Aug.)

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

✓✓ **SERGEANT YORK**—Warners: This superb picture is an adventure into the soul of America and a "must see" for all. Gary Cooper portrays with moving dignity the World War hero who entered the war as a conscientious objector. Joan Leslie as his sweetheart, Walter Brennan as pastor of the hills, and the entire cast are splendid. (Sept.)

SHE KNEW ALL THE ANSWERS—Columbia: Showgirl Joan Bennett takes a job in stuffy Franchot Tone's Wall Street office in order to convince him that she'd be a proper wife for his ward, John Hubbard, but before she gets through, Tone is humanized and his office nearly wrecked. It's good summer fare. (Aug.)

✓ **SHEPHERD OF THE HILLS**—Paramount: Straight from Harold Bell Wright's beloved novel comes this story of the people of the hill country, with Harry Carey as the man who comes home to find hate for his desertion of a girl and her son years before. Tom Wayne is the revengeful son and Betty Field the girl who loves him. It's a different story, and one we feel you'll thoroughly enjoy. (Sept.)

✓ **SHINING VICTORY**—Warners: Although rather heavy and slow in pace, this love story of a famous psychiatrist is a fine, intellectually told movie. James Stephenson as the surly doctor is a splendid actor and shows much charm; Geraldine Fitzgerald, as his assistant, Donald Crisp and George P. Huntley Jr., as fellow doctors in the Scotland asylum, are all excellent. (Aug.)

✓ **SUNNY**—RKO-Radio: The gay, lilting music, the dancing of Anna Neagle and Ray Bolger, the colorful settings, the singing of John Carroll and the clowning of Edward Everett Horton combine to make this a picture of complete charm. (Aug.)

STARS LOOK DOWN, THE—Grafton Film—M-G-M: A. J. Cronin's novel comes to the screen with an English cast under the guiding hand of director Carol Reed, who turns from the suspense film he does so well to move his camera into the lives and hopes and dangers endured by the people of a Welsh coal-mining district. With Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave and Emylyn Williams, it's gloomy but moving drama.

SWEETHEART OF THE CAMPUS—Columbia: This is all about an orchestra that invades a technical college and we shudder to think what would have happened to this picture without the music of Ozzie Nelson's orchestra or the tap-dancing of Ruby Keeler, because it's dull enough even with them.

✓ **THEY MET IN BOMBAY**—M-G-M: Clark Gable and Rosalind Russell are a couple of jewel thieves in the far East, trying to outsmart each other, with amusing results. There's nothing very new about this old plot, but the two principals give it a big-time air and there are several laughable twists. Jessie Ralph and Peter Lorre contribute strong moments. (Sept.)

✓ **TIGHT SHOES**—Mayfair-Universal: This Damon Runyon panic has been translated to the screen with all the Runyon flavor intact and you'll be heartily amused at the awful consequences of wearing shoes that pinch. Broderick Crawford is the gangster who buys a pair of too-tight shoes from clerk John Howard and Brod gives a swell performance. With Binnie Barnes and Anne Gwynne to add to the fun. (Sept.)

TIME OUT FOR RHYTHM—Columbia: Rudy Vallee sings, Ann Miller dances, Glen Gray and Eddie Duchin's orchestra supply the rhythm, Brenda and Cobina and the Three Stooges are pretty corny, Rosemary Lane and Richard Lane supply the love interest, but all this good talent is wasted in this B musical (Aug.)

TOM, DICK AND HARRY—RKO-Radio: Ginger Rogers is the little telephone operator who must choose between three suitors, business genius George Murphy, zany, poverty-stricken Burgess Meredith and rich Alan Marshall. Ginger dreams of her future with each and her dreams are priceless fun, as is the entire movie. You'll love it. (Oct.)

TOO MANY BLONDES—Universal: One of the worst pictures to come out of Hollywood in a long time is this bad little number about a singer, Rudy Vallee, and his jealous wife, Helen Parrish, who save up for a divorce. (Aug.)

TWO IN A TAXI—Columbia: Russell Hayden, an independent cab driver, gets in so much trouble all because he and his girl friend, Anita Louise, try to scrape up \$300 to buy a gas station. Noah Beery Jr., is in it, too, but see it at your own risk.

✓✓ **UNDERGROUND**—Warners: Gripping, timely, thrilling is this picture dealing with that brave band of German men and women fighting against the Nazi system by means of the illegal radio. Philip Dorn, unknown to his family, is the voice of the radio and Jeffrey Lynn his brother who falls in love with Dorn's accomplice, with resulting tragedy. (Sept.)

WEST POINT WIDOW—Paramount: Anne Shirley plays a nurse who keeps secret her motherhood in order that her West Point husband, Richard Denning may graduate; and Richard Carlson is an amorous young interne who has no idea of Anne's dilemma in this very pleasing little movie. (Sept.)

"My Husband fell out of Love"



How a wife overcame the
"ONE NEGLECT"
that often wrecks romance

I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND IT when Paul's love began to cool.

We'd been so gloriously happy at first. . . . But now he treated me as if . . . as if there were a physical barrier between us.

Finally I went to our family doctor and explained the whole situation frankly. "Your marriage problem is quite a common one," he told me.

"Psychiatrists say the cause is often the wife's neglect of feminine hygiene. That's one fault a husband may find it hard to mention—or forgive.

"In cases like yours," the doctor went on, "I recommend Lysol for intimate personal care. It's cleansing and deodorizing, and even more important—Lysol solution kills millions of germs on instant contact, without harm to sensitive tissues."

I bought a bottle of Lysol right away. I find it gentle and soothing, easy to use. Economical, too.

No wonder so many modern wives use Lysol for feminine hygiene. And . . . as

for Paul and me . . . we're closer than ever before.

Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is *not* carbolic acid. EFFECTIVE—a powerful *germicide*, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREADING—Lysol solutions *spread* and virtually *search out germs* in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use. LASTING—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely, no matter how often it is uncorked.



Lysol
Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

PASTE THIS COUPON ON A PENNY POSTCARD

What Every Woman Should Know

Free Booklet Sent in Plain Wrapper

Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

Dept. P.M.M.-1141, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

Send me (in plain wrapper) free booklet on Feminine Hygiene and many other Lysol uses.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright 1941 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

How to get ahead



CERTAINLY *not* with a rumpled looking blouse like this! Starch it with Linit, the "friend of fine fabrics."



LINIT gives tubbable blouses—silk, satin, spun rayon, cotton, linen—long lasting daintiness, freshness.

Linit, the perfect laundry starch, *penetrates* the fabric instead of merely coating the surface. It lays tiny fibres that catch dust and dirt—keeps anything that's starchable looking crisp, smart, clean *longer*.



FREE HOLLYWOOD ENLARGEMENT

Just to get acquainted, we will make a beautiful **PROFESSIONAL** enlargement of any snapshot, photo, kodak picture, print, or negative to 5 x 7 inch **FREE**. Please include color of eyes, hair, and clothing for prompt information on a natural, life-like color enlargement in a **FREE FRAME** to set on the table or dresser. Your original returned with your **FREE PROFESSIONAL** enlargement. Please send 10c for return mailing—Act quick

HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS
7021 Santa Monica Blvd., Dept. 110
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Speak FOR YOURSELF



Inspiration for five dollars worth of delightful verse: Charles Boyer, now appearing in "Hold Back The Dawn" with Olivia de Havilland

\$10.00 PRIZE

An Open Letter to Winston Churchill

DEAR MR. C.: You should be warned of the subtle pro-Nazi propaganda being spread by some of our nicest villains. It goes like this: The hero is being knocked around by the Gestapo and I'm all worked up. Then in comes George Sanders as the head Nazi—and, gosh, I'm sunk. You can see it's a serious situation, Mr. Churchill. Conrad Veidt murders babies and I like it; Martin Kosleck beats up the heroine and I sigh happily; Paul von Hernried cocks an eyebrow and I murmur, "Heil Hernried!"

And, gee, I'm worried about this guy Bogart too. He isn't a Nazi yet, but he obviously has the wrong attitude. And if *he* goes Fascist—well, there goes my neutrality! You'd better work fast, Mr. Churchill. I still wear the Union Jack, but someone's sabotaging my heart!

MARY HUNTINGTON,
San Francisco, Cal.

\$5.00 PRIZE Sing a Song of Boyer

HIS coffee laced with cognac,
And gray gloves at a tea;
He's faintly Eastern music,
And "hands across the sea."
He's gay, exciting Paris,
And a gypsy violin;

His eyes reveal a story quite
As thrilling as a sin.
He's caviar at breakfast,
And a hansom cab at dawn.
A staid and solemn portrait
Or an etching, subtly drawn.
He's mystery and enchantment
And a memory still new;
Mr. Boyer, I would love just holding
Back the dawn with you!

MARY LOUISE SLAUGHTER,
Philadelphia, Pa.

\$1.00 PRIZE Thanks to Veronica Lake . . .

VERONICA LAKE in "I Wanted Wings" reminded me somehow of a wistful, hurt child who had just been told there is no Santa Claus. When I read her article "I Almost Gave Up" I began to understand the reasons for her plaintive look and I surely admire her pluck in sticking it out, and also her generosity in sharing with the public her experiences in gaining Hollywood recognition which her acting showed she richly deserves.

Her article will undoubtedly save many ambitious but not so talented young girls from the heartbreak and disillusionment they would experience in trying for similar honors in Hollywood and in my own sphere as teacher of Dramatic Art in a small school. I am using Miss Lake's article to emphasize what I've preached for the last five years—that a youthful face and

figure, plus twenty lessons in acting, are not an open sesame to Hollywood's almost closed-shop. Already this article has helped me with my pupils, but because your magazine has a wide circulation, it will undoubtedly help many other girls, too.

RUTH J. BUTNER,
Marydale School,
Indianapolis, Ind.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Keep the Stars on the Screen!

WONDER if movie moguls and stars realize that many of those stars who make personal appearances in those theaters where their pictures are shown are stripped of glamour and box-office appeal by this very means they believe is increasing their popularity? Or at least that is my impression after hearing my young neighbor boys, all movie fans, comment upon a certain star's speaking so elegantly in all his pictures and then saying "I done" in a personal appearance.

One of these lads volunteered, "If he's like that I don't want to see any more of his pictures." Certainly many of the stars belong to fine families and are well-educated, but it does seem that the majority of those sent out to build up box-office sales are the sort who should be groomed in manners and speech. I think it is better to make no impression at all than a bad one.

Too, young people who are steadily growing into older fans are thrilled by mystery and inaccessibility. So keep the stars where they belong—on the screen!

MRS. SAM THORNE,
San Angelo, Texas

(Continued on page 103)

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted for publication: \$10 first prize; \$5 second prize; \$1 each for every other letter published in full. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Please do not submit letters of which copies have been made to send to other publications; this is poor sportsmanship and has resulted, in the past, in embarrassing situations for all concerned, as each letter is published in this department in good faith. Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.



Confidentially—
only one woman in two
escapes soap irritation!

If your skin is sensitive, try the mild, gentle soap preferred by women of three generations—Cashmere Bouquet.

It's surprising how quickly your skin may improve when you find the soap that's right for you.

So, if you dream of having a skin like "peaches and cream," why not take a tip from the thousands of women who have such good luck with Cashmere Bouquet Soap.

Yes, though other soaps may have proved irritating you too may easily find your answer in a daily Cashmere Bouquet facial. Cream your face and neck with the gentle

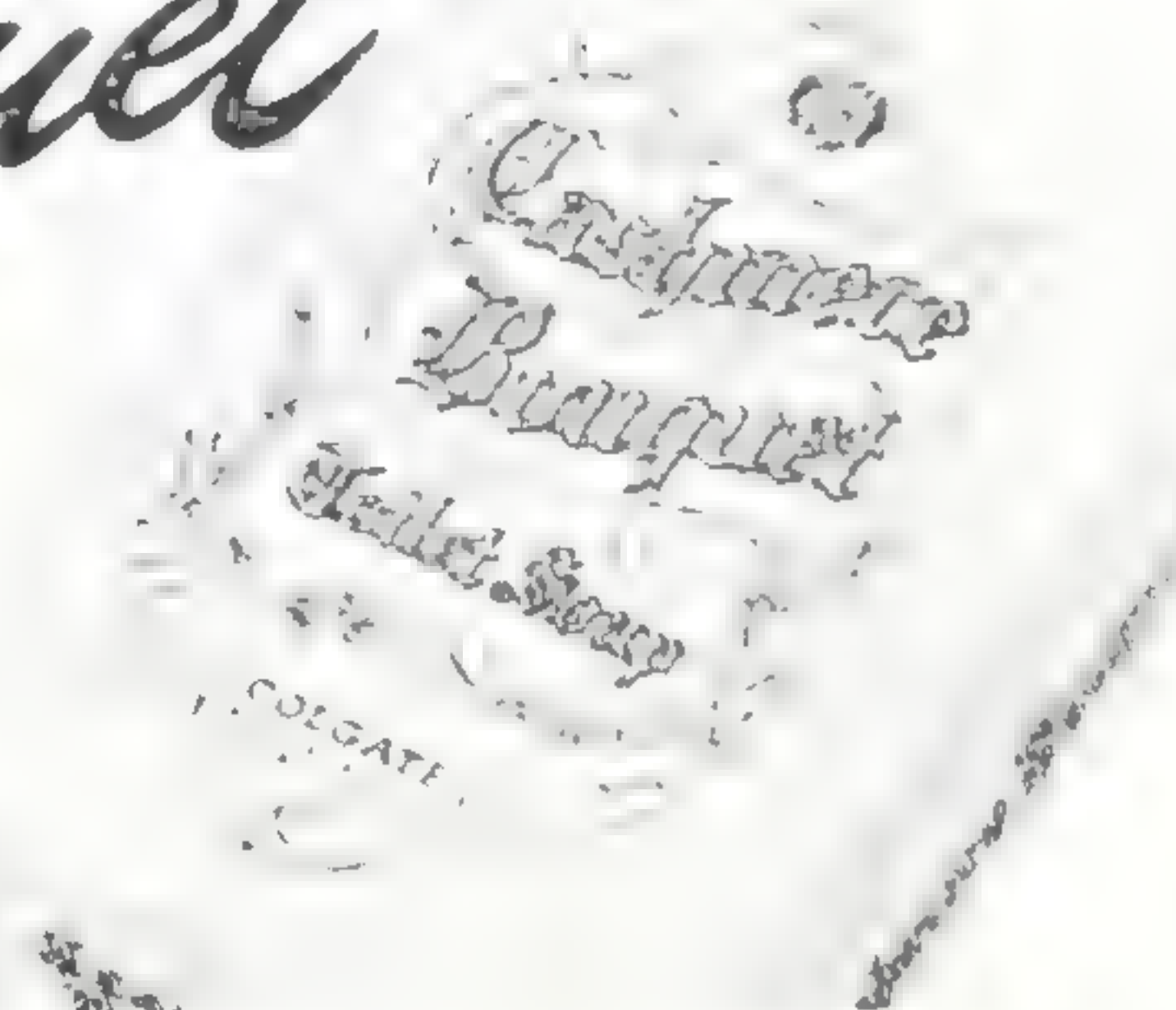
lather of Cashmere Bouquet Soap. Work it well around the large-pore area of nose and chin. Rinse with warm water, then a dash of cold. Pat your face dry, don't rub.

That's the Cashmere Bouquet Health Facial, a grand tonic for complexions.

As a bath soap, too, Cashmere Bouquet Soap, with the fragrance men love, is luxury itself. Yet it costs only 25c for 3 generous cakes, wherever good soap is sold.

Cashmere Bouquet
Soap

WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE



ROMANCE!
GAIETY!
MUSIC! COLOR!



Week-End in Havana

IN TECHNICOLOR!



And there's
"that kind" of music!
"THE MAN WITH THE
LOLLYPOP SONG"
"A WEEK-END IN HAVANA"
"TROPICAL MAGIC"
"WHEN I LOVE I LOVE"
"THE NANGO"
"ROMANCE AND RHUMBA"

starring

**ALICE
FAYE**

...looking for romance!

**JOHN
PAYNE**

...accommodating fellow!

**CARMEN
MIRANDA**

...looking for Romero!

**CÉSAR
ROMERO**

...looking for an out!

Cobina Wright, Jr. • George Barbier • Sheldon Leonard
Leonid Kinskey • Chris-Pin Martin • Billy Gilbert

Directed by WALTER LANG • Produced by WILLIAM LeBARON

Original Screen Play by Karl Tunberg and Darrell Ware • Music and Lyrics by Mack
Gordon, Harry Warren and James V. Monaco

A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE



To the Navy!

WHO would have thought six months ago that Wendell Willkie would have to be called in by the motion-picture industry to defend Hollywood against the accusations of war propaganda by the Wheelers and the Nyes? Yet that is precisely what has happened. Filmdom, no longer able to stand by in silence while the senatorial pugilists deliver blow after blow, has turned for a champion to the man who won one of the largest popular votes ever to be cast in the history of unelected presidential candidates.

To our way of thinking nothing could be more unjust than these Wheeler-Nye attacks. Hollywood has of course stepped into line with the times and tried to gather the facts for a war-conscious people. For one thing, Hollywood has in its defense a most significant virtue over the propaganda-couched pictures of the totalitarian countries—humor; a virtue born of the very blood and bones of America. The biggest box-office smashes of recent months have been “In the Navy,” “Caught in the Draft,” “Buck Privates.” Can you imagine Germans laughing at the antics of their own draft-dodgers or, what is more important, being given the opportunity of doing so? But America has faith in its sons and Hollywood has faith in America—they dare to laugh.

Mirth-provokers, however, are by no means the total

score of Hollywood's contribution. There is “A Yank in the R. A. F.,” “International Squadron,” “Parachute Battalion” and among many others, the spiritual sermon of “Sergeant York.” The fact that the American people want to see the serious side of life in the service is indicated by the success of “Dive Bomber,” which, far from over-emotionalizing martial glory, is more like a newsreel of the unselfish efforts of medicine to bring health and comfort to the men who live and die in the clouds.

AS a voice of the industry, Photoplay-Movie Mirror has been able to present on a recent cover the famous motion-picture star, Olivia de Havilland, in the uniform of a volunteer Red Cross nurse to remind you of the importance of giving to the cause during the nationwide November drive of that splendid organization.

Now, through the fine co-operation of Lieutenant Commander Walter Winchell, we have the privilege of bringing you on the next page his proud personal report on Hollywood's contribution to the Navy.

So while the good senators rail and mouth false accusations against the industry, we are happy to dedicate this issue of Photoplay-Movie Mirror, without the fear that it will sound like pro-war propaganda, to the greatest fleet in the world—the U. S. Navy!

Ernest V. Heyn

Hollywood

America's ace columnist gives the lowdown

BY WALTER

New role: Winchell as
a Lieutenant Commander
in the Naval Reserve

GOOD evening, Mr. and Mrs. America, and all the ships at sea . . . especially the ships of the United States Navy.

In honor of Navy Day, October 27, the editor of PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR has dedicated this issue of the magazine to the hundreds of thousands of film fans, ashore and afloat, now wearing the uniform of the United States Navy or Marine Corps. And because I have just finished serving a month of training duty as a Lieutenant Commander in the U. S. Naval Reserve, he has asked me to report on the new and closer tie that exists between Hollywood and the sea arm of the service.

The Navy's interest in the movies has always been keen. On shipboard, and at shore training stations, the frequent showings of films have been one of the most important items on the program of recreation and morale for the enlisted men. Hollywood has gained the further high regard of the Navy, over the years, with such fine pictures of service life as "Hell Divers," "Submarine" and, more recently, "Flight Command" and "Dive Bomber."

Now Hollywood has won a new salute from the service. More than a dozen of the top figures in the film business, while others were sitting around talking about it, have taken off their coats and personally gone to work to help the Navy.

Just a few weeks before he joined the Army, Jimmy Stewart was handed an "Oscar" by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, Hollywood's highest honor to an actor. When the Academy meets again this year, I have a proposal for its members.

How about awarding "Oscars," or

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

Wayne Morris traded his dinner coat for the khaki of a naval aviator, works as a reserve Ensign at the Long Beach, Cal., Base. Giving the greatest performance of his career is Robert Montgomery, a naval attaché at the American Embassy in London

Joins the Navy

on the higher-ups of Hollywood who are now wearing the Navy blue

WINCHELL

at least some sort of recognition to the other movie men who have traded their make-up kits and megaphones for duffle bags?

Take Robert Montgomery, for example.

Right now Bob Montgomery is giving the greatest performance of his life in the most dramatic show the world has ever known. Deserting the screen at the very moment when he was climbing back to the peak of popularity, Bob applied for a commission as a Lieutenant in the U. S. Naval Reserve, flew the Atlantic by bomber and is now stationed in London as one of the naval attachés in the American Embassy

Originally granted a fourteen-week leave of absence from his contract with M-G-M, Montgomery recently cabled a request that his leave be extended indefinitely and will probably stay in the service for the duration of the emergency

As one of the naval attachés of the American Embassy in London, a diplomatic post requiring a talent for tact and a capacity for shrewd observation, Bob daily is being called on to exert the same winning manner which has marked his screen performances. There is one great difference, though, between his new and his old career

There'll be none of the ballyhoo about Bob's dealings with the British Lion that once colored his association with M-G-M's Leo. His billing, once splashed on billboards the size of a house, will be confined to initials at the bottom of official reports.

Just before he left America, Bob was quoted in a garbled news story as saying he was "washed up" in the movies. We doubt Bob said this. We know it isn't so.

There isn't (Continued on page 72)



Personal emissary of Mr. Roosevelt to South America was Douglas Fairbanks Jr., now a Lieutenant in the Reserve. Lieutenant Commander Wallace Beery is one of Hollywood's best pilots

NO SECRET



MARRIAGE THIS TIME

Priscilla Lane's first marriage, hidden from the world, kept her under a cloud for one long year. That's why she is determined everyone shall know the facts of this romance—right down to the last intimate detail

BY RILLA PAGE PALMBORG



"I figured he was the kind of man who would never want an actress for a wife," says Pat of her fiancé, John Barry, newspaper publisher

THE morning papers had carried the announcement of Priscilla Lane's engagement to John E. Barry, owner, publisher and editor of the "Victor Press," Victorville's only weekly newspaper. One hundred and twenty miles east of Hollywood, this lively Western town has long been the trading center of the cattlemen and cowboys who ride the range. It is on the north side of the San Bernardino mountains, that towering range that forms a wall between the rich citrus groves of San Bernardino and Riverside counties and the vast cattle ranges of the Mojave desert. The long row of cattle pens along the railroad track, the high board fence enclosing the rodeo grounds set in the center of town, the tanned, lean cowboys, with bright kerchiefs tied around their necks, their high-heeled, spurred boots clicking against the pavement as they hurry about their business, give Victorville an air of old frontier days.

"That night two years ago, when John and I met in the dining room at Yucca Loma, I had no idea we would ever fall in love," said Priscilla. "I had just finished thirteen weeks on a picture. Nervous and worried over the outcome of my unhappy, secret marriage, I had taken Bonnie, my

friend and stand-in, to this guest ranch, six miles beyond Victorville, for a quiet vacation. I liked the homey stone bungalows set half a block apart. There were a swimming pool and a tennis court. The combination of desert and mountains had all the peace and seclusion I was looking for.

"That night, as far as I was concerned, John was just one of the other guests. We all sat around one long table and helped ourselves to the platters of fried chicken, mashed potatoes and hot biscuits, served family style. It wasn't until several months later—about my fourth visit to Yucca Loma—that he stood out as a personality.

"One night after dinner, Bonnie and I walked over to the game room. It's a large living room in one of the bungalows, where everyone goes to play cards and backgammon. John stood looking over my shoulder while I read Bonnie the names in the guest book. 'Clark Gable, Beulah Bondi, George Cukor. I don't know any of them,' I said. John said he thought that was funny since we all worked in pictures. Before we knew it, he and I were deep in a discussion of the book everyone was talking about, 'Gone With the Wind.' That was the

beginning of our 'talk fests' that have been going on ever since.

"Two days later he asked Bonnie and me to go to a dance. It was held over a store in Hesperia, a little community some sixteen miles up the highway. I had never danced square dances before. I found myself laughing and having fun. No one knew or cared that I was a picture actress. That was the beginning of our Saturday night dances. We followed the 'Three Sage Hens'—there is a violin, piano and drums—from one grange to another. We are still doing it.

"Driving home that night, John told me about his newspaper. How he had gambled all he had on it, built the office building in Victorville, set up his own press. How he and his two assistants gathered the news, wrote the articles and printed the paper. He wanted me to let him know what I thought of his own particular column, 'Desert Sage.' Later I learned that excerpts from this column had been reprinted in New York newspapers and in Walter Winchell's column. Through this column, which deals in the desert of today, written in desert rat vernacular, John had already made a name for himself. He invited me to drop into his office the next



John Barry, of Victorville, Cal., had never seen Pat on the screen, fell in love instead with the girl who loved roughing it at Yucca Loma, desert retreat

time I was in Victorville.

"As the days went by I became a frequent visitor at his office. He asked me to help him read proof. I commenced to drive around the country with him when he was on the trail of news.

"I'll let you in on a secret," smiled Priscilla. "For nearly a year I have been writing most of the beauty articles for the 'Victor Press.' I have learned to set type. I poke around the press so much that Ada Henry, the business manager, calls me the printer's devil.

"I'll never forget the first 'steak bake' John took me on. That Sunday I didn't do a thing except eat. Now we have everything down to fine team work.

"'Deep Creek,' high in the mountains, is our favorite spot. We leave the car at the side of the road. When we get to the creek we take off our boots. With boots and packs on our backs, we wade up stream. John carries the specially made tin-lined box, packed with tomatoes, onions and radishes and the thick, juicy steaks and a bottle of milk, wrapped in dry ice. The gun and Indian blanket are strapped to my shoulders.

"While John builds the fire, I clean the vegetables in the stream. Once I forgot to take the milk out of the dry ice and it froze. Another time I forgot to tie the milk bottle to a branch when I set it in the stream. It was carried away in the current and broken against a rock.

"It takes a good half-hour for the fire to burn down to embers perfect for broiling. While we are waiting, we load our pistols and practice target shooting.

"Steak sizzling over hot coals, mixed with cool mountain air, will set anyone's appetite on edge. When the meat is ready, we spread down the paper it was wrapped in for plates. We can't be bothered with dishes, knives or forks. Like the cowboys do on the range, we pick our steak up in our hands. We dip the vegetables, crisp from the cold mountain stream, into the salt. It beats any banquet I ever sat down to.

"**W**E had known each other for nearly a year before I realized John had never seen me on the screen. What's more, he said he didn't want to. That he was interested in Pat Lane, the girl who liked to rough it on the desert, not Priscilla Lane, the movie actress. As none of my pictures had been shown in the one movie theater in Victorville, neither John nor any of his friends thought of me as an actress."

"Pat" stopped talking. There was a faraway look in her eyes.

"It never occurred to me that John would fall in love with me," she continued. "I figured he was the kind of man who would never want an actress for a wife. He didn't like city life. Except when he went to Stanford University and the year he spent abroad, he had lived most of his life

right there on the desert.

"He nearly bowled me over the night he told me he loved me. We had put the car in the garage. John said he was hungry, so the three of us, Bonnie, John and I, stopped at the kitchen and raided the icebox, as we often did. Bonnie said she was tired and went on ahead. It was a beautiful moonlight night and, as we walked over to my bungalow, I told John how much I loved the desert, what coming to Yucca Loma meant to me. I guess he thought, 'Perhaps Pat could like it down here after all. Maybe she could be happy living down here.'

"We went into my sitting room and sat down on the couch in front of the fireplace. I didn't know what to say when John told me he had been in love with me for months. That he was afraid telling me would spoil our friendship. 'If you don't love me, we'll keep on just as we have been,' he said. 'Nothing must interfere with your coming down here.'

"After he left, I sat on the couch for nearly two hours thinking over what he had said—what it would mean to my future.

"When we met the next day John acted as though nothing unusual had happened. The following evening I drove back to Hollywood to start a new picture.

"That was when John commenced coming into Hollywood to see me. He met my family and I met his mother and sister who live in Los Angeles. I was happy the night he said he wanted to see one of my pictures. 'I better find out what this Priscilla Lane is like,' he laughed.

"The only picture of mine showing was 'Four Wives.' The idea of John's seeing me on the screen for the first time as a wife didn't appeal to me, but there was nothing I could do about it. His only comment after the picture was, 'You are far sweeter and much prettier off the screen than on.'

"As usual, as soon as the picture I was making was finished, I hurried down to Yucca Loma. One evening, sitting in front of the fire, we started telling what we wanted most out of life. Suddenly I realized that I was in love with John. That life with him was what I wanted more than anything else.

"We made no promises. Wedding plans were not discussed. Neither of us wanted to rush into marriage. We wanted to go on just as we had been doing. 'If this lasts, we will know it is real,' we said.

"Then Warner Brothers sent me to New York on a personal-appearance tour. I plunged into an entirely different life. Publicity, theaters, night clubs, limelight. I was showered with the attentions (*Continued on page 79*)

Round-Up of Romances

BY RUTH WATERBURY

Lili Damita and Errol Flynn both claim the break is final. Is it?

You've heard eyebrow-raising rumors about these five couples; here are the facts

MR. ED JUDSON was waxing philosophical at Ciro's. "What fun does she see in that?" he asked.

By "she" Mr. Judson meant the eye-beguiling Rita Hayworth, his young wife. By "that" he meant the new seriousness of Miss Hayworth regarding her career, a seriousness that makes her want to stay in at night studying, rather than going out to night clubs to see and to be seen.

Home to Mr. Judson is strictly a place for sleeping, making appointments and changing clothes, an accommodation, in other words, and not a retreat. But lately, since her triumphs in "The Strawberry Blonde" and "Blood and Sand," Rita has been retreating. Recently she has preferred to remain, night after night, curled up with a good script. Recently she has yearned for rest, rather than play. She has been given to sharp, driving thoughts about ambition, not to the easy ways of laughter and dancing.

"And what fun is that?" asks Mr. Judson, who is a big businessman, but who drops his business like a tweed coat at five P.M. when he goes home to don a dinner jacket for the later evening's dancing.

Well may Mr. Judson ask, but right there you get the fundamental difference toward careers between Hollywood's men and women. Hollywood's male stars can take their careers up until six o'clock and then let them alone for the evening. But once a girl gets really hit by stardom, it becomes like a jealous god to which she must, and will, sacrifice everything. When love gets mixed up in all this, it is just too bad for love.

It isn't that the course of true love—like the old ungrammatical proverb—doesn't run smooth in Hollywood.



Half of Hollywood says Roz Russell is Mrs. Fred Brisson. She says . . .



It was common knowledge that all had not been so blissful as it once was in the Rita Hayworth-Ed Judson household. The cause of the complications can be easily traced

Love in this town sure does run, and is it smooth! Boy, and howdy. Love is terrific, wonderful, thrilling, glorious, deathless, until it lands up in front of a shooting schedule. One touch of production delay and love goes all to pieces—or to the divorce court.

Which is why Photoplay-Movie Mirror, as your authentic guide to glitter, knows it is necessary to keep you posted periodically on who is playing Hollywood hearts with whom.

The five big heart headline couples at the moment are Rita Hayworth and Ed Judson; Lili Damita and Errol Flynn (again!); Rosalind Russell and Fred Brisson; Ann Southern and Roger Pryor (also again!); Cary Grant and Barbara Hutton; and this is Ruth Waterbury, the old feedbox, reporting.

There are rumors of possible trouble in the Judson-Hayworth household. Definitely things are not as blissful over there as they were and the cause can most certainly be traced to Miss Hayworth's increasingly busy acting schedule. Quarrels there have been between these two recently. Talk there has been about the attentions of a flirtatious actor-about-town to the charming Rita. But the quarrel—and the flirtatious gentleman—will probably be forgotten by the Judsons since actually Rita and Ed also have much in common.

Older, more poised, Ed Judson does understand the demands of Rita's career. He it is who originally counselled Rita to be always friendly and co-operative to publicity people, reporters and photographers. To Rita's credit be it said that she has lived

up to this good advice. She is definitely one of the most gracious and sweet girls in the whole film colony. Personally I think she is smart enough to realize that she is primarily a publicity-made star just as Ann Sheridan is. Equally, however, if she wants now to pause in that publicity campaign of being dressed, photographed, interviewed and stay home to study singing, voice production, dramatic acting, which lessons she does take daily, that, too, is understandable. However, the trouble is Mr. Judson doesn't find that staying home any fun at all. He is not interested in an acting career and if Rita gets interested in hers to the extent of twenty-four hours a day it may get to be too much for both of them. I hope it doesn't, for they are two very nice people who, so far, have shared a lot of happiness.

On the subject of her possible elopement with Fred Brisson, Rosalind Russell gets violently emphatic, even emphatic for a girl who is even emphatic about the number of sugar cubes she will take in her coffee.

"I am not going to elope," Roz practically screamed at me in answer to my direct query. "You know the kind of family I come from, a rather old-fashioned family. When I get married; when I fall in love, I'll do it in an old-fashioned way. I'll send out announcements. If I ever get to the wedding stage, I'll have the photographers down while I sign the license. I'll want to invite everybody to my wedding. In other words, I'll be proud to be in love and I'll tell the world. As for Fred Brisson, he is my good

friend and also my agent. Right now when I've decided to free-lance instead of being under contract to Metro, it has been necessary for me to see more of him in the last few weeks than I have seen of him for months before. Since I have been working for the past year without any kind of a break, the only time I've had to discuss business with Freddie has been over a dinner table, or possibly out in a night club, or maybe driving back and forth to the studio. But none of that dating means that I am eloping. We may have been observed a dozen times practically talking our heads off, but I assure you it has been business we've been discussing, not love, and most certainly not elopements. I'm not going to elope, no matter what the newspapers say."

WHEN it comes to the Ann Southern-Roger Pryor whispered trouble, Ann offered Hollywood this explanation. She said she had been having house trouble, so Roger had moved out of the house and into a hotel. Ann insisted that was all there was to it, and one could only assume that this forthright girl who had always been utterly honest on all other occasions was still being utterly honest on this one. (Continued on page 80)

Frame for Fame

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR'S

Exclusive

Color Portrait Series:

Deanna Durbin

Appearing in Universal's
"It Started With Adam"
page 33

Stirling Hayden

Appearing in Paramount's
"Bahama Passage"
page 35

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

Appearing in Small-United Artists'
"The Corsican Brothers"
page 38

Lucille Ball

Appearing in RKO-Radio's
"Look Who's Laughing"
page 40



Deanna Durbin

Could you tame STIRLING HAYDEN?

He's restless, a rebel and a rover—and he's a challenge to every woman. Whether or not you could conquer him depends on your reaction to this story

BY ROBERTA ORMISTON

THE HOLLYWOOD girls are *that way* about Stirling Hayden. Only a few have actually met him. He doesn't go out much, but that doesn't matter—stories still get around. And the girls, having heard Stirling is restless and a rebel and a rover, rise to the challenge, think "I could tame him!"

We talked to Stirling in one of the Paramount offices the other day. His hair, burned light and bright by the sun, fell over his forehead in curls. It sounds odious, but it wasn't—far from it. His blue eyes had sun wrinkles around them. His skin had a bronze cast. He was wearing an old sweater and slacks and white socks

wrinkled around his ankles. He talked, tersely, of putting into strange ports, of being dead broke and cooking a can of beans over a fire and sleeping under the stars; and he talked of Hollywood.

When we asked Stirling how he felt about his movie career he said: "I'm leery about it. You can pay too much for money, I figure. Life itself, for example, is much too much to pay for it. But that's exactly what you give unless you work at the thing you want to do most. More than anything else I want to sail a boat!"

"So—the way I look at it—I'll gain nothing by staying in pictures once I get an annuity for my mother and a schooner for myself. Because with

my schooner I can make any dough I need—I don't need much—and be doing the thing I want to do at the same time."

The boy is father to the man . . . When Stirling was nine years old, living in a New York suburb, it filled him with horror to watch his father and his father's friends go into the city on the same train every morning and come home from the city on the same train every night.

"After dinner," he says, "they'd water the lawn. Saturday afternoon they'd tinker with their cars. Saturday night they'd play cards or go to the movies. Sunday they'd take long rides to get arbutus or bittersweet. And Sunday night they'd go to bed early to be ready for the same business all over again."

His voice betrayed the fear he feels for any part of such an existence.

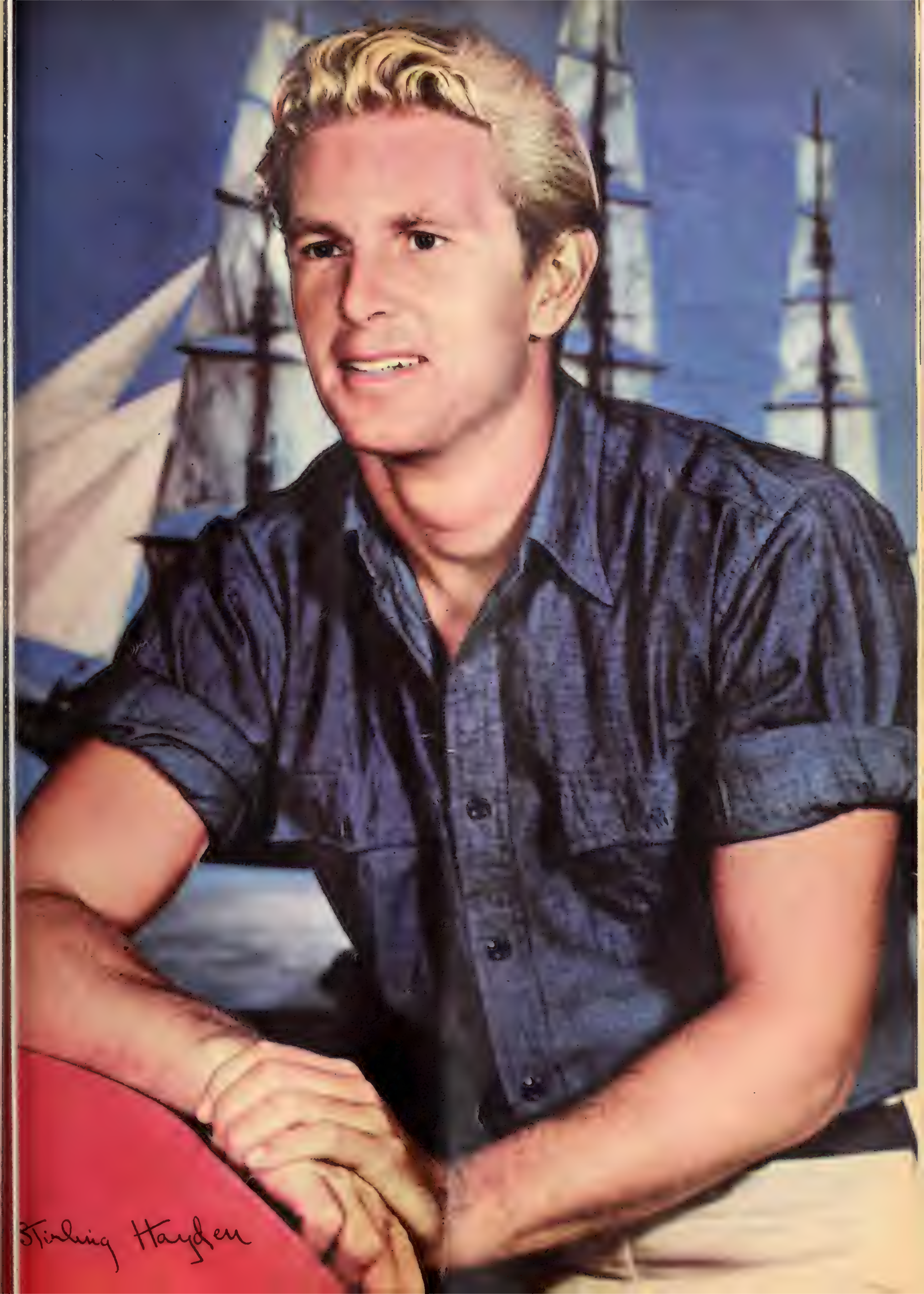
"If any one of them had ever wanted anything different," he concluded, "he'd long since forgotten all about it."

He's a strange blend, Stirling Hayden. He talks well, wears his clothes casually, and has easy manners. He has all the unmistakable signs of breeding. But there's also something unconventional and hard about him. It's as if his experiences, like a vice, had tightened up his personality as well as his features.

Stirling grew up in a charming home in a distinctly upper-class suburb. He went to Wassookeag School, "an institution," he says "with twenty-four students and twenty-eight automobiles." It wasn't until '31, when he was fifteen, that the fortune his father had left crashed, together with a lot of other (Continued on page 66)



Said Stirling Hayden when a movie career was first mentioned, "I'd feel like a fool making faces in front of a camera, making love to dolls." This is what happens in "Bahama Passage" with Madeleine Carroll



Stirling Hayden

Are You Afraid TO WALK ALONE ?

Read this and you'll find yourself giving up
some of your pet ideas. But if they're the
kind we suspect, they should be abandoned!

BY
HELEN LOUISE WALKER

So you wonder why you don't get ahead in business? Ann Sothern can—and does—tell you what's probably wrong. Follow Bette Davis (below) and you'll be criticized—but that's a worthy point in this new theory

LORETTA YOUNG was entertaining a young friend in her dressing room. She shook her head at her despairingly and then smiled.

"So!" she said. "So you think you simply can't bear it if you can't have a dress 'just like all the other girls have' for the party. And your hair. I suppose you want that in a starched little roll exactly like Sylvia's. And gold sandals like Amy's. And I suppose if the boy friend doesn't send you four gardenias in a prim row exactly like all the other rows of gardenias on all the other shoulders, you think you'll die.

"Well, look here. I've ordered some dresses sent in and you and I will pick one out. But I do hope they won't send us a single dress that is a bit like a frock that any other girl may possibly be wearing to the party. We want something that will be *you*."

The young thing looked so apprehensive that Loretta laughed. "Never mind, honey," she said. "We won't get anything that you don't like and that you won't be happy in. That's part of the art of selecting a frock. You must like it. But, honestly, you're not the candy-box type and I do want you to find it out before you go making yourself look silly in a white bouffant number with satin bows looping up the lace ruffles. Not you—with those lovely long legs and that tumbly red hair and those green eyes. I'd like—let me see—a dull gold, maybe, with a draped bodice and a very full plain skirt. And tiger lilies. . . ."

The girl began to relax. "I hadn't thought of anything like that," she admitted. "It sounds lovely."

"I don't suppose you have," Loretta

said. "So many girls and women, too, don't bother to think about those things. They just see what 'everyone else' has and does and think they have to have it and do it, too. You're lucky, really. You *can't* be like everyone else. You can't be an indistinguishable member of a herd. You're too distinctive to begin with. You have no idea how grateful you should be. Other women—intelligent ones—have to work for individuality that counts."

Watching and listening to all this we had a feeling just here that Loretta would have liked to shake all the copy-cat women. This is a subject close to her heart. She has always been so interested in her sisters that this concern has overflowed the family boundaries and come to include various protégées, like the tousled red-head she was lecturing at the moment.

"The thing is," she went on, getting quite heated about it, "*have you the courage to walk alone?* If you haven't, then you'll never be anything but a carbon copy and maybe a rather smudgy one. You've worked in an office and you know that the carbon copy never goes anywhere. It gets tucked away in a file on a shelf somewhere while the original goes off through the mails to sell a bill of goods or at least to have an adventure!"

She took a deep breath. "Gracious!" she said. "That's rather good, isn't it? An epigram or something!"

She went on, her enthusiasm growing. "When my sisters and I first started in pictures we looked and acted and talked as much alike as three little tomatoes on a vine. Three of us were as similar as all five of the Dionnes (Continued on page 101)





Next time you get gardenias you won't be flattered. You'll be thinking of the story Loretta Young tells



IF I WERE EDITOR

Douglas Fairbanks, at our request, suggests something new for Photoplay-Movie Mirror

Dear Ernest Heyn,

I CAN well imagine myself as a citizen of, say Kansas, and thumbing through the pages of Photoplay-Movie Mirror. After a time I am sure I would say, "Must get out to that Hollywood place some day. Streets are full of stars. Stumble over 'em everywhere."

To some degree I think we can charge the persistence of that myth to publications specializing in Hollywood personalities. The emphasis is always on the star. Quite naturally, one gets to suspect that the town has nothing else.

Too much of one thing is likely to become a little monotonous. My conclusion is that your articles concerning men and women before the cameras would be even more interesting if you told us something of the folk behind the cameras. Among the thousands of behind-the-scenes workers in Hollywood are stories, live stories, interesting ones, and diverse points of view that are worth telling. As a single reader, I raise my voice to ask for more about them.

Before you offer me an associate editorship, however, let me illustrate from just a few of the meager observations I have been able to make.

There is a make-up woman in Hollywood who has lived a more interesting life than any star. Every so often, with just a couple of hundred dollars for initial capital, she packs

her make-up kit and sets off around the world. With her curling iron alone, she earns her way from one country to another, having a glorious time and learning more about people and customs than could any first-class traveler.

What are the beauty secrets of the various nationalities? What do people in different countries think of Hollywood and motion pictures? Our lady with the traveling make-up kit can answer them all.

To carry on with another example: I heard an ace cameraman not long ago telling a group of visitors something about the secrets of lighting. He was illustrating, with diagrams, how it would be possible for the average woman to appear twenty percent more attractive in her own home merely by changing the electric lighting. I think this cameraman is worth investigation, from a story standpoint.

There is another gentleman in town who has an army of "movie mercenaries" trained to fight with any and all weapons, in the style of any army past or present. Some of this may come under the heading of trivia, but surely to your busy staff there must be many better examples available. Naturally, you'll know more about that than I.

That's my say.

Sincerely,



We gave Mr. Fairbanks' idea to author Harmony Haynes; this is the illuminating result

DO THE teens in your town part their hair in the middle and just let it sort of hang loose, shoulder-length à la Hedy Lamarr? If so, blame Hazel Rogers, globe-trotting hair stylist of Hollywood, because she brought the style back from the South Seas and introduced it to Hedy for her role in "Lady of the Tropics."

Anyone might think that dressing stars' hair was excitement enough for any young girl, but Hazel found it a bit boring at times. One day she mentioned this to Lilyan Tashman.

"If I had your money," she told Lilyan, "I'd travel around the world."

"And if I had your talent, I'd travel without money," Lilyan came back.

Hazel went home, packed up her curling iron, drew her \$325 out of the savings bank and bought a ticket for Germany. She found enough work

on the boat to buy a ticket to some other spot and so on around the world. She carried a sketch book and sketched every hairdress she found, no matter how weird, from the steppes of Russia to the Fiji Islands. After several years she came back to Hollywood and once more took up the task of dressing stars' hair. She had a lot of new ideas on the subject. She became so popular that stars actually fought over her.

Hazel takes a trip every once in a while—sometimes on her own—sometimes at the expense of the studio because a star on location in the South Seas needs her hair dressed just as well as a star on the home lot and who could better do the job than Hazel Rogers?

You'll admit that in "Gone With the Wind" one of the most spec-

tacular scenes was that of the mounted troops dashing through the city of Atlanta. This was not a trick shot—those men actually rode at top speed through streets filled with screaming people, fear-maddened citizens, dying soldiers. They are part of a real Hollywood army, a private army, selected, trained, owned and operated by Captain Richard von Opel.

Captain von Opel, a small dark mild-mannered man, is an American-born Austrian. When the World War broke out, he joined with the Austrian troops as a cavalry captain. When the United States entered, he re-enlisted with his native country. After the war he returned with his company to the United States and started riding schools, five of them, for Eastern blue-bookers. The stock market crash ruined his (Continued on page 81)



Lucille Ball

Whose Back ?

Some fast back talk from Hollywood—five stars conceal their identities by going into reverse. Can you name them? If your backfield game falls short, they all do a rightabout-face for you on page 48

The lady with the pleated skirt is a first-rank star, a brown-eyed beauty with one sister and no husband. She has a cute nickname, a cuter face and she played in a picture whose theme song you're singing now. The strong silent gent at the right comes from a large family, is an ex-vaudevillian and in his last film double-crossed a blonde



If you've been doing your Photoplay-Movie Mirror homework you'll know the lady above. She faced you, in the same costume, in a recent issue, her real name is Gladys Greene. The twosome at the left have two things in common: They played together in a recent thriller; and both their last names begin with "T"

CLAMOR BOYS



Bud and Lou
pool resources;
the fish catch
on to their line

What's that loud noise you hear? It's probably your sides splitting. Then again it may be the uproar caused by this zany explosion of Abbott and Costello into print

BY IDA ZEITLIN



WE SAT down to lunch with Abbott and Costello. Abbott's the thin one, Costello's the fat one—to be known hereinafter respectively as Bud and Lou. Formality doesn't suit their type.

"Where's my cutlery?" Bud demanded.

Lou began tossing knives and forks at him. "Cutlery!" he sneered. "For Photoplay-Movie Mirror he's gotta have cutlery. For other magazines he uses his fingers—"

"I'd hate to tell her what you use your fingers for—"

"Go on, tell her. I'm not ashamed of my habits."

"Your habits!" Bud ignored him to get confidential with me. "Look, honey, every habit he's got the goniff swiped from me. Now I can't get 'em back—"

"Back and Bill went up the hill—" Lou hummed.

By this time Bud was moaning because the kitchen was out of tripe.

"You're just the tripe to like that stuff," murmured his partner.

"It's the first time they had it on the menu and now they haven't got it—"

"So all right," stormed Lou. "So I like women. So you think I can

have 'em every time I want 'em? How about some carrots? How about some? How about?"

"Look!" If this were a picture, this is the part where Bud's palm and Lou's cheek would have met. "Will you live your life and let me live mine?"

"Ya-a-h, carrots! Carrots make you beautiful, he eats carrots, he looks like a slug, carrots make you look like a slug, Q.E.D., that's Latin, in English he looks like the same slug, unquote, period." And to the waitress:

"Bring me some ice cream. Then bring me some spaghetti and meatballs. Then bring me some fruit cup." The waitress, who's used to them, took their orders calmly and departed.

"He eats upside down," said Bud, not without a certain pride.

Lou turned momentarily glum. "It's my own patent, so Bill Powell swipes it for 'Love Crazy.' I'm suin'."

"One thing let me ask you," said Bud coldly. "For yourself, you can choke. But the lady has a book and a pencil, see 'em? She's takin' you down. So for the team and dear old Universal and the love of Mike, will you kindly eat like a human being?"

Lou laid down his spoon and spoke with a soft, ominous deliberation. "I should eat like a human being?"

"You heard me. This guy," he explained in a courteous aside, "eats like somebody's going to steal his food. He cuts a steak in four hunks and swal-

lows it whole. He's unnatural—"

"I'm unnatural." Lou was still speaking softly. "Who never had a pain in his stomach in his life? Me. Who is forever and constantly taking pills? You. There is such a thing as eating slow, I admit. There is also such another thing as abusing it." He removed his empty ice-cream glass, sliced an insignificant corner from my roast beef and placed it in the exact center of his plate. At this point, the silent became a talkie, slow motion.

"No, that's too big," he says, so he goes like this." Prissily he cut the beef into four invisible segments. "Then he forks it up. On top goes a little bitty bread, little bitty mashed potatoes, little bitty peas, flypaper, matches, dust, whatever stuff's layin' around. Then he opens his mouth till you can't see his face and drops it in. Then he starts chewin'. In a six-day masticatin' marathon, that guy could give odds to a cow and make her look sillier than he looks right now. By the time he gets round to swallowin', it's tomorrow. Then he takes a sip of water. Then he starts the whole business over again. Then he takes a pill. Then—"

"I'll deny it in the next issue," said Bud.

"With your puss in this one, there'll never be another, heaven forbid."

They keep it up interminably. They've done it so long on the stage and air that (Continued on page 83)

The two members of Hollywood's greatest present-day comedy team caught when they're not clowning: Lou Costello (below, left) with Mrs. Costello and daughters Carole Lou and Patty on their new North Hollywood estate; Bud and Betty Abbott in the dining room of their home



I Wake Up Screaming!

She hated him, and feared him. Yet she wanted to protect him. Could that be love? The strangely thrilling story of two who were frightened by something stronger than themselves

I WAS a writer on the lot, fresh from New York, and Vicky was one of a hundred studio secretaries, but she was blonde moonlight to me—or so I thought.

The first time I kissed Vicky she went to my head like a Beachcomber's zombie. Suddenly I had the idea of making her a star. I didn't have enough cash to do it alone, but why not sell some of the other boys at the studio a quarter interest in Vicky, Star-to-be? Fantastic? I thought so too until they fell like ninepins slugged by a baseball bat. First Lanny Craig, veteran writer just turning passé. He needed a boost. Twenty-five star-shares might do the trick, especially if he got the inside track on doing her material. Lanny sent Hurd Evans, director, who wasn't passing up the publicity break of "discovering" another Jean Harlow. We needed one more partner to round out the budget necessary to launch the Vicky campaign. Robin Ray, one of those almost-good-enough male stars, fell into the net. His career badly needed to make the romance columns. Vicky, he figured, would supply the heartbeat. I didn't like that, but she was so warmly reassuring that I swallowed my doubts.

It was Jill, Vicky's sister, who made me uneasy. Not because of anything she said or did. She called me Peg, short for Pegasus—some crazy notion that I was the flying horse of inspiration because I had had the idea of starring Vicky. But after I would spend the evening with Vicky I would find it was Jill I was thinking of.

Vicky's build-up was terrific. She was seen everywhere with Robin Ray while I moped around alone. That didn't improve my morale. With the psychology of the guy who's losing, everything took on a personal slant. When the dumb guy on the night

BY STEVE FISHER

ILLUSTRATED BY SEYMOUR THOMPSON

switchboard of Vicky's apartment, Harry Williams, tried to stop me from going up to see her, I almost committed murder, with him as the corpse. Jill laughed it off by saying he had a mild crush on Vicky, like a lot of others.

Then came the day when Vicky phoned me. "Come to the apartment, darling. We're celebrating. My test has been okayed." At first I thought I wouldn't go. I'd seen so little of her the past weeks—and Robin had seen so much. I wandered along the street, stopped at a tiny shop and bought a pair of brass knucks for a friend of mine in New York. They'd make a nice Christmas present, I thought. Then I went into a bar. But this was being childish. Maybe Vicky hadn't changed as much as I thought she had. She'd be waiting for me. . . .

I used the key to the apartment the girls had given me for emergency business meetings, opened the door—and then I saw her. She was lying on the floor, eyes closed—and she wasn't breathing! Through an ice-cold vacuum I finally moved across the room to her. Then I heard a scream. "Peg—you killed her!" It was Jill. . . .

I DIDN'T say anything. A long time passed. The room was quiet. It was dark and quiet. "You killed her! . . . Do you hear me?"

"Yes—yes, and do you think that I—I could—" My voice choked off.

Jill was standing over me now. She was there and I could see the outline of her face in the light from the street. Then she was down beside me, pulling on my arm and crying.

"Forgive me for even thinking it!

Will you forgive me, Peg? I knew Vicky so well. I loved her so much. Can you ever forgive me?"

"Listen, Jill, listen," I said. "Stay away from me. I don't want anybody around. I don't want—will you take your hands off me!"

My face came up, bright and wet and hard, and I could see in the darkness. Jill took her hands away and sat on her legs, sobbing. We sat motionless and silent and the sodden sounds from the street crept up to us on an echo and chattered with the tick of the kitchen clock.

"You'd better call the cops," I said.

The light was bright and hot and my eyes burned and there was sweat on my face. They kept smoking cigarettes and talking. I tried to make answers but my lips were parched and stuck together.

Now they jerked me to my feet and took me out into the hall. Somebody hit me. It felt like my jaw was broken. They picked me up and knocked me down again. I had a mouth full of ache. My tongue was cut. My eyes were swollen. Some guy held me by the front of my shirt. He pushed me backwards into the same room with the light. They sat me down.

"You're going to hang, mister. Make it easy on yourself. Why'd you kill her?"

"I didn't kill her."

"Tell us everything. Tell us what you did all day."

"I—have. I've—told you."

"Tell us again, mister."

"I woke. She telephoned. Promised to see her—four o'clock. I started to go to work but didn't. I didn't feel like it."

"You didn't feel like it because you thought she was in love with this actor. This Robin Ray."

"Maybe."

"Put that (Continued on page 74)



Jill was holding me in her arms, sweet and tender and compassionate. "Forgive me, Jill," I said. "I love you"

How Linda Darnell Lives

HOUSES can be two-faced. There are serene white Colonial houses that belie the dissension and loneliness that exist behind their placid facades. And there are gloomy piles of Victorian masonry which house families disastrously carefree. Some houses, on the other hand, flaunt the life that is lived in them....

In Brentwood Heights, California, there's such a house. Passing it you'd be sure it was crammed with happy, warm activity. There's something about the way the branches of the pepper tree are allowed to sweep the roof, the little balcony opening from a bedroom, a casement window flung wide to the sweetness of the jasmine vine, the sturdy little boy who scampers across the lawn after a white rabbit that looks, for all the world, as if it had escaped from the pages of "Alice In Wonderland," the pretty girl in slacks who slides off her bike at the rural mail box on which black letters spell D A R N E L L.

It's here Linda Darnell lives with her mother, her twelve-year-old sister, Monte, and her nine-year-old brother, Calvin, never called anything but Bubber. Occasionally, when Mr.

Darnell can get away from his duties as a postal clerk in Dallas, Texas, he lives there too. While Undine Darnell Hunter, Linda's twenty-two-year-old sister, and her husband and baby, from near-by Alhambra, are frequent visitors.

There also are the Darnell pets. These are strange and many and dearly beloved and never parted with until, their short life over, they are buried with tears and flowers in the garden.

There's the aforementioned rabbit, Bunny Boy. There's a cat and varying numbers of kittens. There's Tony Martin, who lives in a cage in the east window of the dining room and pours forth such cascades of song that you tremble lest his golden throat will burst. There's Toby, a silky collie, guardian of the Darnell flock. There's Missy, a white rat who inherited Tony Martin's old cage when Linda bought him a new one with a Chippendale influence. And turtles, snails, guppies and fantailed fish live a communal life in an aquarium.

Recently, when Linda and Mrs. Darnell were house-hunting, they couldn't find a one-story house to ac-

commodate them. They wanted a bungalow because of Monte and Calvin. Monte and Calvin, born and reared in a bungalow, were frightened of the big house in which Linda lived when they first joined her in California. In fact they were always so certain that any sound which emanated from the mysterious regions overhead came from either a ghost or a goblin that Linda had to move immediately. Now, grown a little older, they accept houses having a second floor. For days after they moved into this house they tramped up and down, up and down the curving stairway, singing marching songs and laying ghosts.

Actually Mrs. Darnell now has difficulty keeping Monte and Bubber downstairs. Whenever they are suspiciously quiet she is certain they are upstairs peering admiringly into Linda's room. They love Linda's room, so beautiful with its blue broadloom carpet and natural chestnut furniture, with light cream curtains at the windows and a white candlewick spread tufted in pale rose on the bed, with her dressing table topped by three large mirrors and a cedar chest

Surprise contents of Linda's treasure chest: Dolls in native dress of many countries

BY ADELE WHITELEY FLETCHER

(Left) Something for the tired career girl is the bedroom of blue, cream and rose where Manager Linda does family accounts. (Below) The Darnell "front room" has maroon-printed curtains with white Chinese rugs chosen by Linda, and a corner already waiting for a Christmas tree



Ringin' doorbells is fun when it's the Darnell
home and the whole family comes to greet
you with that old Texas hospitality

ANOTHER IN OUR SERIES

Hollywood at Home



Father (he's mostly in Texas) and Mother Darnell, Monte, Linda and Bubber, christened Calvin for his dad, not because of his silence!



(Left) Linda is a Tony Martin fan—Tony, in case you don't know, being her pet canary. (Above) Monte, Bubber and Linda play circus with their menagerie—everything in feathers and fur, featuring Missy, the White Rat

at the foot of the bed and the little balcony beyond the French door. They're permitted in this room, however, only when Linda is there—which makes it even more wonderful. For here Linda keeps her treasures. In the cedar chest she has a collection of dolls dressed in the native costumes of many countries. On shelves are the books that are important to her, "The Nazarene" most important of all.

"I got as much out of 'The Nazarene' as I got out of the Bible," Linda says. And Linda knows whereof she speaks when she talks of the Bible. Mrs. Darnell required all her children to read one chapter of the Bible every night before they went to bed. Until they could read themselves she read to them. And they all had perfect Sunday school records to boot.

CALVIN DARNELL, a quiet man, has had the same job for many years. He sees no sense in giving it up because his daughter acts in pictures. At times he misses his family frightfully. But he isn't much at home, especially in the hunting season. And if he can't get to California for some special occasion, Mrs. Darnell joins him in Texas. Last spring he took his summer vacation early so he could stay with Monte and Bubber, while Linda and Mrs. Darnell went to Mexico.

Without embarrassment or dramatics Linda admits she went to Mexico to see her old sweetheart, Jaime Jorba. Jaime is a Spanish refugee who was forced to leave Spain because of his father's political ideas. He and Linda met when they were in the same class in a Dallas school. They hadn't seen each other for two years, however, until Linda went to Mexico where Jaime lives now with an uncle who is in the hemp business.

"Jaime's one of the men who interest me," Linda began. Then she changed her mind and decided to be wholly honest. "Jaime's the one person who really intrigues me," she said. "He has high ideals and a superior intellect. But I know, in spite of this, that nothing ever can come of our feeling for each other. Jaime never would comprehend Hollywood or my career. He's extremely jealous. He would want his wife at home. I would have to give up all the life but the one I could live around him. And I couldn't do that now—now that I've been shaped by my work and the

success I've had in it."

Frances Klampt, who is in charge of the studio school, comments on Linda: "If Linda didn't want a motion-picture career she could write. She has an immensely fertile imagination and a fine general curiosity. She might even be able to earn her living as an artist. She does lovely light things with pastels and her pencil sketches have real individuality."

Last spring Linda was graduated from high school. Because of her career she will not be able to go to college. And from now on the studio will not sit back, as the law required them to in the past, and wait for Linda to complete certain hours of study every day. However, with Frances

Every night she goes over the bills that have come in, makes out checks and leaves them in the letter box in stamped addressed envelopes.

"That's the easiest way to keep things straight," says Linda, who now earns seven hundred and fifty dollars a week, "and stay out of debt. It's difficult staying out of debt. I know how ridiculous that would have seemed to me once, considering my income. But it is, really.

"You see the California law requires that fifty percent of my salary be deposited in a trust fund. I don't even see it. It will be wonderful when I get it at twenty-one, of course, but in the meantime the going is a little lean at times. Out of the three hundred and seventy-five dollars I get I have to pay the income tax on my entire salary which is a very great deal of money, give ten percent of my entire salary to my agent and one percent to social security. I have to contribute my share to the Motion Picture Relief Fund. And I have to keep up the appearances which my studio position calls for.

"In fact," she went on, a slight pucker between her velvet-brown eyes, "we all had to use the family car until I bought a roadster a month or two ago. The old car finally reached the state where I couldn't drive it to the studio any more. You know, we've transported children and pets in it, and soda pop and hot dogs and honey corn do leave spots on upholstery no matter how careful you try to be.

"Now, of course, we'll have to have someone to do the family driving. I guess we'll get a couple. But I dread it. I don't like having servants around—probably because I've never been used to them. They never do things to suit us somehow. And until now we've

managed well enough with a woman coming in to do the cleaning and the laundry."

Like most working girls, Linda finds clothes a problem. By the time her taxes, commission and overhead expenses are paid there's not much left for clothes. And, of course, she must look fresh and chic always. She's constantly on parade.

"So," she says, "I live in slacks. I never wear a dress to the studio unless something extra-special is going on. And my only fur is a white fox I bought in a burst of self-indulgence. (Continued on page 91)

ANSWERS TO

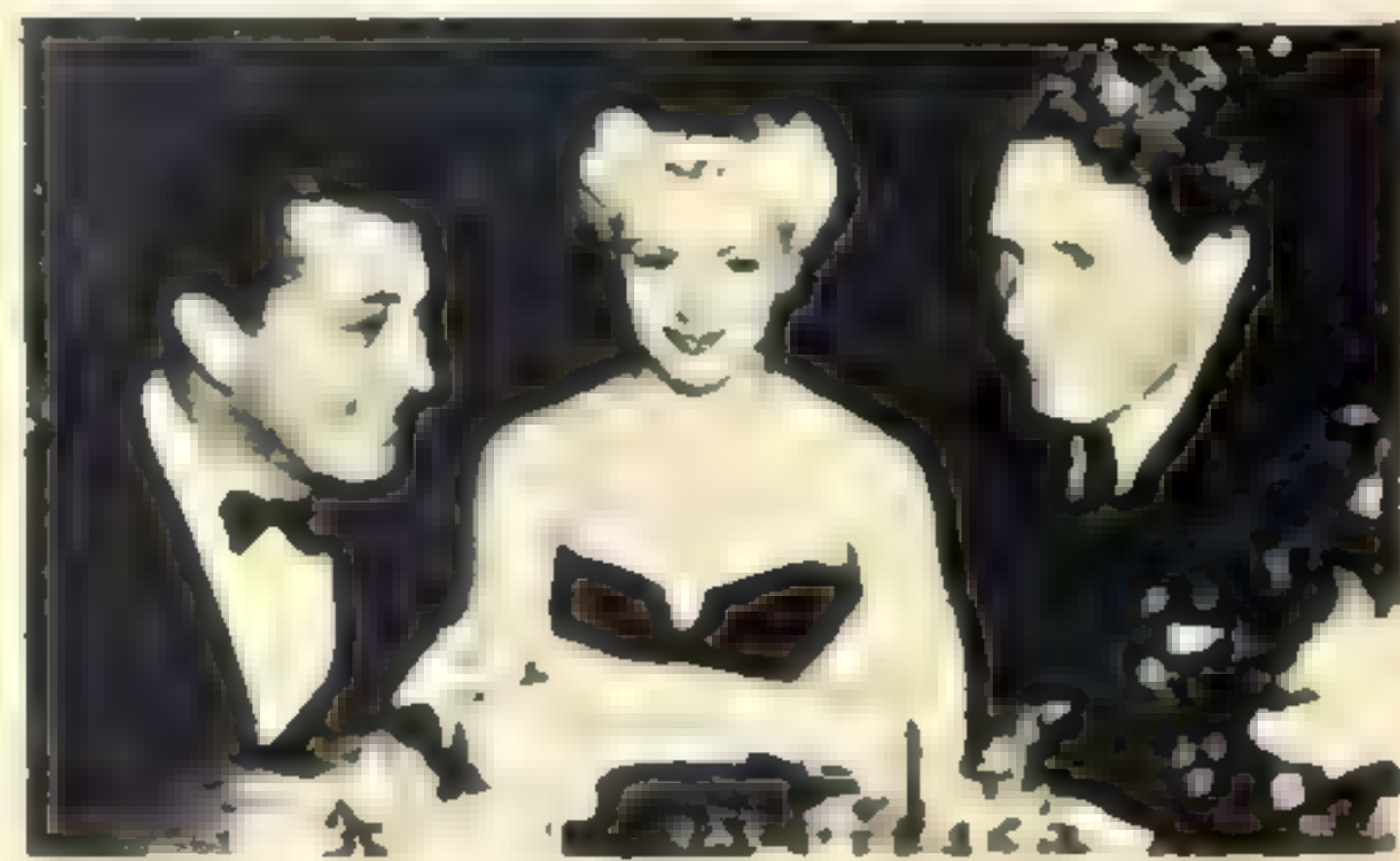
Whose Back?

(page 41)

Right: Olivia ("Livvie") de Havilland, star of "The Strawberry Blonde"



Below: Spencer Tracy and Lana Turner, who appeared together in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"



James Cagney, who kidnapped Bette Davis in the Warners film, "The Bride Came C. O. D."



Jean Arthur, a prize-winner at a costume party, with her husband, Frank J. Ross

Klampt's help, Linda has outlined her plan for further education.

"In my own time," Linda explained, indicating a large package of books that had just arrived, "I'm going to study psychology. It's so important to know *why* you do things. I've had four years of Spanish and I'll continue with it and take a year or so of French, too. I definitely want to go on with my art."

BESIDE Linda's bed there is a night stand where her mail is left for her. Much of Linda's mail is bills, for she handles all the household finances.

A lone wolf at heart is Tyrone Power who takes to the desert to do his cycling. On vacation with Annabella at Palm Springs, he spends his mornings burning up the sands



In the first row of the headlight parade at Universal is Deanna Durbin who cuts a fancy curve for Hyman Fink's benefit. Right: Best cyclist at M-G-M is Joan Crawford who wheels around from work on "When Ladies Meet" to tell a good story to Clark Gable on the "Honky Tonk" set



BIKE HIKERS

Everybody knows the stars go on cycles, but seldom are they caught doing it. That's why these Hymie Fink exclusives — with handlebars down—will get a whirl from coast to coast



A vision on wheels is Mickey Rooney, the nonconformist who turns his handlebars up, gets his teeth into the job and leaves the rest of the boys behind in a cloud of dust

Moneymaking: Robert Taylor, who will put dollars in the M-G-M bank by some personable maneuvers in "When Ladies Meet"
Carpenter





Merrymaking: Paulette Goddard of DeMille's "Reap The Wild Wind," one reason why "Daisy" is a gentleman's favorite tune

Reward for being natural:
Mr. Scott gets a lead role
in Fox's big "Belle Starr"



YOU CAN'T COUNT HIM OUT!

Most Hollywood people would condemn him for what he did. But it takes a man like Randolph Scott to know that what seems like a detour at first is sometimes the shortest road to happiness

BY JOHN R. FRANCHEY

WITH his stock now being quoted at an all-time high, he is taking it all very calmly, which is definitely the wrong attitude for a man whom the local "experts" had counted out some two years back.

That makes twice.

He was equally baffling when his career was at low tide and his agents were getting the brush-off at the studios. He took it all very calmly then. You couldn't tell that his days were numbered just from looking.

The explanation is very simple. It is bound up with Randolph Scott's fatalism: What is to be will be.

Heavens knows he hadn't the slightest intention of becoming a movie star when he took off for a trip West the summer of 1928. Fashionable Woodbury Forest prep school, as befits a young Virginian . . . a trick at Georgia Tech . . . transfer to the University of North Carolina . . . a brief intermezzo with a lady he was later to marry . . . a short turn or two in business . . . and then that trip West with a friend named Jack Heath.

They didn't even know they were coming to California. Ardent golfers, they stopped off at Dallas, Texas, were received with open arms by Dallas society and the dazzling Dallas debbies, and were sorely tempted to camp there for a century or two. But wanderlust urged them still farther West and inevitably to Hollywood.

Arrived in Hollywood, the two Virginians discovered that they were in clover: No less than two fancy golf tournaments were scheduled to be played off within the next six weeks. They took a small apartment and prepared to stay until October.

It was Jack Heath who remembered that they had a mutual friend in town, the-then wife of Howard Hughes. They gave her a ring. Being the lady she was, she invited the boys to dinner. Also to meet her charming husband.

They were sold on Mr. Hughes from the start: He was an ardent golfer, when he wasn't producing pictures. They became a golfing threesome right then and there.

Late in October, they reluctantly began packing their bags, arranged for their final tour of the links with Hughes. They were on hole 17 when Scott remembered all of a sudden that here they were going back to Virginia and they hadn't seen the inside of a studio. It might be pretty embarrassing when they got back and everyone started asking questions. He said something about it to Hughes.

"How would you boys like to work in a picture?" Hughes came back. "That would be better than taking a Cook's tour, wouldn't it?"

You know, of course, what the boys said.

Well, the next day it came off on schedule. Randolph Scott and Jack Heath were over on the Fox lot, working as one-day extras. They had identical roles, if you could call them roles. Dressed in the dashing getup of Australian army officers, hats turned up rakishly on one side, their chore was to suggest "complete abandon." How complete the Scott abandon must have been you can guess from the following: James Ryan, casting director for Fox, called him over and invited him to make a screen test. He was so flabbergasted that he said he'd do it, although on the way home that evening he was mentally composing the polite no-thank-you letter which he planned to send Ryan later that night. He never sent the letter. Waiting for him at the apartment was a message to get in touch with the great Cecil B. DeMille.

DeMille, apparently, had received a glowing report from someone on the Fox lot. At any rate, he rolled out the red carpet for Scott and told him frankly that he had him in mind for the lead in "Dynamite," his next picture. Negotiations were proceeding fine until C. B. discovered that Scott was (Continued on page 92)



To my Lady

The courage my friend Barbara Stanwyck mentions in her letters has been given to me by her staunch friendship and kind thoughtfulness

Vivian Cosby

EDITORS' NOTE: Vivian Cosby, Broadway playwright, had just begun her new work in Hollywood when, on the morning of New Year's Day, 1939, her dress caught fire. Ablaze from head to foot, she fell unconscious to the floor. . . . When word went out from the hospital that she would live but that she would be a shut-in for many months, maybe years, Hollywood's most famous stars flocked to her bedside to pay tribute to the courage of this woman who could come up fighting after such an ordeal. Foremost in this legion of new friends has been Barbara Stanwyck. Without adding any words of our own we are going to let these letters, published with the permission of both, tell you of a moving side of Hollywood you rarely have an opportunity to glimpse. . . .

July 25, 1939

MY DEAR VIVIAN:

I'm so glad you liked your room—and you don't need courage—you have enough for a whole army. As a matter of fact, I took some away with me!

I shall come in and see you one of these days. I'm at work again, but if I get a day off, then I'll drop by.

Bless you,

Barbara.

Feb. 14, 1940

My dear Vivian:

I'm so glad you are getting along as well as you say. Let's hope and pray things will be brighter for you from now on. The public at large seemed to like "Remember the Night"—and I was rather pleased with it. I'm doing another in a week or so with the same director, Mitch Leisen—and I do enjoy working with him.

Thanks for writing to me. I do appreciate it, and excuse my scrawl. Since the hand injury I don't write

very well any more. I guess I rate a penalty for not having sense enough to know that you shouldn't hit a window glass with your hand when the window sticks.

Good luck, Vivian, and bless you, Barbara.

Feb. 27, 1940

Dear Vivian:

You were sweet to be worried about that rumor, but don't worry about things you hear. Imagine putting a sinister conception on my window opening attempt. I tried to open the window, it stuck. I carelessly hit it with the heel of my hand. The glass broke and my wrist was badly cut. It was bleeding, and everyone was excited, and all I could think of was not bothering Bob, who was working. They took me to the hospital for the stitching that was necessary.

So I now hear the gossips tried to make something out of the fact that I didn't broadcast my stupidity. Well, I'm not the morbid type, and if I were.

Miss Vivian Cosby,
Los Angeles,
California.

when in
studio again
of course as in
there were more
but of course could be
in their letters



of courage from Barbara Lanyek

what in heaven's name have I to be morbid about? I'm lucky and happy and I know it!

As for you, don't believe anything you hear in this day and age. That's a rule you can't lose on.

Bless you,
Barbara.

March 8, 1940

My Dear Vivian:

I'm so delighted with the news of your radio job. Isn't that just grand! Good for you. This will really make you feel ever so much better in every way. Let's hope it will mean bigger and better things for you.

I have not started work as yet. The stories just haven't panned out as I expected and I want to do a good one not just a fair one. So I'll wait around. I shall love to send you a picture.

Now don't get too excited on this writing job and ruin your health—take it easy and everything will be fine for you.

Always the best to you.

Bless you,
Barbara.

May 9, 1940

Dear Vivian:

So glad you enjoyed the radio broadcast—and how grand your material for Robinson went so well.

I am delighted you are getting better. It sure has been an awful grind for you, but your rewards will come soon, I know.

The photograph shall be sent to you, Vivian; it's just that I did not have any that I liked very much. But now I have.

Thank you for your nice letter and lots of love,

Barbara.

June 5th, 1940

Dear Vivian:

What a soldier you are.

I've been playing a lot of golf—all of it bad. I went to practice places and hit bucketfuls of balls by the

hour. My enthusiasm failed to grow so I thought I should get out on a course. Bob was divinely patient—golf being his great enthusiasm at the moment (and he's not bad, not bad at all), but I'm not going to be a golfer and we both know it now. I never could get to care how seldom I hit the ball. I've convinced Mr. T. he should golf alone or with someone who can be as intent as he is on cutting down the score. My scores read like the national debt and, also like the debt, kept getting higher and higher. Maybe I should take up bowling. A high score is something to work for there.

Do tell me about yourself.

I'll be in to see you one of these days when you feel like seeing me.

As always,
Barbara.

July 3, 1940

My Dear Vivian:

Thank you so much for your sweet and gracious (Continued on page 70)

Maid into movie star

BY MARIAN H. QUINN



Close your eyes and pretend you're a

Hollywood star. While you're in this million-

dollar trance, check yes or no on

these questions. They're the eye openers

that will give you a cinema-queen outlook on yourself

Are you apt to be rather uncommunicative before you've had your breakfast?

Do you prefer, in general, men to women?

Will you do a thing over as many times as necessary to make it perfect?

Does a picture that's hung crookedly upset your equilibrium?

★

Do you like to collect items like small china figurines?

Can you talk to strangers easily?

Do you, as a general rule, act on impulse?

When you are depressed, does it pep you up to go out and buy something new?

★

Do you scoff at superstitions?

Do you enjoy getting up very early in the morning?

Are you interested in astrology?

When you get home from a date do you put your corsage in water to preserve it?

★

Would you stop wearing red nail polish if your best beau didn't like it?

Do you sometimes like to sit on the floor?

Are you interested in cooking, making menus, running a house?

Do you get quite upset when someone criticizes you?

If you had a majority of "yes's" in the first set of questions your movie-star prototype is Bette Davis because she tallies "yes" on all of them. In other words, if you were a Hollywood queen, you'd be like her—a crisp, practical, hard-working person with a sensitive talent and a flair for smartly conservative clothes. This autumn, you'd probably invest in the new knicker blouse, a one-piece affair with shirtwaist top and knicker bottom that's perfect under your woolen skirts and pinafores. You'd like jerkins instead of sweaters because they're easier to get into; you'd pay your last penny for a coat like the one on page 58.

If you nodded your head vigorously to most of the questions in the second set, you'd be the Lana Turner type movie star, a vivacious little person

with a flair for clothes, a love of experiment with all the new fashion foibles. This fall, you'd probably be sporting the new ankle-length fur boots; or maybe you'd wear bright fireman-red galoshes. You wouldn't wear your conservative black crepe for a special date, but you'd go gay in a white wool jersey dress that would startle your man into some extra-special action.

A majority of "yes's" on the third set means—get ready for a shock—your personality is like that of Hedy Lamarr's. You'd be a colorful movie star and your clothes would usually be in contrast to your very feminine personality. For instance, right now you'd probably be daring enough to wear men's patent-leather pumps, in a boy's size, for your evening tripping of the light fantastic. Or you might

look very feminine in a very masculine fleece-lined pilot's coat of whipcord. You'd never be frilly in the evening—you'd prefer, instead, the new tailored dinner dresses with the ultrasmart long sleeves.

If you ended up by seeing the fourth set of questions in an affirmative light, your movie double is Joan Fontaine, a childlike, naïve person who looks like a little girl and is really an ultrasophisticate. Your clothes would be naïve, too—you'd be smart enough to know that dirndls, that new fall fashion revival, were made for your type. You'd pull an Eton cap over your bob to give you a puckish look and you'd have a black velveteen suit, a white blouse with a turned-down childish collar and a red cummerbund, an outfit that would make you the wisest little star in Hollywood.

TAKE FALL IN YOUR STRIDE

Footnotes on Notable Feet

Catching on as quickly as an autumn bonfire is this new idea of snapped-in coat linings to match the dress—or the occasion. Look longingly at Ellén Drew, Paramount star of "The Remarkable Andrew," in her short, collarless beaver coat with its wide full sleeves and its bright plaid lining designed by Edith Head. The coat tops a suit of beige, all-out color for fall; it's topped itself by a sleek militarized little beaver cap



Sound footing: V-throatlizard-trimmed brown "Spec" pumps of elasticized suede

Miss Drew's Paris Fashion shoes were selected from the Vanity Slipper Shoppe, Hollywood

Autumn walks are fun, this polo coat makes them fashionable—a soft, natural-colored wool with large patch pockets, wide revers and a sash belt. You'll be talked about in the right way if you follow Ellen Drew and wear a red felt pork-pie that's at home on every campus from east to west, is a heady complement for any girl's wardrobe



News below: A "lo-heeler" bow tie pump of perfed and elasticized Antique Tan calf with flat bow






Stride down the street in this brown and white herringbone tweed and you'll be invited for more hot chocolates than you can drink. Designed by Edith Head, it has a slightly flared skirt, natural shoulders and bracelet-length sleeves. Flair plus fashion: The white piqué collar and cuffs, the beige felt with its brown band trim



Supporting role is played by a "Wall Toe" tailored pump of Antique calf



Look like this and Main St. will think you're a movie star. Ellen Drew wears a mustard-colored sheer wool outfit—a long slim tunic with a set-in belt over a pleated skirt. The attention-getters are the hand-stitched yoke; the sable bands on the dropped shoulders; the huge muff; and the sable hat with its back drop of mustard wool



Underfoot: "Four-Leaf Clover" pumps of elasticized suede



Mark of the fashion connoisseur is a coat dress; this one of Ellen Drew's is of soft black angora wool with a straight skirt and full sleeves. A vest of leopard matches the softly draped muffle; the whole outfit is an Edith Head inspiration. A flange of black gros-grain ribbon on the large black felt is your card of admission to the best places—with the best people



Groundwork: "Button Bow" pumps of black elasticized Chiffon Suede, flaring bows



"Since you children will be affected," said Mr. Randall, "I thought it only fair you should have a vote in the matter"

Fiction version by NORTON RUSSELL

PATRICIA RANDALL performed a neat raffle on a snare drum made out of an old kettle with a piece of inner tube stretched over the mouth, accented the effect with two light taps on the water pitcher, and topped things off with a thunderous kick of her right foot against the wash boiler. Chauncey Jones, sitting on the back steps of the Randall home, looked at her adoringly, oblivious of her round, horn-rimmed corrective spectacles and the gleaming gold braces on her teeth. He was used to such disfigurements; after all, he wore their twins himself.

"We could hike up to the old gravel pit," he said wistfully, "and go swimming. It's full of water now."

"Wouldn't I look cute hiking in my bathing suit!" Pat said in disdain.

"But Pat, you could wear your suit under your hiking things. What's



Chauncey looked at Pat adoringly—horn-rimmed corrective spectacles, gleaming braces on her teeth



SMALL TOWN Deb

The saga of what happens
when a woman turns sixteen,
forgets about banana
squashes and begins con-
centrating on weightier things

A Twentieth Century-Fox picture. Screen play by Ethel Hill. Original story by Jerrie Walters. Directed by Harold Schuster. Copyright 1941 by Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corporation

wrong with that?"

Pat sighed tolerantly. "Look, Chauncey, when a woman gets to be sixteen—"

"Fifteen," Chauncey said.

"That was last summer," Pat informed him coldly. "I was a child then. Chauncey, you've gotta quit living in the past—that's kid stuff."

"Well, why—if it's fun?"

"There you are!" she said. "That proves we have no common ground, even mentally." She lifted, with an air of dismissal, the big kitchen spoon which served her for a drumstick.

"Well," Chauncey tried a new tack, "then how about a banana squash with whip cream and cherries—with some pecans on top?"

"Since when have Tracey's been putting pecans on a banana squash?" Pat inquired.

"They don't. I just thought it up."

"Well..." For a moment Pat weakened, then remembered herself and her dignity. "No, Chauncey," she said firmly.

"Won't you quit calling me Chauncey?" he begged. "You could call me Bill, or Windy—or anything—"

"I'm sorry," Pat said. "Every time I think of you, I think of Chauncey."

The screen door behind Chauncey opened and Katie, the Randalls' cook and housekeeper, lowered her massive bulk down the steps. With a set jaw, she began dismantling Pat's drumming equipment.

"In the first place, Maestro," she said, "with your very kind permission—I need these things. And in the second place—how's for a little help with supper, huh?"

Pat giggled. Katie, she had learned long ago, was outwardly fearsome, actually her (Continued on page 85)

THE CAST

Patricia Randall.....Jane Withers
Katie.....Jane Darwell
Jack Richards.....Bruce Edwards
Helen Randall....Cobina Wright Jr.
Mr. Randall.....Cecil Kellaway
Mrs. Randall...Katharine Alexander
Tim Randall.....Jack Searl
Chauncey Jones.....Buddy Pepper



Cowboy WITH SEX APPEAL

He's the man who made all the maidens mourn when they discovered he had been a husband for four secret years. His name is Roy Rogers and when columnist Louella Parsons published the sad news, his studio, Republic, was deluged with the written lamentations of disappointed females. The outcome? Well, the audience of Rogers is today predominantly admiring ladies—those who play with dolls and those who don't. He's the boy from Cincinnati who started out to be a dentist and ended up in Hollywood as the star master of Trigger; the head of a small Valley ranch where he lives with his wife and adopted daughter Cheryl; the right kind of guy who is first in the hearts of his countrywomen.

HOLLYWOOD'S UNKNOWN FRIENDSHIPS

BY "FEARLESS"

Uncovering the secret and sometimes amazing relationships in the stars' private lives

EVER since Hollywood was a straggling settlement along a cow trail that meandered west from Los Angeles toward Santa Monica—but never got there—we have heard about Hollywood feuds. This big star "at outs" with that one. This one insulting that one. Jealousy or egotism or whatever it is that makes an actor "touchy," rampant!

However, it is not Hollywood feuds that I have on my mind today, but something better, I think, and just as entertaining. I mean Hollywood friendships.

True, you've heard about the palships of, say, Clark Gable and Andy Devine, Joel McCrea and Gary Cooper, Carole Lombard and "Fieldsie." Everyone knows about them. But there are others, a good many others, of which you've probably heard little or nothing.

I mean friendships like that of Ann Sothorn and Mal Milland. Maybe you don't know it, but two better friends never traded hats, recipes and confidences. "Myrt and Marge," they call themselves.

They met about four years ago when a mutual friend brought Ann over to the Millands. Those were troublous days for quiet, lovely Muriel Milland. Ray was just climbing to the top and she was learning what it means to be married to a celebrity. It was exciting and interesting, of course, but terribly difficult, too. She wasn't an actress. She didn't understand show (Continued on page 89)

Ann Sothorn and Mal Milland, known as "Myrt and Marge" to husbands Ray Milland and Roger Pryor



They were schoolgirls together: Mrs. John Wayne, Loretta Young



One of the strangest combines: Albert Ouspenskaya and Eddie (with Jean Cagney)



One of the closest friendships: Errol Flynn, Bruce Cabot

Man who can make Fred Astaire laugh most is Jerry Asher



Barbara Stanwyck and Hollis Barnes: They cried together



Could You Tame Stirling Hayden?

(Continued from page 34)

American fortunes. "I'll take a position so you can keep on with school, public school of course," his mother told him.

The time had come to break away from the routine that would lead to days spent in an office, a house in some suburb and a commutation ticket that would entitle him to take the same train every night and every morning. And he knew it.

"I'm going to sea," he told his bewildered mother.

"If you want to go to work, Stirling," she protested, "why don't you try to do something here?"

He didn't argue or raise his voice the way boys do when they're unsure of themselves. "I can only do best what I want to do," he said, "and I want to go to sea."

HE booked on a freighter out of Gloucester at one dollar a month. He scraped decks. He washed dishes to get enough to eat. He worked in shipyards. He was coaler on a ship that sailed to the British West Indies.

"I've never worried about being broke," he said, "unless I was in a city. It isn't fancy to be broke in a city. You have to stick around in dirty places, eat in them, sleep in them."

He stretched. He walked over to the window. He came back and sat on the edge of a desk. It was then that he spoke of that girl in Tahiti. . . .

In 1937, after he'd gotten his papers as master of sailing vessels, he shipped as mate on the schooner *Yankee*. In Tahiti he met Marguerite Mersman, daughter of the American consul. Practically nothing is known of their friendship. Stirling won't talk much about it. He says, "We wrote each other for a year or more, then we quit. I guess you always quit when you don't get the breaks that make it possible for you to be together." Then he's silent.

However, his words and manner make it clear he loved this girl. And the facts that lie unalterably behind his words make it clear that not even for her or himself could he abandon his roving ways. For he didn't settle down in the South Seas as a merchant, an exporter, or a hotel man. And he didn't return to New York intent upon engaging in some business and having Marguerite join him. Instead he told her to wait, that he would come back with a boat, inaugurate a freight and mail service between Tahiti and Honolulu, and they would be married and live in a house beside the sea.

He had no difficulty getting his boat. Paradoxically enough, he's a good businessman, like his father. But on his way back to Marguerite he was wrecked off Hatteras in the hurricane of '38.

THE time that followed is one of the few times when Stirling was unhappy because he was poor. The Coast Guard picked him up and took him into Charleston and he got to New York somehow. In New York he and Larry O'Toole, a newspaper artist who once had been a shiomatic, shared a furnished room on West Fifty-second Street. Stirling managed to earn enough to keep them alive by modelling for tobacco advertisements.

It was at this point that Larry O'Toole decided, since a Hollywood income would solve all problems, that Stirling should be in pictures. He deluged film friends and strange casting directors with formal and informal photographs and rhapsodic



Star Finds IN THE STORES

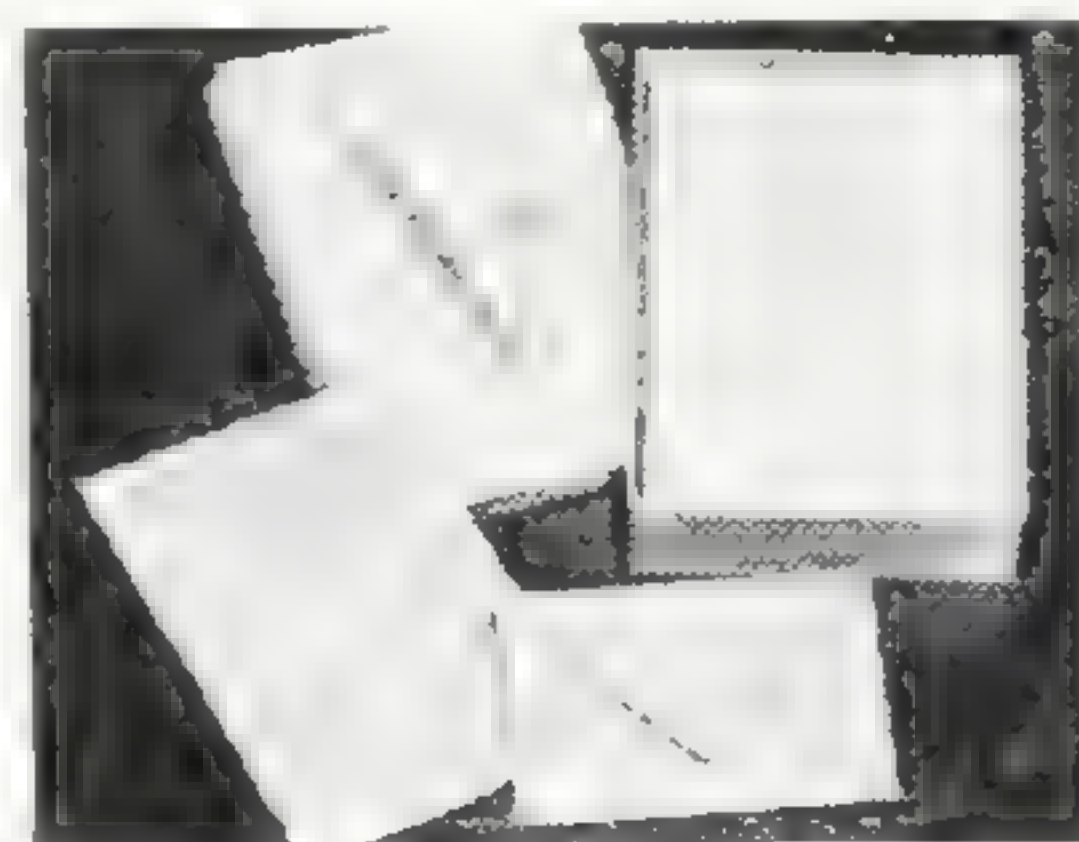
BY MARION HAMMON

KEEP NEAT KIT: Princess Pat has the right idea about complexion care—everything you need, when you need it. The "Keep Neat Kit" holds eight important preparations, plus a complexion sponge and handy tissues. The utility of the ensemble gives it instant



appeal and at no great strain on your pocket-book. Princess Pat "Keep Neat Kit", \$1.50 at most drug and department stores.

DOT-DOT-DOT-DASH! The Victory Symbol is the symbol of all freedom-loving people. Newest contribution is Eaton's fine writing paper with an enormous V shadow-printed over the face of the sheet. The envelope flap, too, is imprinted so that your letter will leave a Victory greeting with everyone who handles the mail. Grand for writing to the boys in camp. Eaton Victory Paper, \$1 at McCreery's, N. Y.



GOOD CLEAN FUN: Bathasweet, known for their bath pleasantries, have two new products—A bubble bath that piles the tub high with rich bubbles and makes you fragrant and satiny smooth. Eight ounces of the precious stuff for only 50c. For shower addicts there are the Bathasweet Shower Mitts, made of plump terry-cloth, and filled with powdered perfumed soap. Three mitts for \$1. You'll find both at drug and department stores.



AS YOU LIKE IT: Whether you wear your hair in a pompadour, rolls, puffs, or curls, there's an ingenious little device that keeps it lovely longer. Called "Grip-Tuth", it looks very much like the old-fashioned tuck comb, but each tooth is split, so that it holds the simplest hair-do or most elaborate coiffure firmly in place. Grip-Tuth comes in a variety of sizes and colors to match almost every hair shade. Nice for anchoring those pert bows. 25c at notion counters.

descriptions of the Hayden charm. And nothing happened.

"Only a balmy guy like you ever would have thought I'd have a chance," Stirling told Larry. "And even if I got to Hollywood I wouldn't last long. I'd feel like a fool making faces in front of a camera, making love to dolls."

And Stirling was off, on his way to a national magazine that planned to use a layout of pictures taken on a West Indies cruise.

If he could land this job it would, he decided, be something like it. It would take him to the Indies and give him a chance to look over a schooner he'd heard about down there and it also would put enough money in his pocket to take him and Larry out of their immediate difficulties.

"We've practically decided on someone else," the pictorial editor of that magazine told Stirling reluctantly. For the minute Stirling had come into his office he'd known he was the man to do the job. Besides, he guessed from the way Stirling's face fell how much he had counted on it. And in the next breath he was canceling the mental commitment he had made with the other fellow and giving Stirling the job.

It was the layout of this cruise, with Stirling the central figure, that attracted E. H. Griffith and resulted in Stirling's taking a screen test.

He had no idea of staying in pictures indefinitely, of becoming a star. He thought of pictures as a stopgap, something that would get him out of the jam he was in and help him finance another schooner.

It happens, however, that the camera, in its mysterious way, caught Stirling's roving spirit. His career, consequently, was zooming and his producers were doing everything they could to keep him happy and put!

As a rule producers get what they want. But they knew, nevertheless, that they really couldn't tell about Stirling Hayden.

It was just a few weeks ago that he said something that should have forewarned Paramount.

"Heaven knows," he said, "I don't want to wake up some fine morning and call myself a fool for quitting the studios, for not knowing a good thing when I had it. But if I'm a success—and there wouldn't be any point in staying if I'm not—I know I'll find it increasingly difficult to get away long enough to make any voyages. And—even if I should make five thousand dollars a week—if I became a guy who was always so busy doing everything a dozen people told me to do that I never had time to do what I wanted to do I wouldn't be impressed with myself. Not even a little bit!"

"So it looks as if my best bet was to get that annuity for my mother and that schooner for myself and"—he whistled sharply—"to blow, be on my way."

Then it happened. One morning Hayden walked into Paramount's front office and quit pictures cold. He was leaving that night, he announced, chucking everything, his rising career, the promise of wealth and fame, to do his bit in these days of emergency.

A man like that would probably do a more thorough job of taming a girl than she would of taming him. But before you answer the challenge in the title of this piece you will want to read the story in December Photoplay-Movie Mirror. It will give you the man's reasons for the momentous decision he has just made—and it comes directly from Stirling Hayden himself.

Here's proof my Face Powder makes Skin look Younger!



"ELBOW TEST"

shows instantly how new
kind of powder makes skin
look smoother, fresher.

By *Lady Esther*



Wouldn't you like to see, with your own eyes, how much *younger* your skin can look—how much lovelier and more glamorous?

You can—so simply and so easily—and without cost! Make the test that is thrilling women everywhere...the Lady Esther ELBOW TEST!

You know how rough and coarse the skin of your elbow is. Well, I'm going to send you some Lady Esther Face Pow-

der FREE. Just take a little on a puff and pat it gently on your elbow...

See what happens! See how the coarse skin of your elbow suddenly looks soft and smooth—how the lines and roughness seem to ease away.

If my powder can do that to the abused skin of your elbow—just imagine what it can do for the skin of your face! Imagine how it can hide tired lines—skin-faults and imperfections—big pores!

You see, my powder is different because it's *made* differently. It's blown by Twin Hurricanes until it's softer and finer by far than any ordinary powder. It goes on a new, *smoother* way—more flattering to the skin than words alone can describe! You must see it with your own

eyes—that's why I ask you to make the interesting Elbow Test.

Try All 9 Shades FREE

Your name and address on the coupon below will bring you all 9 new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. You not only can make the interesting Elbow Test—you can also try all 9 shades on your own skin, before your own mirror, and see which one is your best shade—your Lucky Shade. Mail the coupon NOW.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER, (73)
7134 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your
9 new shades of face powder, also a tube of
your Four-Purpose Face Cream.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.



Now more beautiful women use Lady
Esther Face Powder than any other kind.

Lady Esther
FACE POWDER

PHOTOPLAY—MOVIE MIRROR

JUNIOR

GUEST EDITOR — MARY LEE

DEAR JUNIORS:

The way I got into pictures was really a streak of pure luck. I was singing with Ted Weems' orchestra at the time and we were playing an engagement at the Strand Theater in New York. Although we didn't know it, Gene Autry and Mr. Yates, president of Republic Studios, were in the audience and heard me sing. After the show, they came backstage and arranged for me to fly to Hollywood immediately for Mr. Autry's new picture, "South of the Border."

Well, I simply can't tell you how thrilled I was. The studio put me right in the picture as soon as I got here, with no test of any kind first. We went on location to the desert right away and almost the first thing that happened was that I got terribly sunburned.

After I faded out to almost my normal color again, I had to ride a horse for a scene. I hadn't been on a horse many times before that and while I wasn't exactly afraid of it, still I was pretty uneasy. It looked awfully big to me, but after I had mounted it I felt a little safer.

I thought it very interesting when I found out that horses that are used in movies are trained to follow the camera car. As long as the camera car's running, the horse will keep on galloping. When the car stops, the horse stops. In my first picture, the horse ran away with me, so I yelled at the camera to stop, and then the horse stopped too.

SINCE "South of the Border" I played the role of *Patsy* in Gene Autry's pictures, and I've enjoyed every minute of it. He's wonderful to work with and has been so kind to me. He's my favorite movie star. My big sister, Vera, is his secretary. Norma Jean, my younger sister, is only eleven years old. Her nickname is Buckshot, but don't ask me why. Not even my mother can remember why we call her that. It's been her nickname ever since she was a baby. She still goes to school. Of course, I do too, but I have a teacher on the set, most of the time, and in between pictures I go to the Mar-Ken school for professional children. It's the first private school I ever went to, and I'm in the eleventh grade. English is my favorite subject, but spelling throws me.

Ottawa, Illinois, is my home town. I used to sing at school there and at



Mary Lee, delightful junior angel of Republic Pictures' "Angels With Broken Wings"

Dad's lodge meetings although I never thought of doing it professionally. I just thought it was a lot of fun, even though I never took singing lessons. But when I was twelve years old, Ted Weems and his band came to Ottawa. We heard Mr. Weems was looking for a girl singer and I finally got my parents' permission to let me try to get an audition with him. He was very nice and I landed the job.

I had to finish out the term at school, but two months later, when school was out, I joined the band and toured the country with them for almost two years. Everyone in the band was wonderful to me and I was crazy about them.

Ever since I can remember, I'd wanted a wrist watch that was small enough to fit a dime over it, although I never expected to get one. You know, it was just one of those things you dream about. The boys in the band found out about it and on my fourteenth birthday they gave me one. It was one of the highlights in my life.

When I'm between pictures, I go back to Mr. Weems and sing with the band again. It's like going back home to visit your family because in a way

I feel as though they were my adopted family.

My real name is Mary Lee Wooters, but I dropped my last name when I was with Mr. Weems because they thought just Mary Lee sounded more professional. Besides playing in Mr. Autry's pictures, I've also been in "Sing, Dance, Plenty Hot," "Barnyard Follies" and now "Angels With Broken Wings" for Republic Studios, where I'm under contract.

I like ice skating and roller skating, but my favorite sport is swimming. Mr. Autry lets me come over to his pool whenever I want to and I'm learning how to dive there. He lets me ride his horses too. He's really one of the kindest men in the world.

My hobby is collecting autographs and pictures of stars and famous people and I get a kick out of every new one I get. Besides that, I have a little camera and I love to take snapshots. I'd like to learn about photography.

I'm not exactly superstitious, but I wear a wooden horseshoe on my lapel and I think it brings me good luck. It's funny that almost all the good things that have happened to me happened when I was wearing the horseshoe.

It was fun to write to you, and it would be nice if you'd answer this letter. After talking so much about myself, I'd like to know all about you Juniors too.

Yours,

Mary Lee

P. S. I think almost everyone has a pet superstition, don't you? I've told you what mine is, and I wish you'd tell me about yours. If you'll write and tell me about it, I'll give an autographed photograph to each of the ten boys or girls who write the most interesting letters about their superstitions. Miss Betty Turner will help me judge them, and please write me in care of PHOTOPLAY—MOVIE MIRROR Junior, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood California. Please be sure, however, to mail your letters before October 25, 1941. I'm looking forward to hearing from you!

Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly, we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us.

IT'S GLAMOUR NEWS!

_in Hollywood



JOAN BENNETT
 Star of
 20th Century-Fox's
 "Confirm or Deny"

I'M A **SCREEN STAR**. I USE **LUX SOAP** EVERY DAY BECAUSE —



I CAN'T FACE A MOVIE CAMERA UNLESS MY SKIN IS SOFT AND **SMOOTH**



—in your own home town!



I'M A **BRIDE**



I USE **LUX SOAP** EVERY DAY BECAUSE —



I WANT TO **KEEP ROMANCE!**

MILDER!
COSTLY PERFUME!
PURE!
ACTIVE LATHER!



CLEVER WOMEN EVERYWHERE take Hollywood's tip—find **ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS** with Lux Toilet Soap a wonderful beauty aid! "Here's all you do," says lovely Joan Bennett—"Smooth the lather lightly in. Rinse with warm water, then cool. Pat to dry." Try this gentle care for 30 days!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

To My Lady of Courage

(Continued from page 55)

write-up in Photoplay. You are much too good to me. You who deserve so very much more.

I'm getting ready to go to work Monday on the Capra picture and I am not really on this earth at the present time. I'm so excited I can hardly contain myself.

I haven't forgotten the picture, Vivian. You shall have it soon.

My best always,

Barbara.

August 5th, 1940

Vivian, dear:

So you got out! But that's marvelous. How, why, when and where? I am so happy that you did have a change.

The picture is going along just fine. Everybody is so nice and so terribly interested in his work, it's a pleasure to be there each day. And, of course, Capra is in a class by himself. There's no one really quite like him and when people ask, "What's so different about him?"—you just answer, "He's Capra, that's all." You make other pictures to live, but you live to make a Capra picture.

Do tell me about yourself, Vivian—how you're getting along.

Bob's picture, "Escape," was sneaked at Long Beach Friday night. I did not see it, of course, but the reports are glowing. Let's hope so. He did work so hard on it.

My best to you, Vivian, and when you have time write me

As always,

Barbara.

August 18, 1940

Dear Vivian:

My goodness, didn't you have yourself a time! I am so glad you are getting better. And as far as the pain—why you can do anything! I call you Courage Cosby. You'll lick that in no time.

We've been working in the ice house in Los Angeles. Capra built a roof-set of an office building there and it's supposed to be Christmas Eve—very cold. And, my little one, I thought I would freeze to death.

Swell to hear all about your "doin's" and hope you have more grand times.

As ever,

Barbara.

September 3, 1940

Dear Vivian:

Well, aren't you getting to be the best dressed woman! My goodness—Crawford will have to look to her laurels.

My eye is better and I return to work today. It was a silly thing, a little painful and most annoying.

My son came home from summer camp yesterday and he has grown so much and his freckles are something! Not an inch of white on his face and does he hate that.

Well, I must get to work. We are going outside tonite and work in the rain.

Best to you always,

Barbara.

September 21, 1940

Dear Vivian:

Such lovely writing! Thank you for sending me your article. I shall keep it—if you don't mind.

The courage I've always admired in you shines forth beautifully.

My eye has cleared up. I have finished "John Doe" but for retakes—if any—and am now getting ready for "Lady Eve," written and directed by Preston Sturges. That starts in October. And I like it ever so much. I believe Sturges has a wealth of talent and he shall be one of our "biggest" some day.

Thanks again, Vivian, I've learned another lesson.

Fondly,

Barbara.

October 14, 1940

Vivian, dear:

Well, here I am on another picture. This time at Paramount with Preston Sturges writing and directing. It's fun and very pleasant.

Bob is taking his flying lessons seriously—books and much studying and all that. He will be a very good flyer some day and I shall be very proud and casual about it, but truthfully, right now it

does scare me a little.

I'm an utter coward about flying myself. So, of course I keep on flying. Once I'm in the air I expect to relax, but I don't and I grin all the time to prove I'm not afraid at all. Flying to me is a pounding heart, an ice-encased body, and a petrified grin. Someday I'll laugh in the air as comfortably as I do at the end of every trip. I hope the next flight will be the one I fly out of my fear on.

Bob, of course, is completely at home in the air. And I've never bothered to tell him how I feel. I can't abide scared women, and I'm sure no one has any right to keep others from doing what they want to do. Particularly wives shouldn't try to have their own way all the time.

Course I've always thought it might be fun to "queen" it over the household for a day, but my family'd probably stop such goings-on by noon.

How I do run on. All I really started out to say was I hope you liked the candy. If there's any special kind you like please tell me.

As ever,

Barbara.

November 13, 1940

Dear Vivian:

So you've read "John Doe." Now you know why I was so excited about the whole deal. You know we never did shoot an ending on it as yet. The picture ended as Cooper carries me off the roof, and I'm just as curious as you are as to how they are going to end the whole thing.

This one, the Preston Sturges picture "Lady Eve," is going along just fine.

We call Sturges the "Mad Genius." You never know what he'll do next. Wore his hat all day the other day "so we'd recognize him." Came on the set the day we were working in my bedroom wearing a horrible-looking bathrobe! Hope people will like the picture as much as we've liked making it.

Do you want any books, Vivian? I thought maybe you would. Let me know.

Fondly,

Barbara.

January 3, 1941

Vivian, dear:

The sweater is simply beautiful and I can't tell you how pleased I am with it and how proud to think you took all that time to make it for me. Thank you so much.

I have had the flu all during the holidays—Dion got it first, then me. So our Christmas was a little spoiled—especially his. I've been up for two days now and feel fair.

Just wanted to send this off today and do hope and pray this New Year will be the one for you, Vivian.

As always,

Barbara.

Tucson, Arizona

Dear Vivian:

Of course you'll lick every problem. I've seen enough of your courage to know that no setback will discourage you. It may be that you would have tried to do too much if you'd not had this disappointment. It's funny the way things add up to blessings—after they're over! Maybe someday we'll be smart enough to recognize blessings no matter how disguised they come. On the other hand, maybe all of us being that smart would make for pretty dull living. (Stop the



Barbara Stanwyck looks at Ronald Reagan; everyone else at Ciro's looks at the new Stanwyck hair-do

philosophy, Stanwyck, you're getting confused!)

I came down here to visit Bob on location. I never thought I'd do that, but Bob was so sweet about insisting upon it that I didn't waste any time on resolutions, and here I am.

Well, my ideas about a warm and sun-drenched Arizona have evaporated. It's rained and been cold all the time. The company couldn't shoot, so Bob and I have motored all over the place.

I came for a week end and have been here ten days. The weather is clearing now and I'm leaving tomorrow as I have to start tests for "The Great Man's Lady." Two weeks of them. From sixteen to one hundred and nine is quite a trek in make-up—or any other way. Wonder what anyone who's lived one hundred and nine years really thinks of us today. Well, I'll know when I play the part.

Is there anything you want, Vivian? When I think of you—chin up—my admiration goes to you without limit.

God bless you,
Barbara.

February 1, 1941

Vivian, dear:

Your letter was wonderful! Just think how you inspire people. I look at it a little different than you. You say *we* help you—not quite that. You bring out the best in "we people" and it's really your courage that brings out our little messages—whatever they may be.

A year does seem a long time to an ordinary person—but I do not consider you as such. Therefore in a trite manner I shall say—a year passes quickly. It will for you, Vivian, and each day will bring added health and strength to you.

I do think of you always, and if thoughts will do it you shall run in a year. I feel it.

You don't need courage—just patience.

Love,
Barbara.

February 22, 1941

Vivian, dear:

How about our little flood? Cute? I dare them to say it's a "California mist."

Well, I am working very hard with "The Great Man's Lady." But it's fun. Wild Bill, one of my "best beloved" people is a joy. He keeps us all on our toes and he just bubbles all day long. Joel is in my "BB" group, too. He belongs right near the top. We are all enjoying every second of it.

You know I get up to a hundred years old in this film, and Bill and I visited the Eastern Star Home and talked to several old ladies from seventy to ninety-seven years old. And the house mother told me this particular one was ninety-seven—she was as spry as a colt and had a great sense of humor. We had a long talk and finally at the end she told me the house mother was wrong about her age—she was eighty-six. So you see—it's never too late to cut years! They were all pretty cute and said what a wonderful home that was and how happy they all were. They told me I'd better be a good snappy old lady and not a "picture old lady" who looked like she had one foot in the grave. They don't like that. And by golly none of them out there looks it. So I have my directions from the old gals!

And how are you, my lady of courage? I expect to give you tango lessons one of these days, so don't let me down. Not that you would.

My love, Vivian, and let me know if you want anything.

As always,
Barbara.



"Now we
will use
Fels-Naptha Soap!"

Dirt is a destroyer . . . as this wise, young matron knows. The need to preserve the lovely things that suddenly are hers is as keen as the joy of ownership. As naturally as breathing, she plans to keep this new home *clean* with Fels-Naptha Soap.

No more shabbiness . . . This man of hers shall have the whitest shirts to wear. Her precious linens shall sparkle like new. Paints and porcelains must gleam, endlessly . . .

. . . and so that this bright dream shall reach reality, she has already told her grocer—"Now we *will* use Fels-Naptha Soap!"

Golden bar or Golden chips—
Fels-Naptha
banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"



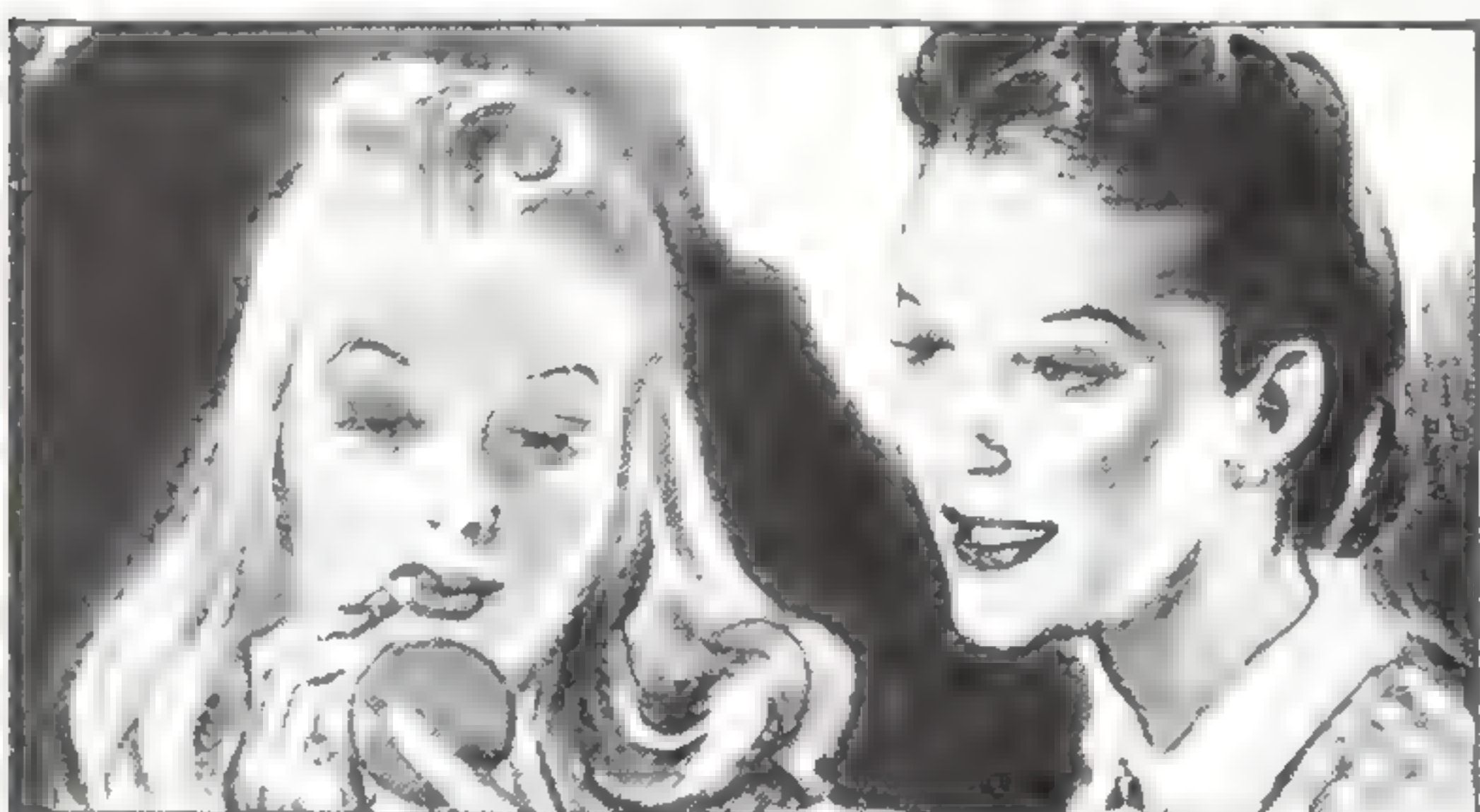
"I'm living my whole life over again!"



WATCHING MY DAUGHTER make-up for the first time brought back memories of my first lipstick. How thrilled I was when Tangee Natural changed as I applied it—producing a rich, warm rose shade—even though it was orange in the stick.



I THOUGHT OF MY marriage day. Wore mother's wedding gown and, as always, Tangee Natural Make-up. The pure cream base kept my lips soft and smooth all through the ceremony and the reception. The matching rouge harmonized perfectly, glowing softly through Tangee's clinging, un-powdery, Face Powder.



MY DAUGHTER is 15 today—and the proud owner of her first Tangee Natural Lipstick. Her excitement and pleasure took me back over the years since I first entrusted my make-up to Tangee. And I know that she will depend on Tangee as I have...for natural loveliness.



TANGEE
Natural

"WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LIPSTICK"

SEND FOR COMPLETE MAKE-UP KIT

The George W. Luft Co., Dist., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City. Please rush "Miracle Make-up Kit" of sample Tangee Lipsticks and Rouge in both Natural and Theatrical Red Shades. Also Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada)

Check Shade of Powder Desired:

<input type="checkbox"/> Peach	<input type="checkbox"/> Light Rachel	<input type="checkbox"/> Flesh
<input type="checkbox"/> Rachel	<input type="checkbox"/> Dark Rachel	<input type="checkbox"/> Tan

Name _____

Street _____ State _____ MA111

City _____

Hollywood Joins the Navy

(Continued from page 27)

a studio in the business that wouldn't swap six glamour girls and an option on Hemingway's next three novels for Bob's services today.

But Lieutenant Montgomery likes his new casting director. Uncle Sam seldom makes mistakes in the roles he hands out and Montgomery's assignment to London was no accident. In the year he spent in England making films, the actor became one of the most popular Americans ever to carve his own niche in London life. The very men he is dealing with on an official basis today are the young Englishmen with whom, two years ago, he was batting cricket balls and shooting grouse.

If and when Goering's gangsters rain bombs on London again, it won't be the first time Bob Montgomery has been under German fire. Last year he drove an ambulance in France and twice, during the Nazi push around Amiens, Bob's mercy wagon was raked by machine guns. He came home when France fell, applied for a reserve commission in the Navy and, at the conclusion of his last film job, asked for active duty.

No hero's part he ever assumed in motion pictures rates more raves than Bob Montgomery's real-life role as ambulance driver, naval officer and diplomat.

SPEAKING of diplomats, Douglas Fairbanks Jr., who is a Lieutenant (junior grade) in the U. S. Naval Reserve, already has carried out with stunning success a major mission to the South American Republics.

Doug's tour of South America was no mere good-will gesture by movie makers seeking to promote box-office returns. Young Fairbanks, who has all of his father's flare for meeting and mixing with people, visited seven Latin American capitals as a personal emissary of President Roosevelt. In line with the Administration's desire to strengthen cultural relations as well as economic and military agreements between the Americas, Fairbanks spent two months talking with the top men of Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Peru, Uruguay, Paraguay and Panama and returned to give the White House and the State Department a confidential report on what the political and intellectual leaders of Latin America are thinking.

That Doug discharged his delicate mission with dignity and diplomacy is best attested by the fact that the foreign office of one of the countries he visited, Brazil, inquired unofficially of our State Department if the friendly film actor could not be sent back as a permanent member of the Ambassador's staff.

It is quite possible that Doug will return to South America on another official errand. Next time he soars South perhaps, like Montgomery, he will go as a naval attaché to one of our embassies. The reserve commission in the Navy for which Doug applied the day war broke out in Europe was recently signed by the President, and Lieutenant Fairbanks,

when he completes his present studio chore, probably will ask for active duty.

The third actor to trade his dinner coat of dress sets for the khaki jacket of a naval aviator's duty uniform is Wayne Morris. Not many months ago Morris was filming the excellent air picture, "I Wanted Wings." He's got them now. Navy wings. And as a reserve Ensign he is serving as procurement officer at the Long Beach Naval Reserve Aviation Base.

The 26-year-old actor was a private pilot with about 80 flying hours to his credit before he put in his bid to the Navy for a commission. In July he was called up for duty for the duration and assigned to the California base.

It is gratifying to note that Morris, who has symbolized the rugged young American in so many screen tales, should be one of the first actors to prove they can duplicate in reality the roles they romanticize in Hollywood's land of let's pretend.

IF there is anything of which big, blustering Wallace Beery is almost as proud as he is of his young daughter, Carol, it is the prized parchment which proclaims him a Lieutenant Commander in the United States Naval Reserve. Several years ago Wally, one of Hollywood's best private pilots, joined the Naval Reserve as a Lieutenant. Recently he was promoted to Lieutenant Commander.

Wally's initial interest in naval aviation came when he made "Hell Divers," a vivid picture of Navy aces which disclosed for the first time many of the activities aboard aircraft carriers and the dive bombing tactics invented by the Navy's air arm. In this connection, it is an interesting aside to note that when the picture was released in Europe, British military experts requested that certain scenes of highly complicated maneuvers be eliminated. The suggestions for the cuts came too late, however, and in Washington they'll tell you that the first military adaptation of the dive bombing methods shown in "Hell Divers" was made by the Russian air force, from whom the technique was borrowed and developed by the Nazis.

Regular officers of the Navy's air corps on the West Coast voice the hope that Beery will be assigned to a California base, if he is called up for active duty. He's a mess-mate they'd be proud to welcome, they say.

Another reserve Lieutenant Commander from Hollywood already has received his orders to report for duty. He is Gene Markey, writer-producer, and ex-husband of two of the most glamorous figures in the film capital's gallery, Joan Bennett and Hedy Lamarr.

One of the movie colony's more able yachtsmen, Markey has been a reserve officer for eight years. He joined the Atlantic Fleet in September and is now a deck officer on one of the big battle wagons based in the Panama Canal Zone.

Three other men whose fame in film-

INVITATION TO SMARTNESS

Five pages of some of the most exciting clothes of the fall season, chosen for a special preview showing in Photoplay-Movie Mirror, modeled for you by

MAUREEN O'HARA

Watch for them in the December issue

land has come from their activities behind rather than in front of the camera are reserve officers in the Navy, now awaiting possible calls. They are John Ford, who has directed several excellent sea pictures, including "Men Without Women" and "The Long Voyage Home"; Gregg Toland, crack cameraman; and Lloyd Bacon, another veteran director. Ford and Bacon, who served in the Navy in the last war, are Lieutenant Commanders; Toland, a Lieutenant in the photographic branch of the Naval Reserve.

Hollywood is represented in the Marine Corps by Captain James Roosevelt, the President's eldest son, who was fast making a reputation as a film producer before his return to active military service. During the time he was attached to the White House, as a secretary and aide to his father, Jimmy Roosevelt held a Lieutenant Colonel's commission. He resigned from this higher rank and took a captaincy when he went into active training at San Diego about a year ago and it was as a Captain that he made his extensive observation trip recently in the war zones of the Far East and Europe.

Captain Jimmy's superior officer at San Diego was Woody Van Dyke, known to film-goers as the director of the "Thin Man" series, who, after serving a tour of duty as a Major in the Marines, was retired for reasons of ill health and returned to his studio job.

Another marine of the first World War, who became somewhat better known for his fighting in the smaller arena of a prize ring, has shifted from the Marine Corps to the Navy. As Director of Athletics for all the Navy's training stations, Gene Tunney holds the rank of a Lieutenant Commander. His contact with Hollywood came in the days when he was still world's heavyweight champion and made a successful serial called "The Fighting Marine."

ANOTHER Lieutenant Commander in the Naval Reserve, who might lay claim to being a Hollywood "veteran" by reason of appearing in two pictures, "Wake Up and Live" and "Love and Hisses," would probably meet with violent protests from that landlubber Ben Bernie, did he also claim to be an actor.

Your correspondent, having enlisted as an apprentice seaman and served on the U.S.S. *Granite State* from April, 1917, to December, 1918, during World War 1, applied for a reserve commission in 1934, and was made a Lieutenant.

Advanced to the grade of Lieutenant Commander this summer, he spent a month on active duty and in four weeks learned more about just how great a service we have as our first line of defense than he could hope to tell you in four years.

But the story of the United States Navy isn't told in words. It's written in the skies by the slashing strokes of fire from the exhaust of fighting planes, by the rolling smoke screens that mask our mighty battleships on parade, by the faultless ranks of sailors and marines drawn up at attention when a President of the United States meets a Prime Minister of Great Britain in a history-making conference at sea.

Most deeply, perhaps, is it written in the proud stirrings in the heart of every American who, on October 27, toasts the greatest fleet afloat and realizes that to the officers and men aboard its ships every day is Navy Day.

For the motion-picture industry's contribution to that Navy, both in manpower and morale, here's a salute and a toast from your New York correspondent, Walter Winchell: "Here's to the land you love—and the love you land!"



Use FRESH #2 and stay fresher!

PUT FRESH #2 under one arm—put your present non-perspirant under the other. And then . . .

1. See which one checks perspiration better. We think FRESH #2 will.
2. See which one prevents perspiration odor better. We are confident you'll find FRESH #2 will give you a feeling of complete under-arm security.
3. See how *gentle* FRESH #2 is—how pleasant to use. This easy-spreading vanishing cream is not greasy—not gritty—and not sticky.
4. See how *convenient* FRESH #2 is to apply. You can use it immediately before dressing—no waiting for it to dry.
5. And revel in the knowledge, as you use FRESH #2, that it will not rot even the most delicate fabric. Laboratory tests prove this.

FRESH #2 comes in three sizes—50¢ for extra-large jar; 25¢ for generous medium jar; and 10¢ for handy travel size.

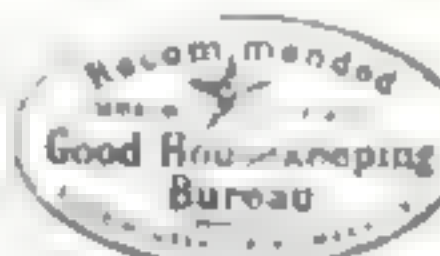


Free offer—to make your own test!

Once you make this under-arm test, we're sure you'll never be satisfied with any other perspiration-check. That's why we hope you'll accept this free offer. Print your name and address on postcard and mail it to FRESH, Dept. 7-D, Louisville, Ky. We'll send you a trial-size jar of FRESH #2, postpaid.



Companion of FRESH #2 is FRESH #1. FRESH #1 deodorizes, but does not stop perspiration. In a tube instead of a jar. Popular with men too.



I Wake Up Screaming!

(Continued from page 44)



**Mary's
no longer
contrary**

Of course Mary's garden was beautiful—all silver bells and cockle shells—and pretty maidens in a row. But she still was glum and contrary.

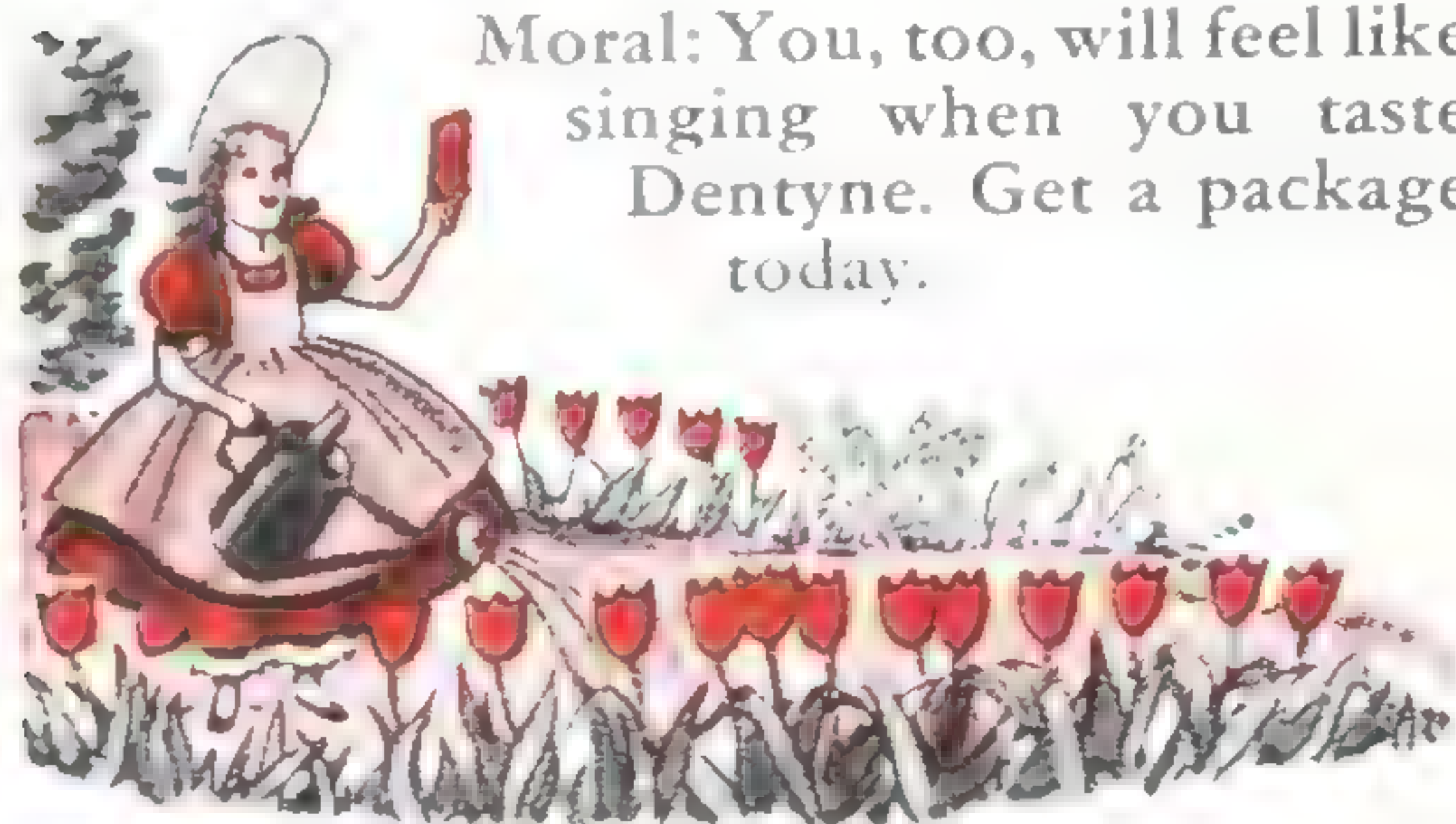
You see Mary liked to chew gum. But she never could find one that was just right.

One day her dentist suggested she try Dentyne. He told her Dentyne's pleasant firmness would be good for her teeth.

So Mary got a handy, flat, flavor-tite package of Dentyne—and promptly tried one of the six individually wrapped sticks. When she tasted that temptingly different, uniquely warm and delicious Dentyne flavor she stopped being contrary in exactly one-tenth of a second. "This is *my* chewing gum," cried Mary. "I'll never chew anything else."

And now Mary sings as she gardens.

Moral: You, too, will feel like singing when you taste Dentyne. Get a package today.



6 INDIVIDUALLY WRAPPED
STICKS IN EVERY PACKAGE



HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE

down. He was jealous of this actor. Go on. You didn't go to work. Where did you go?"

"I walked. I walked out Sunset and took a bus back. I had lunch. After that I went to the newsreel theater on Hollywood Boulevard. I came out. I didn't know what time it was."

"It didn't occur to you to look? You had a date with the woman you loved. But it didn't occur to you to look and see what time it was?"

I couldn't see this guy that was talking but I felt him and I knew him. I knew him inside and out. I knew his name and all about him. In the hours these things had come to me. His name was Ed Cornell and he was a homicide detective. He was about thirty. He had red hair and thin white skin and red eyebrows and blue eyes. He looked sick. He looked like a corpse. His clothes didn't fit him. He wore a derby. Nobody in California wears a derby but Ed Cornell wore one. He was a misfit but the rest of them thought he was smart.

I said: "When I first met her she wouldn't give me a tumble until I pretended indifference. I thought I would see what she would do if I didn't show up."

"So you went to a bar."

"I went to a bar."

"You went to a bar on Hollywood Boulevard," said Ed Cornell, "but the waiter doesn't even remember seeing you."

"Well, it was a dark bar and it was crowded."

"Then what did you do?"

"I thought."

"What did you think?"

"I thought today Vicky would be very happy and it would be a lousy trick for me not to show up and congratulate her."

"In other words you changed your mind?"

"Yes."

"You didn't wait for her outside of her agent's office on Sunset and pick her up at, say—three-thirty?"

"No."

"You didn't pick her up and take her to her apartment and kill her?"

"No."

"Did you ever argue with her about Robin Ray?"

"Yes, plenty."

"What did you hit her with this afternoon?"

I tried to look at him but I couldn't see anything. "Why don't you change the needle," I said. He slapped me. He picked up my hand and put out the lighted end of his cigarette in the palm of it. I didn't move.

"Why don't you talk, mister?"

I didn't say anything.

"You're smooth but I know personally that you killed her. I don't care what the rest of them think; I've never been wrong in my life. I'm going to hang you, mister. Now or later I'm going to hang you. I'm going to build up an air-tight case. I work when I'm off duty. I never stop working. You're such a smooth baby. But you'll see. Ed Cornell will put a noose around your neck. Open your eyes and listen to me! You'll never get away. As long as you live you'll never get away!" I keeled over.

THE assistant D.A.'s office was bright and sunny. He sat across from me in a swivel chair. He was tapping a pencil on the desk blotter and he looked upset. "There's been a terrible mistake," he said.

I didn't say anything.

"Are you—interested in the names of the men who—who questioned you last night?"

"No."

"That's sensible. I can assure you that at least two of them will be demoted because of it. It seemed logical that you were the guilty one."

"Doesn't it now?"

He put down the pencil and folded his hands. "No," he said. "We think we know the identity of the killer. A man named Harry Williams. He's been missing since five-thirty last night."

"Harry Williams! The switchboard guy?"

"Yes. It's our theory that he saw Miss Lynn come in and followed her upstairs. He had a pass key at his disposal. He tried to embrace her and she fought him. In his rage he picked up something and hit her with it. The coroner tells us that she was hit by something much harder than just a fist. Whatever this object was, Williams must have taken it with him. We put out dodgers on him. He's being word-mugged on teletype all along the line—all state and local gendarmes. The little rat hasn't a chance. . . ."

REMEMBER that the fresh earth beside the grave was brown and wet, and that the black coffin was shiny in the sun. I remember that I did not cry, but just stood there, even when the men with the spades went away, and then, after that, I do not remember at all the things I did that day.

For a while I escaped. I remember now that for a long time I wasn't myself. I was a guy caught up in a glorious vortex. I was mad and gay and that isn't me at all. I was in the middle of a silver cyclone and the days and the nights whirled by with a shrill musical screaming. I was carried along in a clique of crazy people and I didn't have to think.

But I began thinking of Jill. I didn't want to see her again. I didn't want to hear her name. But in the middle of a party I would think of her. When I drove in my car and saw the palms and the stars I thought of her. When I kissed girls that didn't mean anything to me at all I remembered Jill. I don't know why. Because I hated her. I was scared, thinking of her. Maybe she killed Vicky! Maybe it was Jill!

Twice I ran into Ed Cornell. I ran smack into him on the street. I do not



Picture with a punch: Billy Conn, prize-ring sensation who makes his movie debut in "The Pittsburgh Kid," with his wife Mary Louise

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

remember what he said either time. I didn't think about him after he was gone. I thought only of Jill.

Then I could stand it no longer. I drove over to the apartment. She had moved to a one-room single on the second floor. It was not nearly as nice as the other apartment. Jill opened the door. She was wearing a red silk dress and an apron over it. She didn't say hello and I didn't speak. Now she stood in the middle of the room and looked at me.

"Hello," I said at last.

"You shouldn't have come." She said it so low I scarcely heard.

"Didn't you want me to?" I said.

"No."

"You were thinking of me."

"That's something else," she said. "I didn't want you here."

"Why not?"

"I don't know," she said.

"A long time ago Vicky said you were in love with me."

"It wasn't true. It isn't love."

"What is it?"

"I don't know. I wish you'd go."

She scared me. "You've been talking to Ed Cornell," I said.

"Yes."

"You shouldn't listen to him, Jill. He's a hysterical fool."

"I know." She looked up. "It isn't Ed Cornell. That isn't what's wrong with me."

"Then what is it?"

"I don't know. It started even before Vicky was killed. It started the first time I ever looked at you. You came into the room, and I was there and you stopped and we stared at one another. It was as though—we'd met before. It gave me a chill."

"I remember," I said. "But I didn't know you'd felt that way."

"Now I remember you all the time. And I hate you. But I have an insane impulse that makes me want to protect you. I don't know why. It's just there. It's like you're afraid in the dark and I'm telling you it's all right." She leaned forward. "Are you ever afraid in the dark, Peg?"

"Jill, stop it!"

"It isn't pleasant," she said. "It's turned my life into hell. Perhaps it'll be better now that I've said it all. I don't know why I should want to protect you. You don't need it."

"No."

"Do you think we can forget?"

"I think so. I think so now. You had to say some ugly things. Ugly things get in your soul and make you wretched. It's because you've been under a terrible strain. Vicky's death and everything."

"That must be it."

We sat on the divan. The room was depressing. I was afraid of Jill and I talked much about nothing. Then she got up to get a book to show me. She walked across the room. I got up and she handed me the book and I put it down. She looked at me, frightened. But we just stood there. My heart was beating so fast that I had to lean against the wall.

Now she came to me. She didn't touch me but she stood very close. I felt cold sweat on my face. She put her hands on my shoulders and put her face very close to mine. I drew her hands down. My throat swelled up with a scream. I choked it off.

"Jill—you look like Vicky!"

"You must be wrong."

"No, you do. Jill—I'm afraid!"

"Are you afraid, darling?"

"Jill—"

She was shaking me: "Darling! Darling!"

I looked at her, and it wasn't Vicky at all. It was Jill—sweet and tender and

Jean Parker and Chester Morris appearing in "No Hands on the Clock", a Paramount Picture. Thousands of loved girls keep their hands enchanting with Jergens Lotion.



"Girls who are greatly
Loved have soft,
tender

Hands,
says

JEAN PARKER
(Captivating Hollywood Star)

IMAGINE ANYONE
LOVING SANDPAPER
HANDS LIKE MINE!



CONSTANT HANDWASHING
DOES TAKE THE NATURAL SOFTENING
MOISTURE AWAY FROM OUR SKIN,
SUE. BUT USING JERGENS LOTION HELPS
KEEP MY HANDS NICE AND SOFT.

SO, SUE BEGAN TO USE JERGENS LOTION,
TOO, AND NOT LONG AFTER...

Have this almost professional
hand care at home—
keep your hands thrilling

ARE YOUR HANDS disagreeably harsh?
A Your hand skin's too dry! But
there's Jergens Lotion—a constant
source of new softening moisture for
your skin. So easy and quick to use—
Jergens Lotion is never sticky. And 2
of its fine ingredients are the same as
many doctors use when a patient's
rough skin needs softening and smooth-
ing. 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—\$1.00 at beauty coun-
ters. Be sure and use Jergens Lotion!

**JERGENS
LOTION**

FOR SOFT,
ADORABLE HANDS



WISH I WERE RICH, SUE!
I'D PUT THE WHOLE WORLD
IN YOUR SOFT HANDS.

BUT I
ONLY WANT
YOU, DEAR.



(AND JERGENS LOTION TO
HELP PREVENT MY HANDS
FROM GETTING ROUGH.)

FREE!...PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

(Paste on a penny postcard, if you wish)

The Andrew Jergens Company, Box 3525, Cin-
cinnati, Ohio. (In Canada: Perth, Ontario)
Please send me—free—my purse-size bottle of
the famous Jergens Lotion.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

GIRL BAIT

Amazing Confessions of a
Murder, Inc., Henchman

FOR months you've read about smashing the nation's most sinister crime syndicate—Murder, Inc. And you were shocked to learn that many of these gunmen were mere boys—a legion of innocent youths recruited into a vicious army of crime menacing our young men and threatening our freedom as surely as an invading horde!

"Girl Bait" is the astonishing confession of a former teen-age Murder, Inc., gangman with an illuminating introduction by Austin McCormick, well-known crime commissioner. Begin it now in True Story for November!

YOU CAN WEIGH WHAT YOU WANT

Dieting—no longer a rigidly malnutritious formula. Today any healthy woman can be enchantingly slim—provided she has a reasonable amount of patience and scientific facts to guide her. "Weight Control—You Can Weigh What You Want," appearing in November True Story, is a truly remarkable article of wise instruction by Dr. Norman R. Goldsmith, prominent beautician. Nina Wilcox Putnam, the famous author, recently reduced 47 pounds by this simple method. Don't miss this educational feature in the new True Story!

Also
In This
Issue

- ★ Eddie Cantor's Favorite Love Story
- ★ Life With Benny—by Mary Livingstone
- ★ The Secret Thoughts of Wally Windsor
- ★ We Shall Build Good Ships—stirring book-length novel

and a host of fascinating True Story features and departments

November

True Story

compassionate. Jill was holding me in her arms and it was all right. All at once I knew that it would always be all right so long as I was with her!

I knew that . . . and I wanted to shout, shout! But instead, I choked up and began crying like a baby.

"Forgive me, Jill," I said. "I love you!"

"Do you sweet?" She was whispering.

I nodded, unashamed of the wet that was on my face. I was glad and crazy and mixed up—and in love as I had never been in love before in all my life!

IT WAS a fine California winter, the days bright and warm, and the nights crisp with wind and crystal clear. I bought a season ticket for the Coliseum and Jill and I went every Saturday.

One evening we decided to drive down to Laguna for dinner, but the car raced through the night, making scarcely a sound, and we went on to San Diego. The streets were thick with sailors and girls. Welcome Navy signs appeared everywhere.

Jill and I ate dinner and drove to the harbor. Warships lay at anchor, side by side. Destroyers, four abreast; long, sleek submarines; cruisers and tenders. Their yardarms blinked; searchlights combed the sky. A night squadron of Navy Boeings roared overhead.

We were silent, just sitting there in the car, and then Jill spoke very softly.

"California's beautiful, isn't it? It's pretty . . . and has sunshine, and some very nice people in it."

"—Such as Jill Lynn."

"You're sweet! Only—I was thinking of Vicky."

"Oh."

"She'll always be between us, won't she? We both loved her, and she'll be there. . . ."

"Jill?"

"Yes?"

"I—want you to know something." I was turned toward her, my elbow on the steering wheel. "Vicky was all honey and silver. She was laughter at midnight. Only she wasn't the first girl I ever had

—but you *are* the first, because it's all different . . . I'm supposed to be eloquent. But I don't know how else to tell you!"

She was looking down. "It's—nice of you to say that, darling. Even if you don't mean it."

"But I do!"

She was crying suddenly. "Do you know—I believe it!"

"Drive, darling," she said a bit later. "Drive along the shore."

"Okay, and you sing."

I drove down the long ribbon of road, the headlights glowing through the night, and Jill sang. The sky was silver with dawn when we arrived back in Hollywood. The streets were still and the rows of tall palms stood like lonely totems. I pulled up to the apartment and saw her to the door. I walked back to the car, whistling.

Ed Cornell was sitting in the front seat.

HE WORE a thin, shabby topcoat, and he sat there shivering, his hands jammed in the pockets.

"Isn't it rather early in the morning for ghouls, Mr. Cornell?"

His white face was gaunt and haggard. "I've been waiting for you since midnight," he said. "I was over there—across the street. You didn't even see me when you drove up."

"What do you want?"

"The usual things." He coughed. "You—you can drive me—to my hotel—if you will. I think I've caught pneumonia waiting for you. The cars haven't begun running yet. I can't afford taxi fare. It's five miles."

"You've got nerve, I'll say that."

"I've spent too much of my own money following you already."

"I'm crying."

"But they'll reimburse me when I bring in the material for your trial. They usually do in these cases." He had begun snuffling. "You'll drive me, won't you?"

I started the car. I hated his high-pitched voice. It was a sort of nasal tenor, all one tone.

"I hope it isn't pneumonia," said Ed



The Jill and Peg of Photoplay-Movie Mirror's "I Wake Up Screaming" as the screen will see them: Betty Grable and Victor Mature get set for Fox's "Hot Spot"

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

Cornell. "I've got you just about where I want you and this is no time to stop. I could arrest you today, for that matter, but you'd get some hot-shot lawyer and you might wriggle out with life instead of the death penalty."

"You're crazy!"

"Sure. They all think I'm nuts. And I never get tired seeing the surprise when we come up with Exhibits A to Z."

"Listen—" I sucked for breath. "Listen—I'm not guilty of anything! If—if you persecute me it'll be wrong."

"Thank you, mister."

"For what?"

"That's the first time you've flattered my ego with fear. I've made progress."

There was a street car on Seventh Avenue and I raced a block ahead and stopped.

"You can catch the trolley," I said.

"Very well, mister. Thank you for the ride. I hope you aren't angry. I'm only following my conscience to the—"

I jerked the door out of his hand and slammed it shut.

"THAT'S very queer," the assistant D.A. said. "Cornell has said nothing at all to me. This office has concentrated on Harry Williams. Cornell has no right to molest you. Of course, he's doing it on his own time."

"What do I care whose time he's doing it on?"

"Ah—you seem upset." He was playing with a pencil. "And isn't it strange Ed Cornell should bother you? He has taken a similar interest in cases of this sort in the past. But he's never failed to turn in a brilliant case record." He paused. "He's a queer chap, all right. One-track mind—with a noose at the end of the track."

He rattled the pencil. "Of course we will surely prosecute if he brings in a case. I may as well tell you that."

"You mean to say—"

"We'll check the facts, naturally. This office isn't against you. But—"

"You'd just as soon hang me, and close the books."

"I didn't say that."

"What about Harry Williams?"

"I imagine we'd have to assume he was dead if—"

"You make me sick," I said.

"Well, Ed Cornell *can* be wrong. But the fact is—"

"He's never been wrong yet!"

"I was just going to say that. How did you know?"

On Hollywood Boulevard all of the street signs were changed, and now they read "Santa Claus Lane." At night people came from everywhere; they packed the sidewalks, they jammed the streets. They crowded into the bright shops. Shops all decorated with Christmas, dolled up like pretty girls, doors open wide, every clerk busy, wrapping packages in scarlet and blue and silver paper.

"Darling, this is a nice cafe. But I'm not hungry at all. I'm just kind of tired. It's—nice sitting here where you can rest—and sort of watch the boulevard."

"Shall I order a bottle of champagne?"

"No. This is fine."

"Jill—"

"Yes?"

"Let's get married!"

"When?"

"Tonight. We'll fly to—"

"No—in January. The old year's been sad. I'd rather start new."

"It's a date, Miss Lynn. New Year's Eve in Las Vegas!"

"Oh, that's thrilling!"

"Merry Christmas then—from me to you, with love."

"What is it? . . . Peg! Oh, darling! It's

*Is it later
than you think?*



EVERY day your skin is different from what it was the day before. Slight changes, indiscernible except perhaps through the microscope, gradually encroach . . .

Until a day comes when a too-candid mirror shows blemishes you've always hoped you might somehow escape—enlarged pore openings, oily shine, blackheads, excessive dryness.

Ask other women who have had this experience what they have done. Hundreds of them would tell you, "I've found the very help my skin needs in the cleansing, lubricating action of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Creams".

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA SKIN CREAM (FORMERLY TEXTURE CREAM)

Give this remarkable cream a chance to work *at night*. Here's what it does: It softens and neutralizes accumulations often of an acid nature in the external pore openings. And because it contains cholesterol it holds moisture in the skin and so helps to keep it supple and pliant, and to relieve excessive dryness.

A smooth-as-silk foundation. Phillips' Skin Cream seems to have a special affinity for make-up. It prepares the skin by removing excess oiliness and softening rough dryness so that powder and rouge go on evenly, and *last*.

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA CLEANSING CREAM

This special cream offers a method of cleansing that is *different*! It not only absorbs the surface dirt but penetrates the outer pore openings and floats away the accumulations which may daily lodge there.

Include this simple method in the daily care of your skin. Thousands of women have found in it benefits they've never known before.

SKIN CREAM
(FORMERLY TEXTURE CREAM)
10c, 30c and 60c

CLEANSING CREAM
10c, 30c, 60c and \$1.00



PHILLIPS'
Milk of Magnesia
CREAMS

Why I switched to Meds



—by a society editor

My job is keeping up-to-date, so I've used *internal* sanitary protection for a long time. But Meds are my latest find! They're the new and improved tampon brought out by Modess—and I do mean *improved*!

Comfort? Why, you hardly know you're wearing Meds! And what grand protection—they're the *only* tampons with the "safety center." And imagine—Meds cost only 20¢ a box of ten, an average month's supply—or 98¢ for sixty! No other tampons in individual applicators cost so little.

BOX OF 10 20¢



EACH IN INDIVIDUAL APPLICATOR

Meds

THE MODESS TAMPON

Now—Big Bargain Pack, too!

60 Meds only 98¢

20 more tampons than in any other 98¢ package!

YOU, TOO, CAN HAVE A BEAUTIFUL NOSE!



Nobody today need go through life with the handicap of a badly shaped nose, disfigured features or blemishes. Get your copy of "YOUR NEW FACE IS YOUR FORTUNE". See how Plastic Surgery quickly, easily reshapes ugly noses, sets back protruding ears. Learn how

SCIENCE "takes years off" the prematurely-aged face, corrects scrawny necks, double chins, excessive wrinkles, scars, birthmarks, etc. "YOUR NEW FACE IS YOUR FORTUNE", written by a famous plastic surgeon, will be sent post-paid in a private wrapper, for only 25c. Address:

Send only 25c FRANKLIN HOUSE, Publishers 629 Drexel Bldg., Phila., Pa. Dept. 4P.

such a beautiful ring! When did you get it?"

"Hey, Jill, you're crying. . . ."

"Shut up, you idiot! Don't you know Christmas isn't for eight days yet? Eight more shopping days—Look, the ring fits!"

"Must be some mistake. I'll send it back."

THE sky was gray and heavy, and the lot was quiet, the little streets dark and empty, and yet it was a fraud, for the sound stages were alive; you could see the wagging signal and the light flashing red.

Outside of the door of stage ten the red signal was wagging, and I waited until it stopped, then went in. Almost the moment I was inside the bell sounded again and they had resumed shooting.

Robin Ray, wearing a hockey outfit, came striding in talking.

I heard Hurd Evans' irritable, haranguing voice.

"Cut!"

The main arc lights snapped off and I moved forward. I could see the whole set now. Hurd Evans sat up on a high stool near the camera. He was wearing gray slacks and an open shirt. His brown hair was stringy and his face was covered with sweat. They'd evidently been over this scene a number of times.

"What was wrong?"

"What was wrong? You can't even remember one line at a time, can you?"

"You don't have to get nasty." Robin Ray said. He looked very young and handsome in the heavy tan make-up. He looked like a champion hockey player.

I felt a tap against my arm. It was a messenger. "There's a guy on the lot looking for you," he said.

"Who?"

"I don't know. Funny guy, though. He must be drunk. He says he's going to arrest you for murder."

"He says what?"

"That he's going to arrest you for murder."

"Is his name Ed Cornell?"

"He didn't say."

It's Cornell all right. He's completed his case. It must be a pretty thing. And he'll hang you! Don't fret about that. He's been after you for a long time.

The scene had started again. Cornell couldn't get into the sound stage while the camera was in motion. There was a side door.

I knew there was this side door. But I couldn't move. There was a ringing in my ears. Merry Christmas, people would say. You're a cooked goose. We're very sorry for you.

Wasn't it too bad about him, though? This they would say afterward. He was such a nice chap. Didn't look like a murderer, did he? I was at the trial. They had a beautiful case. A really beautiful case. The prosecution was brilliant. He's in the death house now. They say he's writing letters to everyone he knows. He writes fine letters but they won't do him any good. He's going to die on Wednesday. I see by the papers—

I was at the side door. My hands shook so that I could scarcely throw back the bolts. I wanted to run. But you can't run on such wobbly legs. Run where?

The darkness had come. It was black and lovely. The little studio lights were on. The secretaries were streaming out of buildings and going toward the main gate.

I walked right through the main gate. Nobody stopped me. My car was in a parking lot on the corner, but I didn't dare take it. I got into a cab, gave the driver the name of my hotel.

The hotel lobby was crowded. But it

suddenly struck me what a fool I was! The cops would expect me to come back here.

I needed money. I had less than twenty dollars in my wallet. I moved to a writing desk, sat down and scribbled a check. I got up and walked across to the grilled window marked Cashier.

"I wonder if I could get a little cash?"

A girl wearing horn-rimmed glasses looked at me. I took my credit card out of my wallet and dropped it there beside the check. I was trying to smile.

"Oh, yes." She read my name. She reached for the cash drawer, and then she glanced at my name again.

"Just a minute," she said.

"Sure."

She left her cubicle and moved toward the desk. I turned on my heel and started in the direction of the revolving door.

The cops had tipped off the hotel! But I wasn't having any. No thanks, sister! I arrived out on the sidewalk in a cold sweat, made a run for a cab. I got in and slammed the door. The driver turned around and stared at me.

If I don't give an address he'll think it's fishy.

I gave him the address of Jill's apartment. I didn't know why. I wasn't even thinking now. Five minutes later the switchboard kid plugged in Jill's phone and announced me.

"She says come right up."

"Is there anyone else there?"

"No," he said. "At least I didn't see anyone."

I could take a chance! I had to see her!

I couldn't go away without that. I went up the stairs three at a time, and down the hall. I knocked at the door.

Ed Cornell opened it.

There is one way out for Peg now—but will he take it? Will Jill want him to? Watch for the next installment of this exciting story in December Photoplay-Movie Mirror.



"Definitely a find" is the way Betty Bryant of "Forty Thousand Horsemen" is labeled. The film, a first World War epic, is the first Australian picture to be shown in the U. S.

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

No Secret Marriage This Time

(Continued from page 30)

every actress receives, but everywhere I went I wished John were with me. I couldn't keep him out of mind. I could hardly wait to get home.

"The first night upon my return, we talked seriously about marriage. Had we been on the desert, doing the simple things we loved, there would have been no misunderstanding. But we were in Hollywood where life takes on a different perspective.

"I guess the atmosphere of the luxury and extravagance of my New York trip still clung to me.

"Instead of Pat Lane, the girl with whom John fell in love, I was Priscilla Lane, the movie actress.

"John showed little enthusiasm for the extravagant plans I mapped out for our future.

"He had nothing to say to my, 'I want this. We must have that.' He knew the things I was planning would not bring lasting happiness.

"There was no arguing, no scolding. John is the most unselfish and understanding person in the world. He said he didn't want to stand in my way. That I had a right to do and have what I wanted. But he thought, under the circumstances, it was best to call the whole thing off.

"I'll go back to the desert,' he said. 'You will always know where I am if you want to get in touch with me.'

"I was miserable. I couldn't eat. I couldn't sleep.

"In three days I knew that nothing or no one counted but John. He was in Hollywood in less than three hours after I telephoned him.

"SINCE then there have been no more doubts, no more misunderstandings. The way ahead lies straight and clear. Each of us has certain work to do, obligations that must be fulfilled.

"John respects and admires anyone who accomplishes something worth while, whether it's making hats or acting before the camera.

"He is proud of my success and eager to help me, just as I am proud of his success and eager to help him.

"He doesn't want a housekeeper for a wife. He knows I will never be the little woman who stays home to make the beds and wash the dishes.

"He understands what my home in Hollywood means to me. The home Rosemary and I gave Mother. He knows it is here I will live while I am making a picture. That it is the place he will share with me when I am working.

"Our home—John's house and mine—John will build on a high knoll overlooking Yucca Loma. We have gone so far as to stake out the big front room, the dining room and the bedrooms. There will be a patio and a big lawn and a flower garden.

"That is as far as we have planned. Until John knows where he stands in the draft, we can do nothing more. Neither of us thinks it wise to marry if he is called into the Army. Since he is thirty-five years old, it may be that he will not be called.

"Whatever comes, this we know: We have set a firm foundation for our life together and waiting will not weaken it. We will be married as soon as the time is right—married in this room, with both our families present. When that time comes we will be so happy that we will want all the world to know."

IN COIFFURES IT'S

Personality



IN FOUNDATIONS

IT'S Fit

Each of the 572 Formfit models can be said to have a personality because each has been designed to fit a specific figure type.

Form Fit is both a name and a promise

Style, value, long wear are essential points to consider in purchasing a foundation, but above all these factors, a comfortable fit is most important. Visit your favorite corset department or shop and know the joyous comfort of a perfect fitting Formfit.

FOUNDATIONS
\$5.00 to \$18.00

BRAS
\$1.00 to \$3.50

Formfit

CREATIONS

OVER 500 DIFFERENT MODELS
ONE FOR *You*

MADE BY THE FORMFIT COMPANY • CHICAGO • NEW YORK

EX-LAX MOVIES

COLD LOGIC



JIM: Gosh, this cold's got me down. I'd better have that prescription filled.

MARY: Yes, and remember, the doctor said to take a laxative if you need one.



JIM: A laxative! You know how I hate to take that awful stuff.

MARY: You won't hate *this*, Jim. It's Ex-Lax! It tastes just like chocolate.



LATER

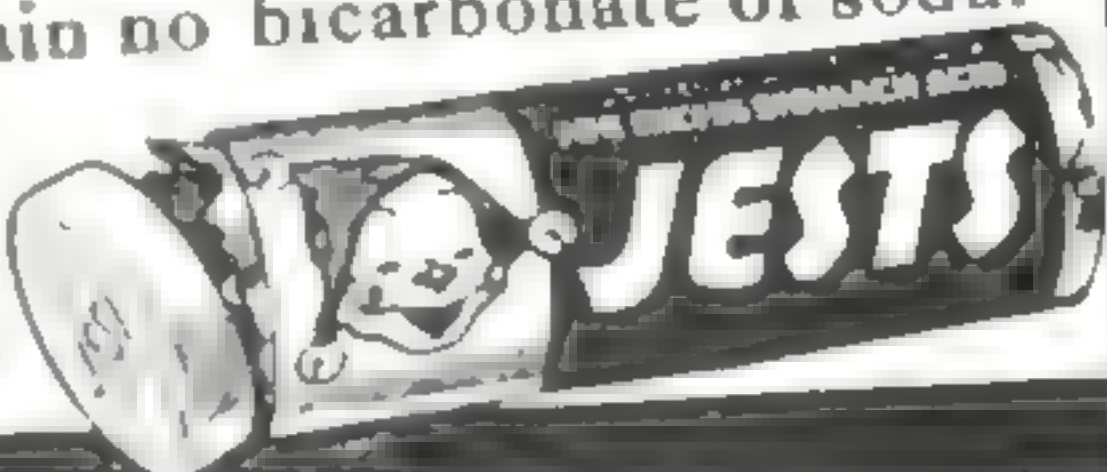
JIM: Boy, that Ex-Lax sure did the trick! It worked like a charm!

MARY: That's the nice thing about Ex-Lax. It gets results — without upsetting you!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet gentle! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable movement that brings blessed relief. Ex-Lax is not too strong—not too mild—*just right*. Take Ex-Lax according to the directions on the label. It's good for *every* member of the family. 10c and 25c at all drug stores.

EX-LAX The Original
Chocolated Laxative

"GAS"? HEARTBURN? For fast, longer relief from acid indigestion, heartburn and other discomforts, due to excess stomach acid, try JESTS! Mint-flavored. Contain no bicarbonate of soda. Guaranteed by the makers of Ex-Lax. 10c A ROLL—3 for 25c



FREE ENLARGEMENT

Just to get acquainted with new customers, we will beautifully enlarge one snapshot print or negative, photo or picture to 8x10 inches—FREE—if you enclose this ad with 10c for handling and return mailing. Information on hand tinting in natural colors sent immediately. Your original returned with your free enlargement. Send it today.

Geppert Studios, Dept. 746, Des Moines, Iowa

Round-Up of Romances

(Continued from page 32)

Hollywood did know that Roger's ten-year-old daughter by his former marriage had been visiting them. Just prior to the little girl's arrival, Ann had had her bedroom newly decorated. The house only has two master bedrooms and no sooner did Ann get her bedroom done than it burned up. This is literally true, and a rather funny story. Ann was so crazy about the new decorations that she wouldn't even let her maid clean up the room. She did it herself each morning and locked the room when she went to the studio. One morning, apparently, she left a lighted cigarette behind her. When the frantic maid finally smelled the burning hangings, got Ann at the studio and Ann got home with the key, it was all too late.

Naturally no movie star can be expected to sleep in a gutted-out bedroom, so Annie had moved into the other bedroom with her stepdaughter and Roger had gone to a hotel.

That was the way things stood until not so many days ago there appeared in the newspapers this bombshell—a statement that she and her husband were separating. "Due to our widely divergent actions," she said, "problems have arisen which we felt might more easily be solved by a trial separation."

Ann and Roger, as you can see, are still fighting for their marriage. But at this point not even they can prophesy the outcome.

The break-up of the Errol (Fighting) Flynns so immediately after their first baby was born was really shocking to Hollywood. Despite the numerous separations and reconciliations of this pair, Hollywood had maintained the belief that theirs was really a love match, no matter how stormy. Therefore, where on all other occasions Hollywood has always laughed and said Lili and Errol would be back together again soon, this time it says just the opposite. Lili and Errol both say it is all over. Perhaps it is, but you can't be certain.

You can't be certain, either, in the case of Lana Turner and Tony Martin. Their friends say you can expect them to be married any day soon. But these two quarrel and make up, make up and quarrel, with Tony being now under the same handicap with Lana that he was with Alice Faye.

Tony's strongest medium is not dramatics. He is a personality, he is handsome, he has a swoon-making voice. In radio, in personal appearances, he's tops, but in pictures he's far from appearing at his best. Meanwhile Lana gets increasingly more important. It made a tough setup with Alice. It will probably mean a tougher setup with Lana, because Lana and Tony quarrel more. Even if they do marry, nobody in Hollywood

would give you a plugged nickel on the success of the union.

You can tell, however, about Cary Grant and Barbara Hutton, or, in other words, unless all signs fail, there is nothing to tell. Despite their recent trip together into Mexico, this is one of those "as is" romances, similar to the Brent-Sheridan romance, the George Raft-Betty Grable romance. In the latter case, of course, nothing can be done. George is still undivorced. In the former two, Hollywood thinks nothing will be done.

You can discount that chatter about Laraine Day's marrying Ray Hendricks, the singer, any day now. The slim Miss Day knows how marriages slow down young actresses' careers and she wants nothing whatsoever to slow down hers. Don't put too much stock, either, in those Ginger Rogers-George Montgomery datings. They are intense and night-after-night currently, but it is often thus with Miss Rogers.

She seems to have as keen an ability to get in and out of romantic complications as does the aforementioned Mr. Brent. Perhaps she even learned the trick from him, for once upon a time they two saw quite a bit of one another. Or maybe she learned some of it from Howard Hughes, to whom she was supposedly engaged a year ago, this same Mr. Hughes who lately has been ringing Miss Hedy Lamarr's doorbell, and prior to either Hedy or Ginger has dated every leading glamour girl in turn

Of course, other gentlemen ring Miss Lamarr's doorbell, too. There is Mr. John Howard, who still calls frequently; Mr. Reginald Gardiner, who calls very occasionally, and amusingly enough, Mr. Gene Markey, who is an ex-husband, who has lately been re-calling. But Hedy's heart belongs to Johnnie. It honestly does. Johnnie is the only person that Hedy cares for passionately and completely. In case you have forgotten, Johnnie is the little boy she adopted nearly two years ago. Because of her divorce she still hasn't his legal custody. Until she has, you may be sure that there will be no romance in the Lamarr life. It is one of those unbelievable things that a girl like this should turn out to be all-mother, but it is absolutely true.

That's the current romance round-up, affairs of the Hollywood heart brought right up to the minute. Of course, I don't know how long this minute will last. They do say that Brent and Sheridan . . . they do say that that producer and his wife . . . no, no, I do not mean Arthur Hornblow and Myrna Loy . . . ah, well, I'll have to check up on those and tell you more in another couple of months, when I come back again armed with my beaux and arrows

"WHAT KIND OF A HOUSE DO THEY LIVE IN?"

That's what many readers ask us in their letters about Hollywood stars

NEXT MONTH

in an intimate and exclusive feature we give you a picture of Ida Lupino and Louis Hayward as they really are in their own home with special photographs by Photoplay-Movie Mirror's own photographer

business. It was about this time that Prince Lichtenstein came to Hollywood with the Austrian riders who were to compete in the Los Angeles Olympics. He asked Von to come with him and take charge of the troops.

But it was Erich Von Stroheim who was responsible for getting Von started on the job of technical advisor in cavalry pictures. His first was leading the charge in "Charge of the Light Brigade." In that charge there were thirty-eight casualties, and sixty-five horses killed.

"Had any general suffered such a loss there would be nothing left for him to do save drink a bottle of warm champagne and blow his brains out. I determined that never again would I work with untrained troops, no matter how well they could ride."

The only way Von could have trained troops was to pick his men and train them. With all the extra boys in Hollywood and all the cowboys, that seemed like an easy task. It wasn't. The extra boys were doing all right without training and the cowboys laughed at the idea that they could be taught anything about riding. As a last resort, Von visited the university and put his idea up to the young men about to graduate. Out of the hundreds who volunteered, Von picked only forty tall handsome fellows. He rented a field and a horse apiece and started in to drill according to Army rules.

He not only taught them to ride in any territory, to jump, carry guns, spears, flags, but he also taught them how to walk like a soldier, salute, sit down, stand up, enter a room, leave a room, put on a glove, take it off, remove a cap, address a superior, a lady, an underling. In other words, when Von got through, those boys were soldiers for close-ups as well as long shots—for the ballroom as well as the field of battle.

"Our first job, as a troop, was 'Maid of Salem,' and we've never been out of work since," says the proud Von.

WHEN Hollywood couples grab a plane and hop over the state line to find a minister, did you ever give a thought to the pilot of that plane? You should, because in nine cases out of ten he is Hollywood's own handsome, debonair "Honey-moon Express Pilot" Paul Mantz! Paul is dark and handsome and thirty-six; if he had liked acting as well as he does action he'd have given Gable plenty of headaches.

"I'd rather give 'em thrills and chills," Paul laughs, failing to mention that once in a while he gives 'em a few spills as well. You see, helping cupid tie knots is the least of Paul's work—most of it is done for air pictures. No stunt the gag men can think up is too tough for Paul and his boys.

Paul, who became a pilot at the age of sixteen, headed for Hollywood after he heard about Dick Grace, veteran stunt pilot who used to crash planes for pictures at \$1,500 a crash. Paul knew all about crashes—he had experienced plenty of them but never got a dime. He headed west and spent two years banging at studio doors before anyone gave him a tumble.

One of his first stunts was to fly through a hangar and just miss Slim Summerville when he flew out. He explained to Slim about that blind spot on the plane.

"You'll have to use your own judgment about ducking in time because I won't be able to see you."

"Lasso" Boots to wear over shoes!

"Sufferin' Snakes! It's made of rubber!"

NO WONDER he's bemused . . . these new rubber boots *do* look just like real cowboy boots!

CALF-SKIN and "tooled" leaf pattern are faithfully simulated—(thanks to the patented Textran process!)

SUPPLE!—Lasso Boots by B. F. Goodrich pull on smoothly and easily. . .

HEEL HEIGHTS—there's a boot heel to fit any shoe heel—"spikes," "cubans" or the flattest of "flats"!

IF YOU'RE A SWAGGER TYPE—then "Lasso" Boots were made for you!

Lasso Boot by
B. F. Goodrich

2 SMART NEW BOOT STYLES
BY **B.F. Goodrich** WATERTOWN, MASS.

"Military Boots" that go over your shoes!

EASY ON! EASY OFF! No tugging or hauling!—the new Military Boots by B. F. Goodrich slip on in a flash!

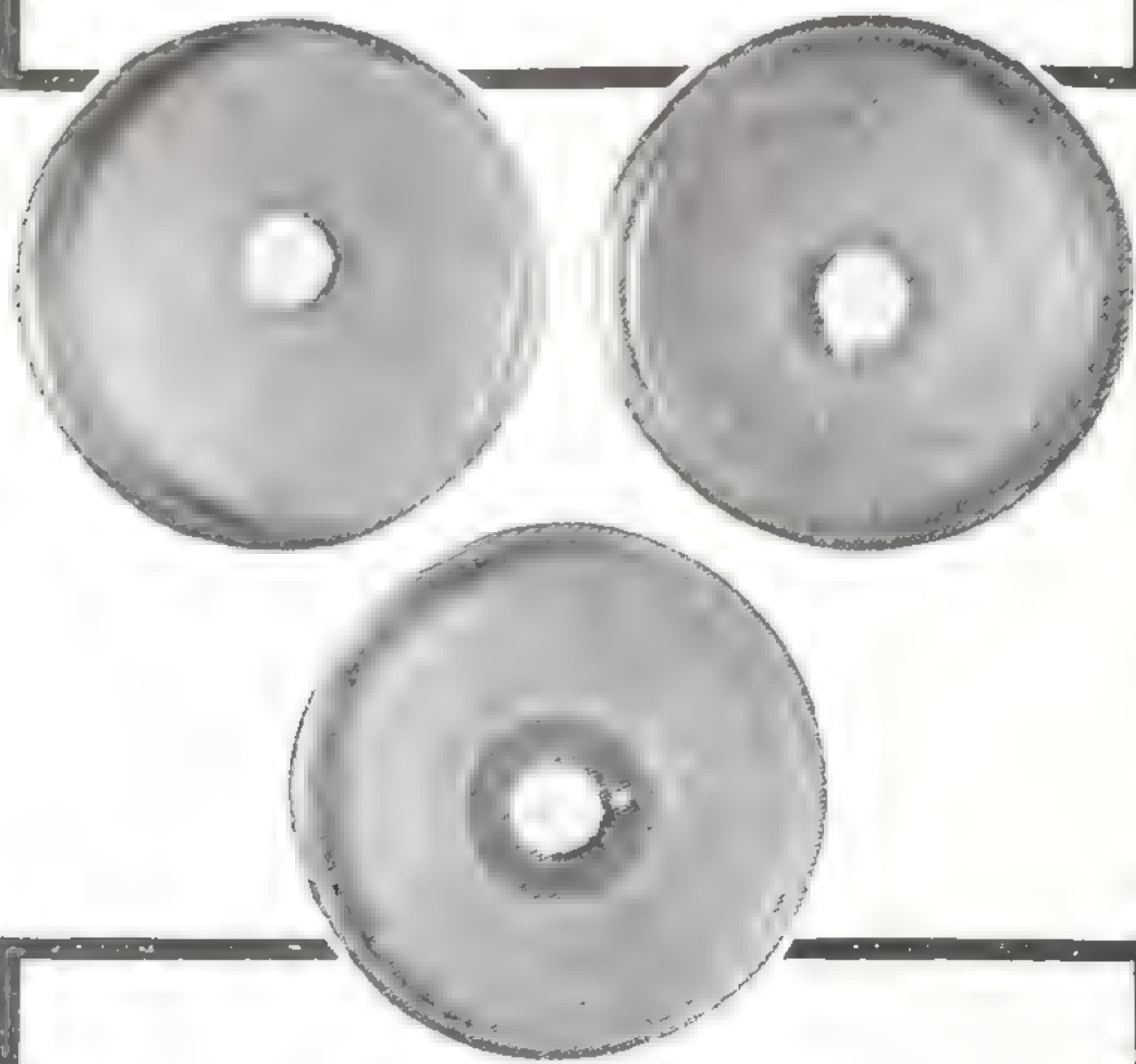
NEAT FIT FOR ANY SHOE . . . choice of heel heights for everything, from "spike" heeled evening sandals to cuban-heeled street shoes and even saddle oxfords!

EQUALLY NEAT with formal clothes or campus casuals. . .

THE "MILITARY" RATES—whether it's boots or dates!

Military Boot by
B. F. Goodrich

What baby powder is *most* antiseptic?



These photos show standard laboratory tests of antiseptic properties of 3 leading baby powders. Width of the dark area around center of plate shows power to prevent growth of germs. Only the bottom plate, holding Mennen powder, shows definite antiseptic value.

Being antiseptic, Mennen helps protect baby's skin against germs. Made by exclusive Mennen process, "hammerizing," it is smoother, more uniform in texture. And you'll like its new, delicate fragrance.

MENNEN
BORATED POWDER
(Antiseptic)

Fresh AS A
MORNING GLORY

See how gloriously young your skin looks with HAMPDEN'S powder base! It helps hide blemishes, faintly 'tints' your complexion, and keeps it flower fresh for hours and hours.

POWDER-BASE
hampden

25c also 50c & 10c sizes
Over 15 million sold

"You can't tell me nothin' about duckin'," Slim bragged. "I began by duckin' custard pies."

Pies sail through the air at fifteen miles an hour, a plane at a hundred. Slim didn't duck; he was so scared he sank to the ground and the plane skimmed on over him. Six years later, the same thing occurred in Canada on one of the Quint pictures, only this time Paul managed to tiptilt the wing over Slim's head. Slim isn't exactly sore at Paul, but he just "ain't gonna tempt fate agin."

When Paul isn't on a picture he still is not idle. He is the very active head of a charter plane service out at the Union Air Terminal in Burbank, California. He and his boys contract to fly anything or anybody any place in any weather.

THE next time you sit in a theater watching an air picture and you find yourself ducking because the plane seems to be coming right at you, just pretend you're up there in the air with cameraman Elmer Dyer and that you can't duck! If you do there won't be any picture because the greatest air stunts in the world wouldn't add much to the picture if the camera failed to catch them. They can't all be taken from the ground—and that's where Elmer Dyer comes in.

Elmer started out to be just another cameraman, but it was pretty dull work until one day, way back in the days of early war pictures, when Dick Grace invited him to go up and shoot some air stuff. They were trying to photograph the walls of a solid rock canyon. Dick realized that the plane wouldn't make it and yelled to Dyer, in the back cockpit, to sit down because they were going to crash. They crashed. When Dick came to, he looked around for Dyer. Cold sweat poured from his face when he saw that back seat folded up like an accordion. Then something told him to look in the opposite direction. There on a broken wing sat a very foolish but very calm-looking Dyer, staring stupidly at the camera crank in his hand.

"Gosh," he apologized, "I guess I lost the camera."

After that Dyer was a hero—the bravest cameraman in town. He still is. If a stunt has to be photographed, Dyer is the man to do it. He and Paul Mantz have chased clouds from Hollywood to Denver to get a particular effect. Once

they flew right into a cloud that was black as ink. Worse than that, it was a complete vacuum inside. Down, down, down the plane dropped until it hit the bottom of the cloud, which was air. They flew out upside down but otherwise unscathed. "But there's just nothing like having some good solid ozone under your wings," Elmer insists. "A little in your lungs doesn't hurt either!" Paul adds.

THE next time you sit in a theater and gasp because the lady on the screen is so beautiful that she quite takes your breath away, just give a word of praise to the man who made her that way.

Leon Shamroy says boldly, "All women are beautiful!" Then, with a twinkle in his brown eyes, adds, "That's what I had to learn in order to become a first-class cameraman. No matter what a face looked like I had to make it look beautiful. At first I thought the studio was handing me all the difficult faces in the world and then I learned a neat little trick—you don't light the lady; you light the wall behind her."

Indirect lighting is the secret, according to Leon, who insists that few women are so beautiful that they can stand direct light. If you would be beautiful in your own home, get rid of all those overhead and wall-bracket lights and resort to lamps. Place the lamps where you are apt to sit, that is beside or behind chairs and sofas. Light your walls rather than yourself. See if you cannot so arrange your lamps that they will cast some interesting shadow upon the wall just back of the spot your head will occupy.

"If a screen star has a bad left cheek. I don't concentrate on the cheek," says Leon, "I just toss a baby spot to the wall back of the cheek and the audience is so busy looking at the wall that they never even see the cheek."

All you have to remember is to have the light behind your head, shining upon your hair and not upon your face. Many a not-too-pretty woman has been stamped as "beautiful" because she was smart enough to halo-light her hair, thus forming a flattering frame for her face.

"Of course, make-up has a lot to do with beauty," Shamroy admits, "but Colonial ladies caught their beaux by moonlight and held them by candlelight. Just take a tip from great-great-great grandma and never, never go near a harsh, bright light."



This is the end of the table you didn't see on page 70; Robert Taylor, Jimmy Stewart and a nice little smirker, Frances Robinson, help Bob celebrate his birthday at Ciro's

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

Clamor Boys

(Continued from page 43)

it's become the natural medium of communication between them. Professionally, Bud's the sharp guy, Lou the innocent forever smacked down, forever bobbing hopefully to the surface. In real life he gives as good as he gets. That's the chief difference. Also their private cross-fire is more casual, more effortless, almost absent-minded, but marked by the same undercurrent of tacit loyalty. However choice the invective they toss at each other, the mildest attack on either by a third party brings them shoulder to shoulder against the world. In a scene for "Ride 'Em, Cowboy," Bud had blown his lines a couple of times.

"Want to rehearse it?" asked Arthur Lubin, the director

"No."

"Will you forget it?"

"Who's got a better right to forget it?" bawled Lou. "Look at his profile. Whyncha get him a blackboard?"

To try wringing from them a rational account of their life and times is labor wasted. We can vouch for the bare facts, which we obtained elsewhere. The boys vouch for the embroidery they contributed. They raised pious hands, spilled salt over their shoulders and offered to drag in a notary to attest the truth of each syllable. What you choose to believe is up to you.

COSTELLO was born Louis Francis Cristello in New Jersey, of Irish-Italian parentage. He worked as a stunt man in Hollywood, doubling at one time for Dolores Del Rio. (Yes, that's true, I didn't get it from Lou.) Abbott was born William under an Atlantic City circus top. His mother was a bareback rider, his father advance man for Ringlings. In 1930 he and Lou met at a Brooklyn burlesque house—Lou a small-time vaudeville comic, Bud the theater's cashier.

"My straight man doesn't show up," said Lou. "So I walk into the box office—"

"To borrow a couple of tickets—"

"Wanna be an actor?" I said. At the time he appealed to me. Later I found out different—"

"I jumped in to save the guy. The customers were throwin' eggs at him to make ham and eggs—"

"You're gettin' the wrong story, honey. The boss won't pay you." The waitress brought his spaghetti. "Continue, Bud. I can't eat without a thing on my stomach."

Cheated of argument, Bud lost interest too. "So they liked my pretty face and the rest is history."

"You spelled history wrong there—" Lou pointed a kindly finger.

From across the room a big shot waved at them. "Hiya, neighbor," called Bud. "We gotta be nice to him. We're trying to promote a couple of trailers for dressing rooms— Hey!" The impact of an idea hit them at the same moment. His eyes questioned Lou, who nodded vigorously. "How's about some publicity?"

We didn't get it. "Photoplay-Movie Mirror!" cooed Lou. "Nice Photoplay-Movie Mirror, good Photoplay-Movie Mirror, sweet Photoplay-Movie Mirror. It comes out in Photoplay-Movie Mirror like this: Wouldn't it be cute if Universal gave the boys a trailer?"

They knocked around together in tab shows, burlesque and small-time vaudeville till about six years ago when Edward Sherman, the agent, cottoned to their corny charms, took them over and

A QUIZZ

WITH BUT ONE ANSWER

- Do you know how to get 100 cents' worth of value for every dollar you spend?
- How can you be sure you get the *same* high quality every time you buy?
- Do you know how to recognize a *guaranteed* bargain?
- How can you be sure you receive full weight and measure for your money?
- How can you be sure the products you buy will live up to the claims on the label?
- How can you be sure the products you buy are made by a dependable manufacturer?
- How can you be sure the products you buy are fresh and fully potent when you buy them?
- Do you know how to be a thrifty shopper?

THE ANSWER IS:

(Turn magazine upside down)

AT YOUR DRUG STORE

BUY NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS

Published in the interest of Nationally Advertised Brands
Week—October 3—13 by Macfadden Women's Group

TRUE ROMANCES • TRUE EXPERIENCES • TRUE LOVE AND ROMANCE
PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR • RADIO MIRROR

The Perfect Oil Heater for "HARD-TO-HEAT" HOMES!



Coleman Gives You Circulating Warm Air For Warm Floors... Plus Radiant Heat Close Up!

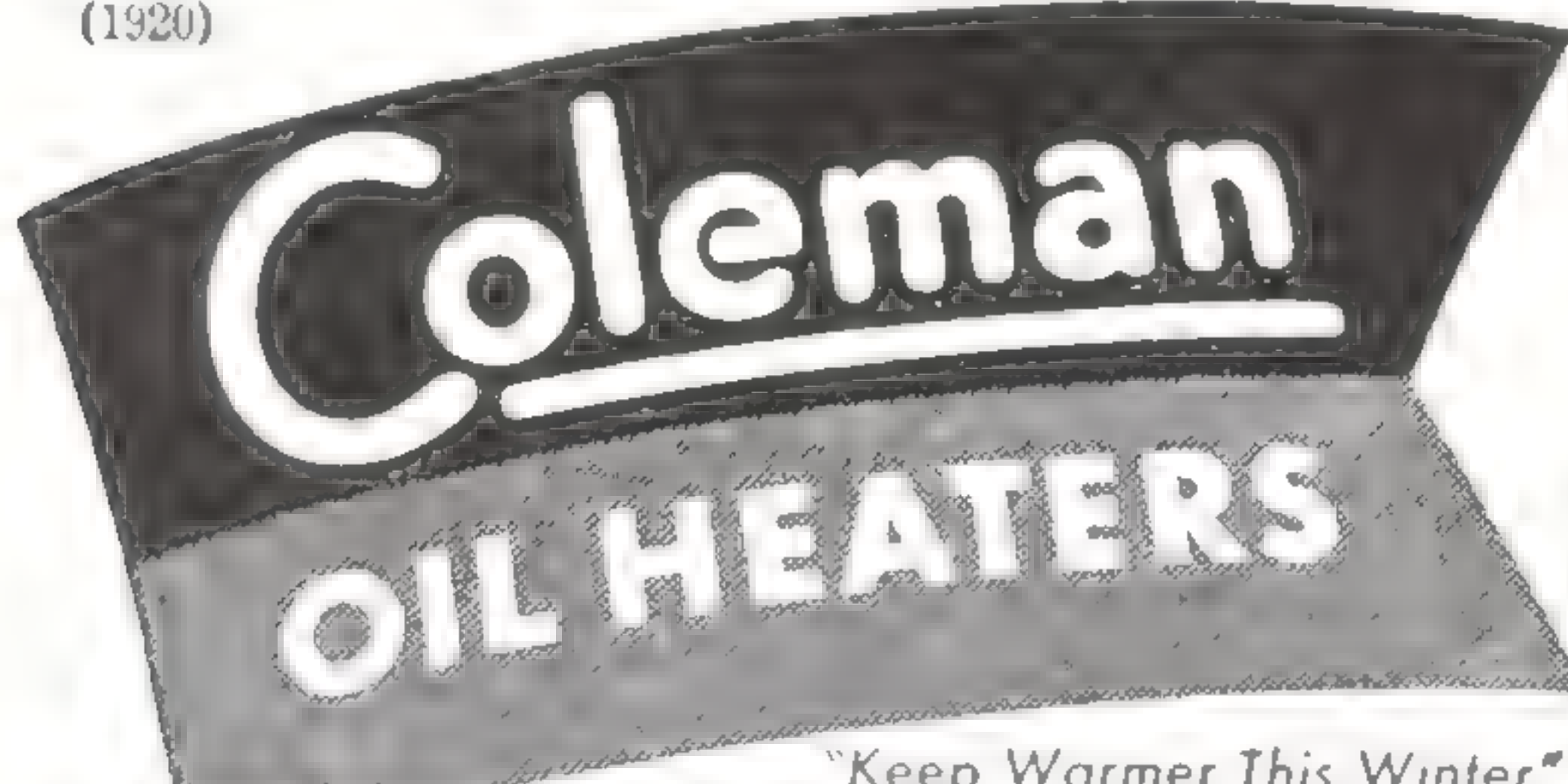
Enjoy *both* kinds of heat—with this *one* Coleman Radiant-Circulator. Gives you warm floors, steady circulating heat in one to four rooms!... Plus "Hot Stove" radiant heat close up!

Perfect low-cost heating for "hard-to-heat" rooms, small homes, garages, stores and stations.

Complete with automatic fuel and draft controls; high efficiency Coleman burner. Big output—30,000 heat units per hour; 11,000 cu. ft. warm air flow per hour! WITH NEW COLEMAN BLOWER, ONLY \$49.90. See your Coleman dealer now!

FREE! Mail postcard for FREE "Hot News" folders, and name of nearest dealer! (Address nearest office.)
THE COLEMAN LAMP & STOVE CO., Dept. PM-920
Wichita, Kans. Chicago, Ill. Philadelphia, Pa. Los Angeles, Calif.
(1920)

**ONLY
\$39.95
(U.S.A.)**



FREE!
...enough
MAPLEINE
to make 2 pints syrup

Discover syrup savings with Mapleine. Learn how you can create tempting syrup quickly, easily, only 1/3 the usual cost. Write your name and address on penny postal, mail to Crescent Mfg. Co., Department P, Seattle, Wash. We'll send free enough Mapleine to make 2 pints delicious, golden syrup.

And... Mapleine transforms desserts, main dishes! At grocers.

MAPLEINE
IMITATION MAPLE FLAVOR

little by little worked them into the classier houses. In 1938 Ted Collins, Kate Smith's manager, caught them at Loew's State in New York and signed them for a single appearance on her broadcast. They stayed three years. "Hiya, Neighbor" and "I'm a Ba-yad Boy" became household words. Under Bud's hectoring, Lou struck his form-fitting theme line hot off the anvil one night. Bud's "Hiya, Neighbor" stems from practical roots. He can't remember names, but figured—correctly—that a guy couldn't get sore at a guy who grinned and addressed him by so friendly an appellation as neighbor.

In the Shubert show, "Streets of Paris," they drew such belly-laughs from a Universal executive that he waited only to pick himself off the floor before signing them for "One Night in the Tropics." The rest is history, whichever way you spell it. "In the Navy" is topping the fabulous record of "Buck Privates." Theaters scream for them, audiences at them.

They're both married to ex-show girls. "That's his argument," says Bud. "Between you me, his wife cleaned the theater—"

"Sure. She swept your wife out. That's how you found her—"

"Seriously—" they chorused, and stopped. Bud gave Lou the high sign. "Seriously," Lou went on seriously, "they were having a fist fight. We pulled 'em apart. Then we played meeny-miny-mo to see who got which. He got Betty, I got Anne—"

"With an e. Since they came out here they stuck an e on it. For Ann Sheridan it's good enough without an e—"

"Quit pluggin' Warners. Listen, honey, we're both married seven years. The only difference is, my wife was at the wedding—"

"Don't pay him no heed, honey. The only difference is, I love my wife—"

Lou threw up his hands. "He loves his wife and he's got three dogs. I don't love mine and I've got two children. You figure it out—"

"Sure, and what good are they? You sit around, waitin' till they get married and walk out on you. I can get new dogs. Can you get new kids?"

"I got new kids. Patsy's four, Carol's two, so he calls them old. What good are your dogs? Can they say, 'Good luck on your broadcast, Daddy?'"

TO return to sanity for a moment, Uncle Bud's as fatuous about Patsy and Carol as their father. He encourages their humor by pretending to sit down on the tacks they plant in chairs. He gave the kids a couple of placards reading, Papa Unfair to Organized Babies and taught them how to picket. "He buys them toys and wears 'em out himself. The kids stand around beggin', 'Papa, lemme ride in the swing.' He says, 'Papa's in the swing, honey. You push me first.'"

Their homes provide the boys with material for a running gag, of which they never weary. Lou starts it. "Why should I tell you, and I won't tell you, that my house is best. I'm keeping it a secret from the whole world, that my house is best."

"It's not bad." Bud flaps a magnanimous hand. "When he goes away week ends, I let him keep it in my icebox."

"My place is three blocks long—"

"And an inch wide. He raises lead pencils. I raise raspberries. They're so big it takes a derrick to pull the pimples off—"

"You should see his furniture. His wife lets him pick it—"

"What's wrong with that?"

"The way it looks, it looks it. Take us. We go to a nice store—"

"Then they go to another and another and another. He sits on a chair, then she sits on a chair, then they sit on a chair together. They don't go to buy furniture, they go to neck, they go to wear out other people's furniture. They sample it, they take bites out of it, then they come over and sit down on mine."

As a matter of fact, the Abbotts and Costellos bought modest places, for which they paid identical sums. We saw them the day after a columnist had accused them of going Hollywood, because they'd put in pools. The charge bewildered them. Through years of hotel living and one-night stands, they had dreamed of a house and garden and swimming pool—to swim in, not to show off with. Lou in particular had yearned for flowers. All he knows about them is that he likes them bright, so he goes to a nursery, points and says, "Give me some of those." As to the pools, it had never occurred to them in their innocence that they ought not spend their hard-won cash to suit themselves. The pleasure they'd taken in the pools was a little dashed that day.

"Maybe we better not tell her about the mermaids," said Lou gloomily.

"They're only tile anyway," muttered Bud.

Lou perked up. "But mine has a longer tail—"

"But mine has green tights—" Bud murmured absently. His heart wasn't in it.

COSTELLO would rather go to a ball game than eat and regards the Yanks as his children. Joe di Maggio is one of his closest friends. Abbott has a mania for collecting doodads. He's a sucker for anything he can get gypped on. One item he doesn't get gypped on is clothes. He knows them, likes them, wears them well and makes judicious comments on those of his partner. "Omar the Tent-maker makes for him, who else would? They cut the stuff in London during a blackout, throw him in, sew him up and parade him down the boulevard as a model of what the well-dressed garbage man threw out last year."

Ten years ago they started playing knock rummy and have never stopped. They'll play for five minutes between takes, or all night on a plane. Lou's the heavy winner, and smug about it.

"Every time there's no groceries in the house, how's about a little rummy, and there's three hundred dollars worth of groceries in the house, all on account of a little rummy. Money you get like that isn't really worth while. You can't spend it, so you just run down to the market and exchange it for cans—"

"But when I win two bucks, do you pay me?"

"No," conceded Lou modestly. "I figure where's the sense in paying a guy two bucks?"

They're cheerful but self-contained about their success, having developed through the uncertain years what they describe as cauliflower hearts.

"Anyway, how do we know we're good? Does Universal tell us? No. We gotta read up about ourselves in literature like Photoplay-Movie Mirror—"

"We love Photoplay-Movie Mirror, does Photoplay-Movie Mirror love us? Put it down—"

"Put down about the trailer—hey!"

For the second time their glances met and locked in perfect understanding. "How's about Photoplay-Movie Mirror giving us a trailer?" they yelped in happy unison.

Small Town Deb

(Continued from page 63)

adoring slave. Chauncey tried once more. "They got a swell show at the Palace tonight."

"I don't want to go to the Palace," Pat said. "I don't want a banana squash—with or without nuts. I just don't wanta. And quit nagging me!" The screen door slammed behind her.

"You're not getting anywhere, Windy," Katie said to the crestfallen Chauncey. "Why don't you date some of the other girls?"

Chauncey sighed, and got up to go. "That'd be treason," he said simply.

Pat was saved from having to help Katie fix supper by the arrival home of her father. She met him in the hallway and held out a glass in which she'd just stirred some liquid with a spoon. At sight of the glass, Mr. Randall said quickly, "Hello, Baby. You're looking mighty sharp today—new dress, isn't it?"

"Yeah, it was," Pat said dryly. "Six years ago when Helene first got it." She poked the glass under his nose.

"Never looked that good on Helen," Mr. Randall said. "You give it a certain charm."

"Come on, now," Pat ordered. "Bottle the rose oil and drink this."

"But there's nothing wrong with me."

"Then why were you scouring around for bicarb at twelve o'clock last night?"

Mr. Randall took the glass, making a face. "It's getting so a man can't even have his stomach to himself, any more."

Pat watched him affectionately while he drank the medicine. Her private opinion was that her father was the only member of her family that had any sense. Mother was all right, only she let Helen,

Pat's older sister, lead her around by the nose. Helen, who upon reaching the age of eighteen had demanded to be called Helene, never thought of anything except clothes and boys. And Tim, seventeen—well, the way he went all gooey over that drip Sue Morgan simply curdled her, that was all.

HELEN, as usual, was late for dinner. They were all at the table when she came floating in, her blonde loveliness set off by the new dress she'd worn that afternoon to the tea Mrs. Richards had given in honor of her grandson from New York.

"Ah, here comes the Duchess!" Pat said sourly. "And how was the tea, old thing, old thing?"

Helen ignored her. "Mother, the party was simply out of this world!" she enthused.

"You mean they held a seance?" Mr. Randall inquired.

"Of course not. I mean it was heavenly—those tiny little cakes—the pink centerpiece— And that young Mr. Richards!"

"Hm! Now we're getting some place!" Pat commented.

"Pat!" her mother reproved, in the same tone of voice she used toward her younger daughter at least twenty times a day. "Is he attractive, Helene?"

"Oh, Mother, you've never seen anything like him. He's simply something from the Arabian Nights! So good-looking. He's a medical student—but it seems he's been studying too hard, that's why he's here. Needs a *complete* rest."

"He better take the next train back!" Pat said.

Helen looked exasperated, and Mr. Randall said placatingly, "Now, Baby—"

"He's coming over to play tennis tomorrow," Helen added.

"The guy's dying," Pat said, "and she asks him to play tennis!"

"He is not dying! He's simply over-worked. We can play a set or two and then sit around on the lawn."

"That reminds me," Mr. Randall said significantly. "Tim, our lawn's *that way* again."

"I'll take care of it tomorrow," Tim promised with a meek acquiescence which was fully explained by his next remark. "I was wondering, Dad—"

"The answer," Mr. Randall said, "is no!"

"But, Dad—it's jam session night!"

"It's always jam session night and you can *not* have the car!"

Pat brightened. "Can't I go with you—just this once, Tim?"

"Got any more funny ideas?" he asked witheringly.

"It won't hurt the whole family," Mr. Randall said desperately, "to stay home for one night."

"But Henry," Mrs. Randall said, "surely you haven't forgotten you're taking Helene and me to the Alexanders' musicale?"

Her husband groaned. "Mary, sometimes I think you women just sit around and figure what will make a man most miserable."

"But, Henry—"

"I'm sorry, Mary." Suddenly, Mr. Randall looked tired. "I had to bring home some work from the office. Tim can drive you to the Alexanders'."

HOW 5 OUT OF 7 GIRLS MAY WIN

New Loveliness in Three Minutes!



To give you the added beauty of matched makeup—Hudnut offers harmonizing Marvelous Powder, Rouge and Lipstick

• Five out of seven women—surveys show—use powder, lipstick and rouge that do not harmonize.

Yet, as you may know, cosmetic authorities now agree color harmony in makeup is the secret of *natural* loveliness.

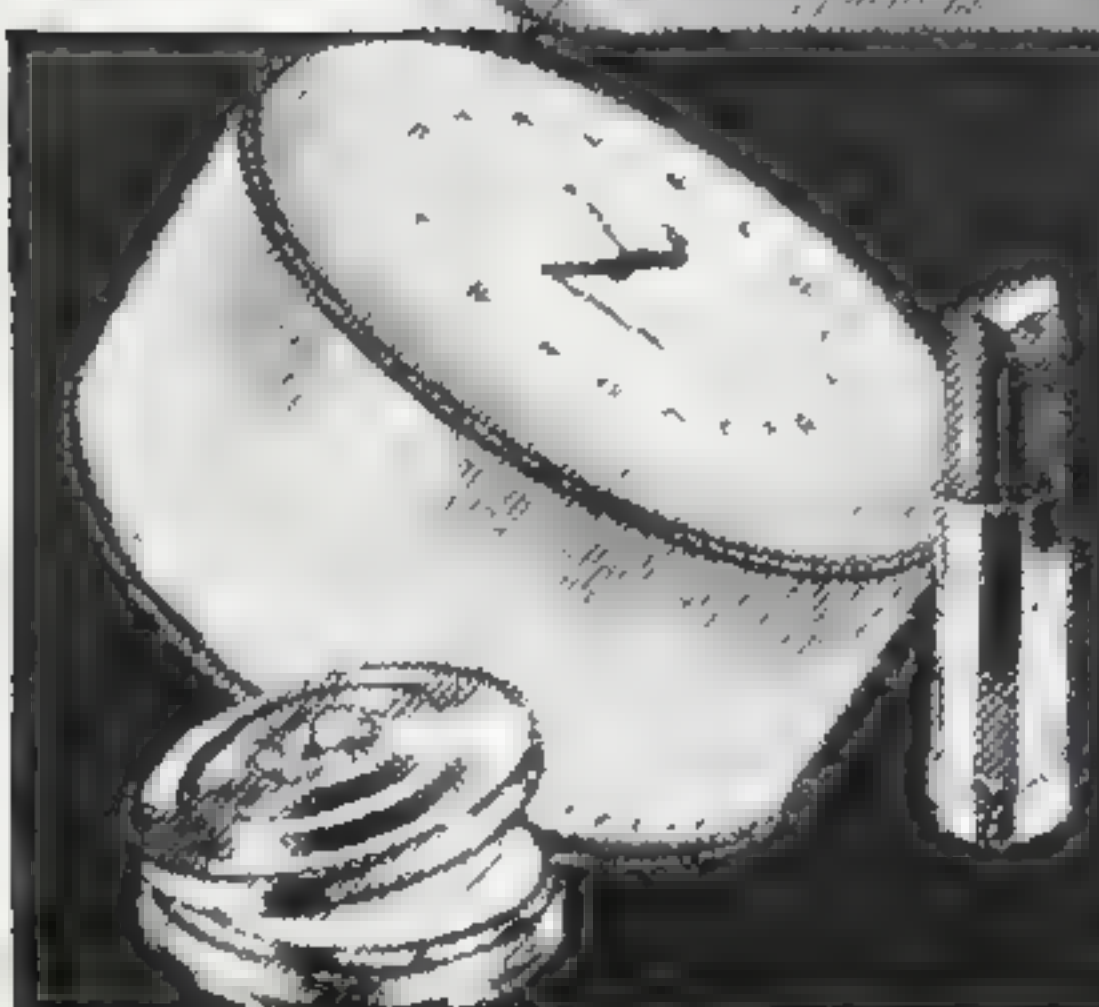
To insure color harmony, Richard Hudnut has developed a new idea in cosmetics—Marvelous Matched Makeup. Powder, Lipstick and Rouge in color-coordinated shades that flatter each other—and you!

A mere three minutes to smooth on this beauty "three-

some" and you'll be thrilled with your instant loveliness!

... **Marvelous Powder CLINGS!** Marvelous Face Powder is fine-textured—gives a delicate, *natural* finish. And, thanks to two special adhering ingredients, it stays on smoothly up to *five full hours* ... ingredients so pure they're advised for sensitive skins.

Try Marvelous Powder and for the added beauty of a matched makeup, try Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick, too. In true-to-type shades—one just right for you! At your favorite cosmetic counter. Large sizes 55¢ each.



Hudnut

MARVELOUS

Matching ROUGE, LIPSTICK AND
THE POWDER THAT *Stays on 5 Hours*

USE THIS VALUABLE COUPON!

Richard Hudnut, Dept. M, 693 Fifth Ave., New York City MF-11-41

Please send me metal, purse Makeup Kit containing harmonizing powder, rouge and lipstick. I enclose 10¢ to help cover expense of handling and mailing.

The color of my eyes is _____ hair _____ skin _____

Name _____

Street _____ City _____

(Good only in U. S. A., except where legally prohibited.)

OVERLOOKING
CENTRAL PARK



Every month famous Hollywood celebrities and executives make the Savoy-Plaza their New York home. To attribute the popularity of this distinguished hotel to any one feature would be difficult. It is the combination of luxurious living, supreme service and unexcelled cuisine.

Henry A. Rost, Managing Director
George Suter, Resident Manager

SAVOY-PLAZA

FIFTH AVE. • 58th TO 59th STS. • NEW YORK




STERLING SILVER BLOCKS
INLAID AT POINTS OF WEAR
GIVE LIFETIME BEAUTY TO THIS
FINE SILVERPLATE



50 PIECE SET \$54.95. OTHER SETS AS
LOW AS \$31.75. AT AUTHORIZED DEALERS
Federal Excise Tax extra when enacted

HOLMES & EDWARDS STERLING INLAID[®] SILVERPLATE

Copyright 1941, International Silver Co.,
Holmes & Edwards Div., Meriden, Conn.
In Canada, The T. Eaton Co., Ltd.
*Reg U S Pat Off

Tim, realizing that his father had been trapped into letting him have the car, gurgled delightedly.

"And I'll go with Mom and Helen!" Pat exclaimed.

"You will not," Helen said. "There aren't going to be any children there."

Pat's face grew stormy. "Children! It's always the way—whenever I want to do anything I'm either too young or too old. What'm I supposed to do? Climb in a hole like a bear and sleep for a couple of years?"

"That's a marvelous idea," Helen said. "But why stop at two years, pet?"

"Make it ten and I'll dig the hole myself," Tim promised.

In the end, everyone went out except Pat and her father. Mr. Randall had a briefcaseful of papers which he spread out on the table after dinner. Pat, watching him, suddenly realized that he often brought home work. And tonight he seemed to be particularly tired, even worried. Instead of starting on the papers, he sat for a while in deep thought, his hand pressed against his forehead, abstracted.

"Pop," Pat said softly, "is everything okay? At the office, I mean?"

Mr. Randall straightened in his chair. "What, Pat? . . . Oh. Oh, yes, sure. Why?"

"Oh, you've seemed a little beat down lately—sort of off the beam. You know—worried."

"Maybe the heat's got me down."

Pat looked thoughtfully at her right foot. "Where're you going this vacation?" she asked.

"Why—I thought I'd replant my rhododendrons and just putter around the yard."

"You mean like last year, when you painted the kitchen and cleaned out the basement! Look, Pop, how about going out camping on our land? That'd be keen!"

Her father looked at her briefly, then averted his eyes. "Punkin—we may not have the land by that time."

"Why not?"

"That's a long story," he evaded. "Come on—want to help me with these figures?"

THE next morning, Tim having a date with Sue Morgan, Pat was able to make a deal with him. For a consideration of thirty cents, payable on Tim's next allowance-day, she agreed to cut the lawn and was busy pushing the mower when a tall young man with gray eyes, a firm chin and a friendly, humorous set to his mouth pushed open the gate. This, Pat decided, must be Helen's new dream man, Jack Richards.

Unimpressed, she stopped the mower. "You'll have to wait," she said briefly. "Mom just took Sis downtown to buy her a new dress." That new dress rankled in Pat's soul. Helen had plenty of clothes, but she'd insisted, that morning, she didn't have a thing good enough to wear at the Country Club playing tennis with Jack Richards. "And I haven't had a new dress in years," Pat had fumed. "Nothing but Helen's hand-me-downs!"

Jack Richards grinned. "That'll probably take some time. Isn't the Country Club near here?"

"So I've heard."

"Play tennis?"

"Sure, but—"

"Then," he asked, "what are we waiting for?"

"Who, me?"

"Certainly you," he nodded. "Come on."

Now this, Pat reflected as she raced into the house for her tennis racket, was a man! Helene was going to find out she

couldn't keep him waiting around!

It was an hour and a half and several stiff sets later that they returned to the Randall house. Jack's hair was mussed, his flannels were dusty and his handsome face gleamed warmly.

"You're going to have to face the music alone," Pat warned him. "I'll finish the lawn."

Katie admitted Jack to the house and showed him into the living room. There was a comfortable sofa there. He sat down on it and promptly went to sleep. Helen, looking cool and lovely and grim, waked him up.

"I'm sorry," he apologized. "I guess I really overdid the tennis thing. That sister of yours is a human dynamo."

"Do you mean you've been playing tennis all the time I've been waiting for you?" Helen demanded indignantly.

Jack grinned sheepishly. "Look," he said, "I'm awfully sorry. We seem to have gotten off to a bad start. Let's try again tonight. We could go dancing at the Inn?"

Helen brightened. "Formal?"

"I'd even put on a monkey suit for you. Date?"

"Date," Helen said, all forgiving smiles.

On his way out, Jack winked at Pat. "It's okay," he whispered. "I'm taking her out dancing tonight."

"Dancing! I thought you were all in."

"Don't worry about me," he said gaily.

"Well, somebody better!" Pat muttered.

While she was finishing the lawn Chauncey Jones came by, wistfully mentioning a banana squash at Tracey's, but she sent him off about his business. She had more important things on her mind. Here was Jack Richards, a perfectly swell guy, and apparently interested in Helen. Why he should be was beyond Pat, but anyhow . . . And Helen was such a dope she was going to keep him running around to tennis matches and dances, just to show him off to the other girls, when he should be resting. Pretty soon



A \$65,000 look at Anne Shirley modeling a \$25,000 coat made of the only thirty-eight platinum mink skins in existence and \$40,000 worth of jewels

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

he'd get sick of it all and give Helen the air. It wasn't as if Helen could afford to wait, either. She was practically twenty already, and not a proposal in sight.

PAT felt perfectly justified, that evening when Jack called for Helen, in making him promise to leave the dance and be in bed by ten o'clock. The poor guy already had a bad Charley horse from the tennis game. Helen looked daggers when Pat extracted the promise and Pat knew she'd catch it the next morning.

She did. Helen and Tim both ganged up on her—Tim still smarting from what he considered an exorbitant price for cutting the lawn—and Mrs. Randall promised them to speak to Pat severely.

"Though I'd like you two to remember," she pointed out, "that we had our troubles with you, too. Your father and I used to be afraid, Tim, that you were a throwback to the monkey age—and there was a time, Helen, when we wondered whether you were just a quiet child, or not quite bright."

Nevertheless, she talked to Pat and laid down the law: Pat obviously didn't have enough responsibilities, from now on she was to pay more attention to the cultural things of life, mind her own business, not talk back to her elders and help Katie in the kitchen.

Pat, depressed, sought comfort with her father. "Can I help it if I get in their hair?" she demanded. "They don't treat me like a person!"

"How about the way you treat Helen and Tim?" Mr. Randall asked amusedly.

"Those drips!"

"Well, punkin," advised her father, "why don't you fool everybody? Go out of your way to be pleasant. Since you're going to be forced to it anyhow, be a

good soldier and get some fun out of it."

"Okay," Pat said dubiously, "but I don't know how funny it's going to be."

She tried. She really tried. She stopped in at the music shop and bought, with her own money, a new swing record for Tim; and she bought a style magazine for Helen. The recipients of the gifts were so surprised and suspicious that they forgot to thank her. But, Pat thought forgivingly, Rome wasn't built in a day and you couldn't expect drips to respond to kindness overnight.

But she forgot all her good resolutions a night or so later when her father called a family conference and revealed, at last, just what had been troubling him lately. The taxes were due on the large tract of land to the north of town that he'd bought some years before and he didn't have the money to pay them. If they could only hold on to the land, he explained, there was a good chance that he and his partners in the venture could persuade the Government to take it over for an airfield. But in the meantime it would mean cutting down family expenses to pay the taxes.

"And since you children will be affected, I thought it was only fair to let you have a vote in the matter," he finished.

Pat, looking at Helen and Tim, knew how they'd vote, and she rushed into action. "Listen, Pop," she cried, "you know you don't want to let that land go! You believe in it! So we do without things for a while—why not? We won't have a car and Tim can do his necking in the park instead of the privacy of the back seat. And nobody in this family's too old to walk!"

"Now, wait a minute—" Tim interposed. But Pat had turned on Helen. "I've heard Mom say that all those clothes

she buys for Helen are an investment. Well, if this isn't as important as that I'd like to know what is! Pop, you hang onto that land!"

Mrs. Randall said, "Why don't you go to Chicago yourself, Henry, and have one last try at seeing the regional board about putting the airfield here?"

"But the taxes are due next week," Mr. Randall remarked.

"You could be back before then—and we could wait until after your trip before making a decision."

THAT was the basis on which it was finally left. But Pat noticed that Helen, in the meantime, went right ahead with her plans for a party in honor of Jack Richards. And on the night the party was held, in the Randall garden, Pat was strictly forbidden to attend. Feeling left out of things, she watched from the shrubbery.

The shrubbery turned out to be not such a bad place after all. Toward the middle of the evening Jack Richards took refuge there, looking completely exhausted. Pat bossily led him to a farther corner of the garden and made him stretch out on a bench.

"What's your father going to think when he gets here and sees you looking all worn out like this?" she fumed.

"I'll fool him," Jack said. "I'll puff out my cheeks."

"You can't puff out those hollows under your eyes. Mister, you've got to stop this running around, morning, noon and night."

"Yes, I know. But how?"

"You say 'no,'" Pat advised.

"Have you ever tried looking into Helene's blue eyes and saying 'no?'"

"It's a cinch for me," Pat said, "but I suppose it's too much to ask of you."

First and Only CANDY served the "Quints"!

"With Peanuts... Delicieux!" —MARIE

"Oh---h... Chocolat Couvert!" —CECILE

"And Crème Centre!" —YVONNE

"Magnifique!" —EMILIE

"Nice and Chewy!" —ANNETTE

CURTISS Baby Ruth

RICH IN DEXTROSE THE SUGAR YOUR BODY USES DIRECTLY FOR ENERGY

World Copyright 1941 King Features Syndicate

U M-M-M! You'll agree with the "Quints" and millions of Americans that Baby Ruth is candy at its finest! You'll love the luscious, velvety-smooth coating, the chewy caramel and tasty opera cream center, the abundance of golden, freshly roasted peanuts which make up this great candy bar. Baby Ruth is *good food*—good for you. Its ingredients are all pure, wholesome foods—nourishing and delicious. Enjoy a big bar of Baby Ruth *today*!

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY
Chicago, Ill.

"Baby Ruth, being rich in Dextrose, vital food-energy sugar, and other palatable ingredients, makes a pleasant, wholesome candy for children."

Allan Roy Dafre, M.D.

RICH IN DEXTROSE Food-Energy Sugar

HOW TO FIGHT HEADACHES

3 ways at same time!



Break Headache's Vicious Circle this proved, sensible way

• A headache disturbs your *nervous system*; with jumpy nerves often goes an *upset stomach*, in turn affecting the pain in your head—thus making a "vicious circle." Mere single-acting pain relievers may still leave you feeling dull, sickish.

Millions break headache's "vicious circle" with Bromo-Seltzer because it acts 3 ways at the same time; helps *stop pain*, *calm nerves*, *settle stomach*. Next time, try Bromo-Seltzer.*

*Just use as directed on the label. For persistent or recurring headaches, see your doctor.

BROMO-SELTZER

M I N N O R **BURNS**
To quickly relieve fiery throbbing and
ease parched skin, promptly apply
RESINOL

GRAY HAIR KILLS ROMANCE



You know that gray hair spells the end of romance... yet you are afraid to color your hair! You are afraid of dangerous dyes, afraid that it is too difficult, afraid that the dye will destroy your hair's natural lustre—afraid, most of all, that everyone will know your hair is "dyed".

These fears are so needless! Today at your drug or department store, you can buy Mary T. Goldman Gray Hair Coloring Preparation. It transforms gray, bleached, or faded hair to the desired shade—so gradually that your closest friend won't guess. Pronounced a harmless hair dye by competent authorities, this preparation will not hurt your wave, or the texture of your hair. If you can comb your hair, you can't go wrong! Millions of women have been satisfied with Mary T. Goldman's Hair Coloring Preparation in the last fifty years. Results assured or your money back. Send for the free trial kit—so that you may see for yourself the beautiful color which this preparation will give to a lock from your own hair.

Mary T. Goldman Co., 7655 Goldman Bldg.
St. Paul, Minn. Send free test kit. Color checked.

☐ Black ☐ Dark Brown ☐ Light Brown
☐ Medium Brown ☐ Blonde ☐ Auburn

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

"I think I'd better take the next train back to New York," Jack said gloomily. "The whole thing is, Pat, the first requirement of a doctor's wife is self-sacrifice—and Helene isn't geared for anything like that."

So he's really gone on her, Pat thought. Well, if it's serious. . . .

"Much as I hate to admit it," she said, "if you think that about Helen you just don't know your girl. Give her a few days to cool off and see things the right way—"

"Fine chance. If I'm here, I'll see her."

"But you won't be here," Pat said excitedly. "I know just the place for you. It's on some land my dad owns, there's a shack there, you can sleep eighteen hours a day and you won't even have to shave!"

JACK'S sudden departure on what he announced as a fishing trip, keeping Pat's connection with it a closely guarded secret, left Helen without a date for the big dance of the year, the Country Club Annual. Tim, too, was left high and dry, his adored Sue Morgan having left to spend the summer with her great-aunt in Springfield. Providence came to Helen's rescue when Dave Barton blew into town and called her up the day before the dance, but frenzied telephoning failed to help Tim's situation.

"Why don't you take Pat?" Mrs. Randall suggested calmly.

Tim choked. "Her?" he trumpeted wildly.

"Certainly. If you take your sister, you've a perfect excuse for not taking Sue Morgan or any other girl."

Tim proved his desperation by considering the suggestion. "Well . . . if she left off those spectacles. . . ."

"And with a different hair-do," Helen mused, while Pat, speechless with amusement, looked from one to the other.

"Okay," Tim said grimly. "You can go with me. But understand—I shake you the minute we get there."

Pat drew herself up. "Just what makes you think I'd go any place with you?" she inquired. "I appreciate you all taking such an interest in me now, but it wasn't so long ago that you all voted to put me in irons."

"Aw, Pat, it wasn't my idea. . . ."

"I don't care whose idea it was. You can run my daily life, but my social life is my own."

With dignity, she marched into the kitchen, where Katie whispered, "That's tellin' 'em! You play hard to get and they'll come a-begging."

They did, particularly Tim, and eventually Pat allowed herself to be persuaded. She even agreed to let Tim take her downtown to a beauty parlor and pay for having her hair waved and combed up to the top of her head.

In the midst of the day's preparations for the dance, Mr. Randall returned from Chicago, with a bad cold and the news that the board had provisionally approved his site for the airfield, but that nothing could be done until Eustace Richards returned from a vacation trip.

"But Pop!" Pat yelled. "He's Jack Richards' father—and he's right here in Elmhurst now!"

"Now, we're not going to take advantage of Jack's interest in Helen to influence Mr. Richards," Mr. Randall warned her sternly. "You just run along downtown and buy a new dress for that dance."

Pat obeyed, but on her way through the kitchen she asked Katie, "What kind of a dress would be likely to wow an old man with lots of money?"

After a busy afternoon in the beauty parlor and the dress shop, Pat was ready for the dance. Her hair still tightly con-

fined in pins, she was in her room, pirouetting before the mirror, when Katie came in.

"Prepare yourself for a shock, honey," Katie said sympathetically. "That Sue Morgan just called up. She came back into town and Tim's going to take her to the dance."

Pat sank down on the bed, speechless with disappointment. Tim rushed into the room and out again, calling, "I'll take you to the Prom next season, Pat—honest I will!"

Pat picked up a fold of the dress and looked at it, her lips quivering. Then a last, forlorn hope came to her. Chauncey! Twice he'd asked her to go to the dance and she'd refused him. But a telephone call to his home brought the information, from his mother, that Chauncey was taking his cousin Eloise.

Pat hung up the receiver, stark tragedy in her eyes.

All dressed up and no place to go, she thought. A pretty dress, a stunning hair-do, and no way to exhibit them. For a little while, people had liked her, wanted her to look nice and have a good time. But the minute something better offered they forgot all about her. The only person who really liked her was Jack Richards.

Her eyes opened wide and she jumped up from the telephone stand. If only she could get the car before Tim did!

TWO hours later she strolled onto the dance floor at the Country Club, leaning on Jack Richards' arm. Her hair waved softly about her face and the new dress fell in soft, sophisticated folds. She looked three years older than she had that morning, and she knew it. She glanced around the dance floor with an air of elegant boredom that didn't quite succeed in hiding the bubbling delight inside her.

Jack led her up to a good-looking middle-aged man—his father. And after a moment she found herself dancing with this distinguished person, while Jack went off to find Helen and make his peace with her.

It was all exactly like a dream.

And Mr. Richards was a perfect peach. It was so easy to talk to him that in ten minutes she'd told him about the airfield and the regional board and he'd promised to see her father the first thing in the morning.

Then came a horrible moment. She and Mr. Richards finished their dance and he took her to a chair in the lounge, then talked a minute, excused himself and left her. Pat awoke to the realization that, suddenly, she was all alone. Jack and Helen were dancing. So were Tim and Sue. Dave Barton, Helen's original escort, seemed to have disappeared entirely.

In a panic at being a wallflower, Pat stood up and looked around for some refuge—the powder-room, perhaps. Her eyes fell on a slim young man, distinguished in a beautifully tailored mess jacket. There was something vaguely familiar about him as he came toward her—but his hair was combed and he didn't wear any spectacles, or braces on his teeth—

"Chauncey!" she gasped.

Chauncey eyed her up and down and evidently found her pleasing. "This is my dance, Patricia," he said firmly. "And no cracks."

"Why, Chauncey!" Pat said again.

"Now look here, Patricia," he growled menacingly. "I want you to call me Bill!"

Pat gulped. And then she smiled, dazzlingly.

"Yes, Bill," she said meekly.

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

Hollywood's Unknown Friendships

(Continued from page 65)

business. She was just a "Hollywood wife." No one was interested in her—or so she thought.

Then Ann Sothorn came to call. As they all sat there talking—Mal and Ray, Ann and some others—Ann's blue eyes kept watching Mal, quiet, self-effacing as always. Suddenly, Ann spoke up:

"Why, you're beautiful, Mal Milland!"

Just like that. And Mal, with her prematurely white hair, her lovely clear skin, her direct gray eyes, blushed as though the compliment had come from a man. But her answering smile was pleased and graceful. Someone was liking her for herself.

So began the friendship which has since grown into one of Hollywood's truest. They now see each other daily unless Ann is working. They go to movies together. They go shopping together. They borrow clothes from each other. That's the kind of friendship it is.

ANOTHER filmland friendship of which the world knows little is that of Carole Landis and Victor Mature. Theirs is a platonic friendship and I mean platonic! There has been no romance between them in the past and there certainly isn't now with Victor a newly married man. But they've been pals ever since an eventful day a long time ago when both were working in "1,000,000 B. C." at the Hal Roach studio. The weather was frightful—hot and sultry. The company was tired, uncomfortable and on edge. Nothing seemed to go right.

Suddenly, trouble flared openly between Vic and the assistant director. One word led to another. Victor, beside himself with rage, doubled up his fists. "I'll teach you to talk to me like that, you —!" he roared.

He let one go, but the blow never hit its mark. Instead he found his arm caught between a couple of slender hands belonging to a beautiful girl clad in the 1,000,000 B. C. version of a sarong. Carole Landis.

"Skip it, pal," she told Vic. "You want to make the grade in pictures, don't you? Well, this is no way to do it!"

She was smiling all the while and her tones were like honey. But her grip on Vic's arm was persuasive. He looked down at her, first angrily, then sheepishly.

"Guess you're right," he muttered.

So they became friends, the hotheaded Vic and the beautiful Carole, feminine to the finger tips, but whose mind clicks like a man's. They've never had a social date, but many's the time since "1,000,000 B. C." that they've gotten together to compare career notes and to exchange advice. So, one night at Ciro's shortly after Vic's marriage and his return to Hollywood from New York, they gave people something of a shock when they embraced like long-lost brothers and, forgetting their respective parties, spent the evening tête-à-tête. The columnists saw it and made sly allusions. Vic was already forgetting his wife! Scandal, scandal!

But, I'm telling you straight. There wasn't any scandal and there isn't any scandal. Carole Landis and Vic Mature are just friends—all the better friends because there has never been anything else between them!

There is heartbreak, though, in the story of Madeleine Carroll and young Stirling Hayden. They met during the filming of "Virginia," in which Madeleine,

Terms as little as **\$5 Down**

Save at the **KALAMAZOO FACTORY PRICE**

SEND FOR YOUR COPY OF **FREE CATALOG**

Approved by American Gas Ass'n for BOTTLED GAS

**"WE SAVED—
\$18 to \$35"**
— say Our Customers!

Combination Gas, Coal or Oil Ranges

COAL AND WOOD RANGES

COAL AND WOOD HEATERS

FURNACES

Fresh from the press—this new 1942 KALAMAZOO CATALOG—FREE to you. Mail coupon today!

See newest streamlined styles—see amazing new features—see how easy to own a new range—terms as little as \$5 down on stoves. Choose from 106 styles and sizes of Ranges, Heaters, Furnaces. Many illustrated in full color. Get Kalamazoo factory prices.

Catalog full of new ideas—More bargains than in 20 big stores—Gas Ranges, Combination Dual-Oven Ranges for Gas and Coal, for Gas and Oil, for Electricity and Coal; Coal and Wood Ranges, Oil Ranges, Oil Heaters, Coal and Wood Heaters, Furnaces. See what you save at Kalamazoo—mail Coupon below for Factory Prices.

In business 41 years—Kalamazoo has been in business 41 years. We sell millions of dollars worth of stoves and furnaces every year. 30 days Free Trial. Factory Guarantee. Factory Prices. 24 hour shipments. Send for this big FREE CATALOG. Save money. Mail Coupon today!

Now over 250 Kalamazoo Stores in 15 States. Ask us for address of nearest store.

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"

Trade Mark Registered

Kalamazoo Stove & Furnace Co., Manufacturers
469 Rochester Ave., Kalamazoo, Michigan

Dear Sirs: Send FREE FACTORY CATALOG. Check articles in which you are interested:

<input type="checkbox"/> Combination Gas, Coal and Wood or Oil Ranges	<input type="checkbox"/> Gas Ranges
<input type="checkbox"/> Combination Coal and Electric Ranges	<input type="checkbox"/> Oil Heaters
<input type="checkbox"/> Coal and Wood Ranges	<input type="checkbox"/> Furnaces
<input type="checkbox"/> Coal & Wood Heaters	
<input type="checkbox"/> Oil Ranges	

Name
(Print name plainly)

Address

City..... State.....

ROLLS DEVELOPED

25c Coin. Two 5x7 Double Weight Professional Enlargements, 8 Gloss Deckle Edge Prints.

CLUB PHOTO SERVICE, Dept. 19, LaCrosse, Wis.

Nervous, Weak Ankles Swollen

Excess acids, poisons and wastes in your blood are removed chiefly by your kidneys. Getting Up Nights, Burning Passages, Backache, Swollen Ankles, Nervousness, Rheumatic Pains, Dizziness, Circles Under Eyes, and feeling worn out, often are caused by non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles. Usually in such cases, the very first dose of Cystex goes right to work helping the Kidneys flush out excess acids and wastes. And this cleansing, purifying Kidney action, in just a day or so, may easily make you feel younger, stronger and better than in years. A printed guarantee wrapped around each package of Cystex insures an immediate refund of the full cost unless you are completely satisfied. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose under this positive money back guarantee, so get Cystex from your druggist today for only 35c.

EARN MONEY

AT HOME

Just put a few finishing touches to our genuine water color pictures. Easy, fascinating work. Pays big money. No ability necessary. We train you at home. Complete instructions and sample picture sent on receipt of 25c coin or nine 3c stamps.

RAY ROGERS, 1 Arbuckle Bldg., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Economy for ASTHMATIC SUFFERERS

Learn at our expense why Dr. Guild's GREEN MOUNTAIN Asthmatic Compound has been a trusted aid in asthmatic paroxysms for over 70 years! This pleasant smoke vapor means relief with economy! 24 cigarettes only 50¢! Powder 25¢ and \$1.00 at nearly all drug stores. Write today for FREE SAMPLE. The J. H. Guild Co., Dept. MW-11, Rupert, Vermont





That's why thousands of women everywhere are turning to MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP as the perfect powder base for the make-up glamour men admire.

A powder base or complete make-up, it imparts a velvety smooth finish, helps conceal blemishes and keeps your complexion gloriously fresh-looking all day long. Try it today!

5 flattering shades, including EVENING WHITE for evening wear.

MINER'S
Liquid MAKE-UP

10c, 25c, & 50c at cosmetic counters

FREE Generous Sample

Send coupon and 3c stamp

Peach... ☐
Rach... ☐
Brun... ☐
Suntan... ☐
Eve. White... ☐

MINER'S, 12 E. 12th St., Dept. B-11, New York
I enclose 3c stamp to cover mailing cost. Send me generous sample of Miner's Liquid Make-up FREE!

Name.....
Address.....

Remove Make-up the "Professional Way"
with MINER'S Theatrical COLD CREAM
8 oz. tin... NOW 25c at all 5 and 10's

ANY PHOTO ENLARGED

Size 8x10 inches or smaller if desired. Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any part of group picture. Safe return of original photo guaranteed.

47c
3 for \$1.00



SEND NO MONEY Just mail photo or snapshot (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful enlargement, guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 47c plus postage—or send 49c with order and we pay postage. **Big 16x20-inch enlargement** sent C. O. D. 78c plus postage or send 80c and we pay postage. Take advantage of this amazing offer now. Send your photos today. Specify size wanted.

STANDARD ART STUDIOS

113 S. Jefferson St. Dept. 1551-P CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



**NO
DULL
DRAB
HAIR**

when you use this amazing

4 Purpose Rinse

In one, simple, quick operation, LOVALON will do all of these 4 important things for your hair.

1. Gives lustrous highlights.
2. Rinses away shampoo film.
3. Tints the hair as it rinses.
4. Helps keep hair neatly in place.

LOVALON does not dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON.

At stores which sell toilet goods

25c
for 5 rinses
10c
for 2 rinses



you remember, was starred and Stirling played his first screen role. This being in a Hollywood movie represented the worst kind of a "jam" Stirling had ever been in. He was scared green.

He was even more scared—at first—when the beautiful, the glamorous Madeleine offered to help him. But that was only at first. Madeleine has poise and charm and tact. Almost before he knew it, Stirling Hayden not only was at ease with her, but was falling in love with her. By the time "Virginia" was finished, he was head over heels.

Whereupon, fate laughed sadistically and turned a knife in his heart. Though Madeleine would never, could never feel anything but friendly affection for him, Stirling was cast with her in "Bahama Passage" and the two of them went with the rest of the company to the West Indies on location. There they were together constantly, of course—in the daytime because they were working together; during those long, languorous Caribbean evenings because the "Bahama Passage" company was small—and isolated—and a man in love is drawn to his adored as steel to a magnet. But when "Bahama Passage" was finished and the company came home, Madeleine left immediately for Montreal to meet the handsome French captain who has owned all of her love since the summer of 1939, when they first met in Paris. And young Stirling Hayden was left in Hollywood, a star, yes, but with a scar on his heart which fame and success can never erase.

ONE of Hollywood's strangest friendships is that of Eddie Albert and—Madame Ouspenskaya! Believe it or not! It began when Eddie, burning with the desire to play Edgar Allan Poe in a picture, enrolled in Madame Ouspenskaya's dramatic school for coaching. Soon they discovered all kinds of mutual interests—music, books, sailing, even dancing! That is, Madame doesn't dance, herself, but she expressed a desire to see real jitterbugs in action and so Eddie took her to the Los Angeles Palladium where they had so much fun they made a date to do it again.

Pretty soon, Ouspenskaya-Albert dates became a habit. They went to Ciro's. They had each other to dinner at home. Eddie taught her Portuguese songs and to play the guitar. She taught him Russian songs. They had a wonderful time and all the while they were building a friendship which will last them a lifetime. I saw them only the other Sunday morning riding horseback—tearing along the bridge trail on Sunset boulevard, Madame ahead, Eddie racing to catch up with her. And they were laughing as only tried and true friends can laugh.

It was common misery that first drew together Barbara Stanwyck and Hollis Barnes, the attractive hairdresser. It happened on the "Annie Oakley" set at RKO. Barbara, married then to Frank Fay, was bitterly unhappy. And it seemed on a certain day that she could bear it no longer. After a scene which had gone badly because her mind and her heart weren't in it, she walked into her dressing room and burst into tears.

"What shall I do?" she begged the quiet, attractive girl waiting there to give her a new coiffure. And then, suddenly she saw that this girl, whom she knew then only as "Miss Barnes," was crying, too.

"What shall I do?" Hollis Barnes sobbed back.

And so they had a cry and then they hashed over their troubles; gave and took advice; finally laughed and kissed each other and decided things could be

worse. And Hollis has been Barbara's dearest friend ever since.

The friendship of Fred Astaire and Jerry Asher dates back to "know when" days. Jerry Asher is a writer, one of the most popular in filmtown. He is a chap with a salty wit and a flair for anecdote. He entertains Fred as few others can. I've seen the latter throw back his head and laugh at something Jerry has said until the tears ran down his cheeks. But the roots of their friendship go deeper than that. They had their beginning when Fred first came to Hollywood and was doing some work at Metro and Jerry was a publicity man there. One day, Jerry, hurrying across the lot, was accosted by a quiet-spoken chap, loitering in front of a sound stage.

"Say, could you get me inside?" he inquired. "I'm supposed to see the director."

Jerry looked at him in amazement. "Cripes, man, just tell 'em who you are! They'll let you in!"

But still the other hesitated. "Maybe they don't know me."

"I think they will," Jerry told him. "I think they will know Fred Astaire."

But he took the latter in, anyway, and at Fred's anxious request met him outside the studio every morning afterward for a week and passed him through the gate. To this day, the two have remained fast friends.

John Wayne and Ward Bond (the movie menace), another pair of Hollywood pals, knew each other "when." They went to the University of Southern California together, joined the same fraternity (Sigma Chi), played football together and shortly after their graduation stowed away together on a ship bound for Honolulu. Not that they got very far. They were soon discovered and ignominiously transferred to a California-bound ship while the assembled passengers and crew of both ships looked on and made facetious remarks. They laugh about this and a dozen other similar escapades every time they get together, which is often.

John's wife, the beautiful Jo Saenz Wayne, daughter of the former Cuban Consul to Los Angeles and his French countess wife, is Loretta Young's best friend. The two attended Ramona Convent in Alhambra (near Los Angeles) together when they were little girls. Loretta is the godmother of the Waynes' eldest boy, Michael, and Jo was one of Loretta's bridesmaids when the latter was married last year.

THEN there are Errol Flynn and Bruce Cabot. Their friendship isn't as old as many in Hollywood, but born of mutual tastes and temperament, it is one of the closest. They swim, hunt, fish, sail, play golf and tennis, fly together. They go to parties together. They take trips together. They are thoroughly compatible.

Then there is the friendship between George Murphy and Cesar Romero. You know a bit about that from the story, "Dance If You're Blue" in October PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR. George and Cesar knew each other "when" and between them, forged of shared trials and hopes and defeats and triumphs, is a bond which nothing can break.

Julie Murphy is a part of this friendship, too. While Cesar was building his new house, she gave him a "kitchen shower." She is always trying to find the "right girl" for Cesar. Not that he has trouble getting dates, but Julie will never rest until he is married. And Cesar, every time he dates a new girl, brings her over to the Murphys' first.

I think it's all very swell. Don't you?

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

(Continued from page 48)

Mrs. Darnell's room and bath adjoin Bubber's red-white-and-blue room on one side and the rosebud chintz room that is Monte's pride and joy on the other side. Her room is the master bedroom. For in spite of Linda's importance in the studio and outside world—importance that will be increased by her splendid work in "Rise and Shine"—Mrs. Darnell maintains her position as head of her house.

"ON Christmas," Linda says, "my father will come on from Texas, I hope. And Undine will be here with her husband, Harry, and, of course, Harry Wendell Hunter, Junior. He's the pride of our lives. Even when I'm in production with practically no time to myself I manage to see him two or three times a week.

She smiled gently, the way people smile when they're basically contented and secure and happy, irrespective of the difficulties that may ruffle the surface of their lives occasionally.

"This is the best time of my life, I think," she said. "Professionally I can see I'm getting somewhere. Quite suddenly I realize the wonderful, exciting things I can do for Monte and Bubber. And I've learned enough to know how much more I want to learn and what subjects I want to concentrate upon."

The rays of the sun sent a low shaft of gold over the garden. Just before we turned into the main road when the house would be hidden from view we waved again at Linda. She stood in the doorway, her arms about Monte and Bubber who were on either side of her, having rushed out the minute they heard the crunch of gravel and knew her "company" had gone.

The little Texas bungalow in which the Darnells used to live and the charming house in Brentwood Heights are very different in some ways but quite the same in others. For no house in which they live ever will be two-faced. They're a family who put their mark upon a house. You would know, looking at any house in which they lived, that theirs is the American way of life, that theirs is a life warm and active and abundant.

Nothing to compare
with its Double Thick Edge!

A nickel goes a long way—with ROYLEDGE! More women choose this modern shelving than any other brand in the world—because:

It won't curl. Its patented edge is double thick and extra-strong—made especially to hang flat.

It lasts much longer. You put up ROYLEDGE in a jiffy—keep it up for months. It stays fresh, clean and crisp, without laundering.

It's more beautiful. ROYLEDGE's many lovely patterns... its vivid colors and expensive-looking glossy finish... give your pantries and closets a real decorator-designed look!

Imagine: 5¢ buys 9 full feet! At any 5¢ and-10¢, neighborhood or dep't store. (10¢ sizes, too.) ROYLACE, B'klyn, N.Y.

Royledge
SHELVING

9 FEET 5¢

Imagine: 5¢ buys 9 full feet! At any 5¢-and-10¢, neighborhood or dep't store. (10¢ sizes, too.) ROYLACE, B'klyn, N.Y.

Feel the Edge!

MAXIMUM DURABLE LASTING
PAINT FOR THE EDGE

9 FEET

Royledge

MADE IN U.S.A.

Royledge
SHELVING

9 FEET 5¢

A dozen leaflets, written by Mrs. Louise Branch, our own Baby Page Editor, have been reprinted and are available to readers, all 12 for only 10c. Send stamps or coin, mentioning the ages of your children, to:

Reader Service, Dept. PM114, Photoplay-Movie Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.



Hair OFF

Face
Lips
Chin Arms Legs

Happy! I had ugly hair . . . was unloved . . . discouraged. Tried many different products . . . even razors. Nothing was satisfactory. Then I developed a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked. I have helped thousands win beauty, love, happiness. My FREE book, "How to Overcome the Superfluous Hair Problem", explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mme. Annette Lanzette, P. O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 33, Chicago.

—for you

Helen Macfadden's amazing book *Help Yourself to Beauty* tells you how to banish skin defects—gives you many complexion tips—tells you how to control your figure—tells how screen stars acquire allure—how to improve facial outlines—how to cultivate personality—how

to be a lovelier you!
The price of this splendid 180-page cloth bound book is only \$1.00 postpaid. Send for your copy of *Help Yourself to Beauty*—TODAY. Macfadden Book Company, Inc., Dept. WG-11, 205 E. 42 St., New York, N. Y.

You Can't Count Him Out!

(Continued from page 53)

totally innocent of acting experience. He recommended a dramatic school. And Randolph Scott, amazing himself more than he did Jack Heath, decided to take the advice.

HE put in eight months of apprentice work at the Pasadena Community Theatre under Gilmor Brown. He was no meteor. A chance meeting with a lady he knew gave him a hot tip that landed him the juvenile role in "Under A Virginia Moon." The play was a miserable flop. But not for Randolph Scott. He was spotted by a producer who was reviving "The Broken Wing." He got the lead.

"The Broken Wing" made him. He was deluged with offers; he signed with Paramount.

His first three pictures were only moderately successful. Then Paramount clapped him into an outdoor saga. He was an overnight sensation as a man of the West. He did nineteen pictures one year, most of the purple-sage epics. He thundered through eighteen of Zane Grey's novels.

It was inevitable that Westerns and outdoor spectacles should pall on him and that he should demand and obtain more variety. Musical comedy, drawing-room pieces, deft comedy—he tried them all. Here and there he came out on top, but mostly he didn't. Suddenly the Scott stock began the toboggan ride. At which the experts began counting him out—washed up.

They failed to reckon with the Scott sanity and levelheadedness. Mulling it over, he reached two conclusions: He had been trying to accomplish with an acquired talent dramatic feats possible only to natural-born specialists in the particular fields. Moreover, he had been ignoring his true forte, naturalness.

In this frame of mind he tackled his chores in "Western Union" with the result that critics hailed him as "a new Randolph Scott, back in his true milieu, the great outdoors." More to the point, Darryl Zanuck, impressed no end, put him under contract to T.C.-Fox, presented him with the male lead in "Belle Starr" and promptly blocked out a program of picture-making which will take Mr. S. well into 1942, the first of which chores, a throbbing tale known as "Sioux City," to begin just as soon as our hero reports back to Zanuck after tarrying at Universal in "Paris Calling," opposite Elisabeth Bergner, no less.

TO get a glimpse of the "new Randolph Scott" at close hand we trekked out to Santa Monica where T.C.-F.'s strong, silent man is bivouacked these days.

Villa Scott By-The-Sea, if you like details, is a man's manse, a snug harbor that would delight so seafaring a man as Stirling Hayden. The motif is nautical. Lamps and woodwork and even the prints on the walls glorify the seven seas. Once the place housed Bebe Daniels who still owns it. But it has been redecorated. Mostly by Mr. Scott.

The living room is not so spacious as it is charming. The atmosphere is virile and lived-in. Book shelves hug the walls. "How Green Was My Valley" was lying spread out in a divan. Pipes were laid out neatly on the desk. A huge phonograph, obviously not a very late model, was flanked with countless albums of records. There were albums of swing music, you noticed, but they were by far in the minority.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting," Mr. Scott said, appearing out of nowhere and dressed in a lounge model blue suit, white shirt and foulard tie, a far cry indeed from the typically Hollywood getup of slacks and sports coat.

North of a notebook, this reporter is happy to observe, Randolph Scott behaves beautifully. He does not parry questions. Nor does he, as is too often the Hollywood custom, get awfully confidential, pour out his soul and then let you know that "all this is strictly on the cuff and definitely not for publication." To this good day he finds interviewing something of a cross to bear. All interviewers, he maintains, write the same story, whether they call it Valiant Virginian or Southern Gentleman. And he resents it. Why? Well, for one thing, he has a contempt for a professional Southerner. Secondly, he admits that willy-nilly he has lost much of his Southern individuality, which is understandable considering that he has spent the last third of his life in the West.

"Why I should baffle anybody, least of all this knowing little community called Hollywood, passeth understanding," he began, tackling the question head on. "I consider myself a perfectly normal individual. If I am 'reserved,' as some insist, it is because I was raised in the school of suppressing the emotions, through which people have drawn various conclusions. There are those here in Hollywood who feel happier when they are dramatizing their feelings. I think that is their privilege.

'YOU could boil it all down to this, I guess,' he went on. "I happen to be an introvert. And I am happier behaving in that fashion."

How one particular introvert behaves Mr. Scott proceeded to unfold for the next hour or so.

He does nothing so spectacular as pearl fishing, sailing a huge yacht (of which he has none) into uncharted Mexican waters and scaring the pants off the poor studio. Anything that smacks of exhibitionism he avoids like a plague.

For excitement he rides horseback, rides (as has been hinted at) like the wind. On the aquatic side, he lives more intimately with the sea than your showy dude yachtsman. He swims constantly. A distance swimmer, he can battle even the Santa Monica tides for longer periods than he has time to spend. It helps to keep his weight at 187 dripping wet.

"I was born under the sign of Aquarius, the swimmer," he says by way of explanation.

This business of keeping in form is the closest he comes to departing from the legendary Scott sanity. When he worked for Paramount, he spent anywhere from eighteen to twenty hours working out in the studio gym. Now he uses his own gadgets, which are set up in the basement.

One of the millions, he is fond of bridge. He plays it for money and for free. He plays it well. His favorite partners are the Fred Astaires and Walter Van Pelt. When the Van Pelt gentleman is busy, Bruce Cabot fills in.

At least three nights out of the week he spends at home. He likes it. He reads his way through 100 books a year and subscriptions to twelve magazines. Of late he finds that his reading list is getting heavier and heavier. Serious books on economics and the world crisis weigh it down. This "twilight of the gods" is certain to brighten into burning day-



Pliant Perfection
in
ONE-PIECE FOUNDATIONS
by MAIDEN FORM

Everything under perfect control—yet you can bend or twist to your heart's content, because the body-section of this "Once-Over" is made of two-way-stretch "Tric-O-Lastic!" The brassiere top has adjustable shoulder straps and its back-fastening has five half-inch adjustments—\$3.50.

Style above has an "Allegro" brassiere top, for smart "outlift" as well as "uplift." Right: with "Allo-Ette" top for "in-between" figures with bosoms just a trifle larger-than-average. Send for free Foundation Style Booklet P: Maiden Form Brassiere Co., Inc., N. Y.

AT ALL LEADING STORES

Maiden Form
LOOK FOR THIS TRADE-MARK ON
BRASSIERES
GIRDLES
ONCE-OVERS

"There is a Maiden Form for Every Type of Figure!"

5 x 7 PHOTO ENLARGEMENT FREE
ANY SUBJECT OR GROUP

Send any clear snapshot, photo, bust, full length, groups, scenes, baby, mother, dad, sweetheart, etc. We will enlarge to 5x7 on salon quality photographic paper **FREE**. Just send print or negative. We will also include information about hand coloring by expert artists who specialize in reproducing life-like likenesses and **FREE FRAME**. Your original returned with your **FREE** enlargement. Send now and kindly enclose 10c for return mailing. (Only 2 to a customer.)

IDEAL PORTRAIT CO.
P. O. Box 748 E.G., Church St. Annex, New York




new rouge . . . and SO different!

Go modern with the completely different HAMPDEN'S rouge. This wonderful color cream is so easy to use • blends off to nothing • gives a soft, warm color, even in tone like 'nature's blush.' It's the rouge plus!

ROUGE-STICK
hampden

25c also 50c & 10c sizes
Over 5 million sold

light," he says. "But it will have a terrific impact on our lives." This is a sample utterance of Scott the thinker.

With a library of 1,500 records to choose from, his automatic phonograph is almost constantly in use, flooding the place with Beethoven, Wagner and Strauss or with Shaw, Lombardo, King (Henry) and Goodman, when he's in that kind of mood.

NEVITABLY you lead up to his romantic life. For a while it looks as if you are going to hit a snag. He sits there studying the matter for ten seconds maybe before beginning.

"One aim I have always had in the back of my mind—and I realize I represent the minority—is to detach my private life from my public life." Another pause. "I married a nonprofessional (Mariona Du Pont Somerville) and she dislikes publicity. True we are separated. I don't know how much that ought to alter cases." Another pause. "We're still friends. We correspond, not necessarily with any intention to carry on with the marriage."

The short-lived marriage to the Du Pont heiress he will not dwell upon. He presents only the lady's side of the matter. She had devoted all her life to breeding horses and racing, had invested a fortune in her stable and was a prominent figure in the horsey set back in Virginia. The collapse of the marriage was a case of not being about to reconcile two life patterns so unsympathetic and far apart—in more ways than one—as Hollywood and, say, White Sulphur Springs.

The horsey set, by the way, is no term of sneering sarcasm. Randolph Scott, himself, speaks of it with respect. Breeding a horse which was later to win—and

to be the only American horse to do it—the Grand National in England is to Randolph Scott a rousing feat indeed, especially since it was accomplished by Mariona Du Pont Somerville Scott. If anyone leaves R. S. five million yen, that will be the life for him. Meanwhile, he will go on working for a living.

Separated from his wife, Randolph Scott, naturally, gets his quota of romance. You don't see it recorded by the camera. Mostly he goes out to enjoy himself and not to waste photographer Hymie Fink's nice plates, when they could be used to such good advantage recording the social life of, say, Errol Flynn or Tony Martin.

"I go to Ciro's just often enough to enjoy it," he says, which means every three months or so.

HIS lady friends are about on a par with each other. If there is any current favorite, he won't say. He doesn't think it's the thing to do. "Perhaps the lady would prefer not having her name linked with mine," he says very gallantly. This may be Southern chivalry or Scott reserve. Or a combination of both. For instance, all during the filming of "Belle Starr" he referred to Gene Tierney as "the little lady," which is indeed "Gone With the Wind" politeness.

You would think that anyone who had lived the bachelor life as long as Randolph Scott, including eight years or so with Cary Grant, would be thoroughly sold on it. He is and he isn't. He'd marry tomorrow (well, maybe not tomorrow; a Scott looks before he leaps. Besides, he's still married) if an "impossible she" came along, a lady with some glamour, more gusto, and still more grace.

However, he isn't keeping a light burn-

ing in the window for this creature. Why? Let him tell it: "I think I'm unlike most bachelors in that I happen to be self-sufficient. People are not vital. I'm a firm believer that a man is happier doing something, even if it's reading and thinking."

Even those lighthearted days, dating from the time he and Cary Grant shared a modest apartment in Westwood right up until the time they parted last year, after six years of life together in a seaside manor a few houses away from where Scott now lives, were not exactly a constant Mardi Gras. They were lighthearted days but not frivolous, Scott explains. Economics had brought Cary and him together in the beginning. Habit had prolonged the stay.

Their seaside menage at Santa Monica provided paragraphers with good copy (and better speculation). It was a perfect setup: Two handsome bachelors, one gay and impulsive, the other dashing and reserved; a lordly house leased to them by Constance Talmadge; a private ocean not accessible to photographers; and a guest list right out of a Mickey Rooney dream.

Those six years of life on the half shell may have been interesting and memorable but they affected Randolph Scott not one bit.

"Cary and I led our own lives and respected each other's privacy. Some friends we shared. Others we did not. Some things we did together. Others we did on our own. We agreed right from the start that a human being must, at all costs, retain his individuality. And I think we succeeded."

If the Scott individuality is sanity and levelheadedness, the gentleman certainly has a good case.

Too good a case, if you ask Hollywood!



Vera Vague, Jerry Colonna and Dorothy Lewis, starring in Republic's "Ice-Capades of 1941".

BETWEEN "ICE-CAPADES" THE STARS COOL OFF WITH...

Pepsi-Cola's catchy flavor goes big in Hollywood—just as it does all over America. Millions prefer this tall drink simply because it tastes better—goes

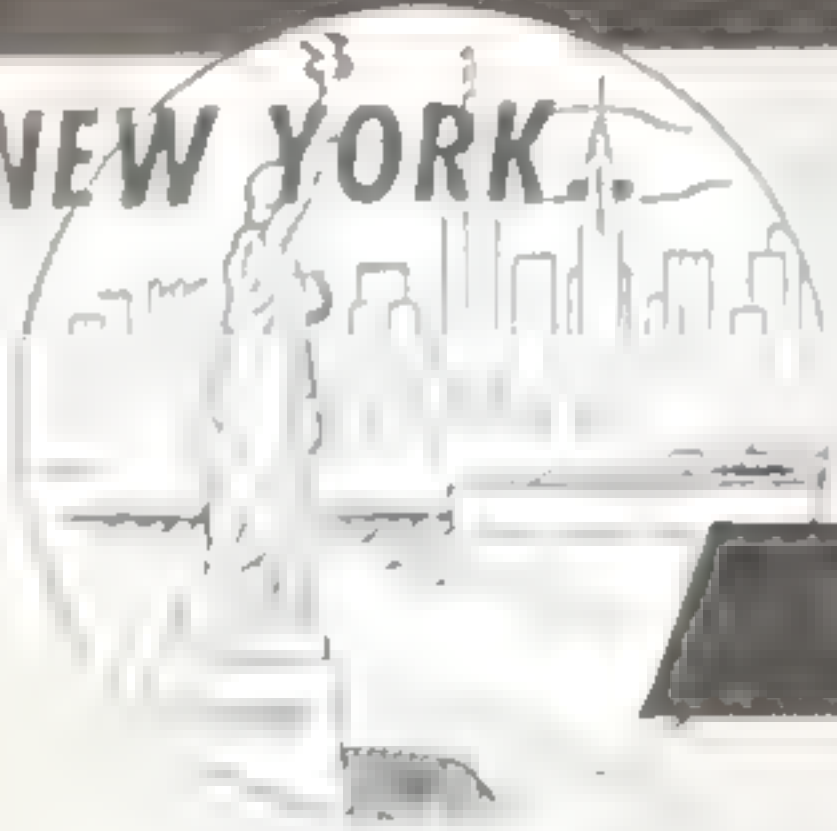
farther. Treat yourself to a big 12-ounce bottle of Pepsi-Cola today—and enjoy a bigger, better drink. One nickel gets you a lot.



Pepsi-Cola is made only by Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N. Y., and is bottled locally by Authorized Bottlers from coast to coast.

Your Gracious Host.. From Coast to Coast

In NEW YORK..



The Gotham

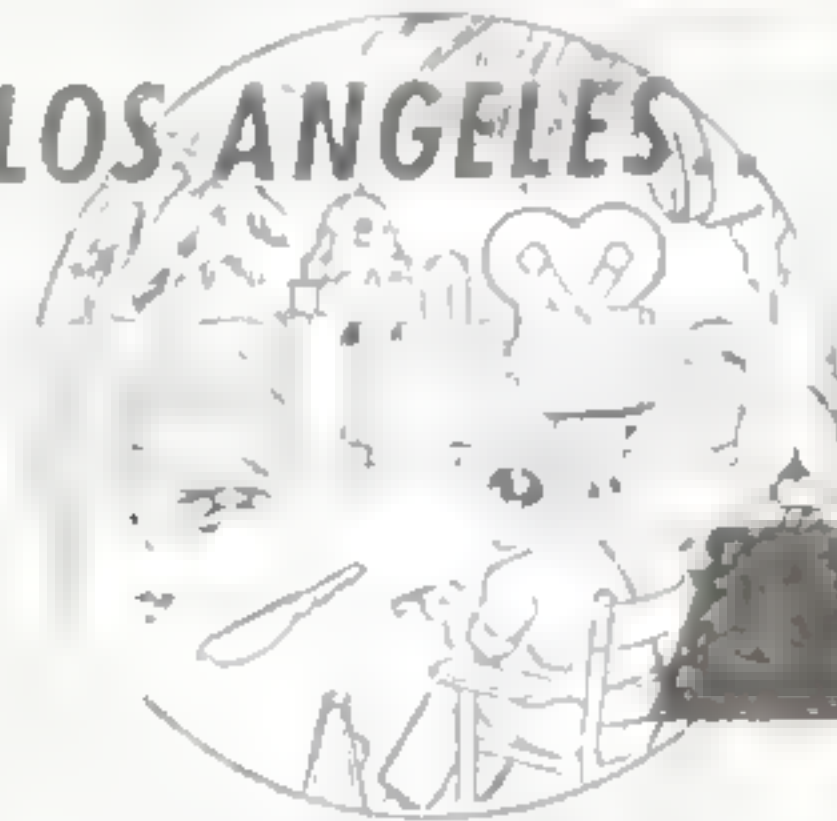
In CHICAGO..



The Drake

The Blackstone

In LOS ANGELES



The Town House

In BELLEAIR, FLA..



Bellevue Biltmore

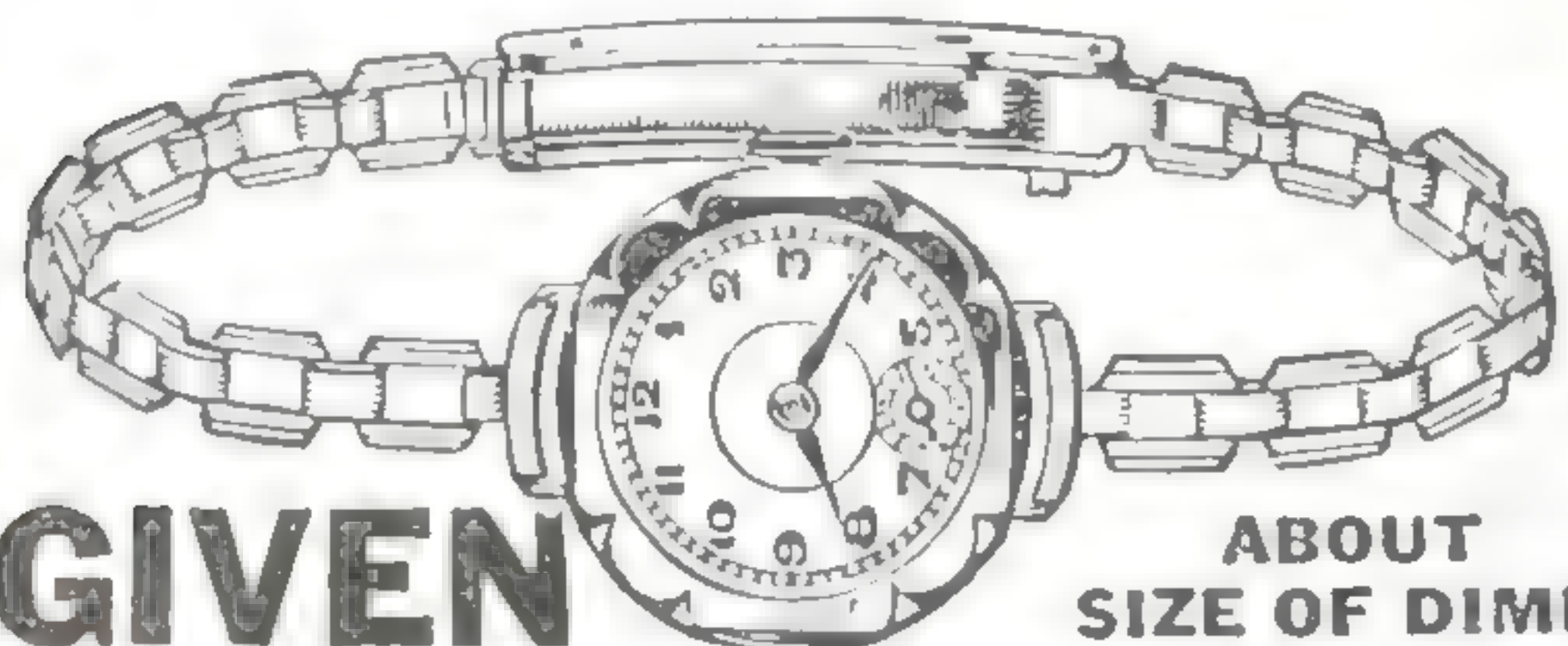
KIRKBY HOTELS

Class Pins and Rings

FREE
CATALOG

Artistic pins, rings and emblems for
classes and clubs. Attractive prices 30c
up. Finest quality, gold plated, silver,
etc. Over 300 designs.

Dept. J, METAL ARTS CO., Inc., Rochester, N. Y.



GIVEN

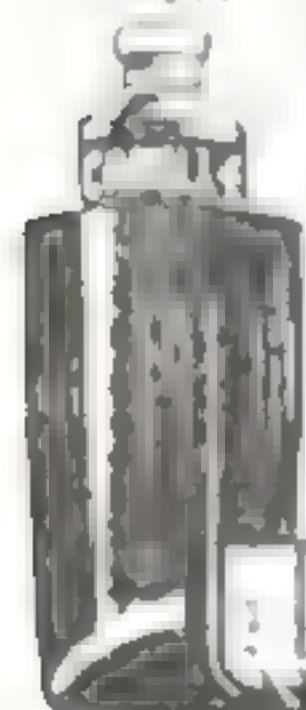
ABOUT
SIZE OF DIME

Nothing to Buy! Send no Money—Send Name & Address.
Ladies! Girls! Lovely Watch or Cash Given. Give Away FREE
Pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps
and mild burns, easily sold to friends at 25c a box (with FREE
picture) and remit per catalog sent with order. SPECIAL:—
Choice of 20 premiums for sending only \$3 collected. 46th year.
Be first. Write for salve and pictures, sent postage paid by us.
WILSON CHEM. CO., INC., Dept. 65-S TYRONE, PA.

NATIONAL DEFENSE against hosiery

runs!

Be prepared! Don't let a sudden
run spoil your day! Just a drop
of RUN-R-STOP—the famous
colorless liquid, STOPS runs and
snags instantly and permanently,
in all silk and Nylon hose! Easy
to carry; easy to use, easy to re-
move. Comes in a gay colored
vandy. Carry RUN-R-STOP in
your handbag, and end runs!
Get it today! 10¢ at all dept.,
drug, shoe, hosiery & 10¢ stores.



RUN-R-STOP

Dept. 33, Morristown, N. J.
(15¢ in Canada)

10¢ Complete, tube in vandy

Close Ups and Long Shots

(Continued from page 4)

a married woman . . . now it is said that Dietrich doesn't want to do "Hilo Hattie" if Pasternak isn't there to oversee it all . . . and all this jumble can be blamed on young love not having good business sense. . . .

Does it mean that Pasternak will be dropped . . . or Dietrich . . . or Miss Grayson. . . ?

WELL, there's one story . . . and here is the second one . . . about Judy Garland, this one. . . .

There was never a girl more in love than was Judy with David Rose . . . yet over her romance from the first there fell two shadows . . . the bright shadow of Deanna Durbin and the mocking shadow of Martha Raye. . . .

Judy yearned to make her romance just as perfect as the story-book blending of Deanna's love story . . . but the glamour that surrounded Deanna's simply wasn't possible to Judy's love story because Dave was a divorced man . . . divorced from Martha Raye . . . it just wasn't in the lines for Judy to be able to copy Deanna's wedding . . . she wanted to . . . she's just as romantic as Deanna . . . but she knew, all too well, that the comparisons between the two stories were always being made . . . so she eloped. . . .

The case of Robert Montgomery is a much more subtle one . . . Robert Montgomery has long been a thorn in the side of Hollywood . . . and all because he thought too much . . . he talked too much . . . and he was a very good actor and a very public-spirited citizen. . . .

If he hadn't been such a good actor, it would have been easy to have disposed of him . . . bury him in some bad pictures until the public forgot him . . . then either make him come back begging and promising to be good and revive him with good pictures . . . or if he wouldn't be good, drop him altogether. . . .

The tried-and-true disposal method was put into effect on Mr. Montgomery . . . but no matter how awful the picture, Mr. Montgomery was always good . . . this was largely because he, himself, couldn't help it . . . he was plenty disgusted . . . and said so . . . that was the trouble . . . lots of actors are disgusted with the roles they play . . . but mostly

they don't say so . . . at least they don't say so in places where they will be overheard . . . but Montgomery said so in places like the *Herald Tribune* Forum in New York City . . . from which he could practically be heard around the whole United States. . . .

This *Herald Tribune* Forum speech came a year ago last summer just after Mr. Montgomery had returned to Hollywood from driving an ambulance in France . . . Hollywood hadn't known what to do about that . . . here was its general pain-in-the-neck turning out a hero . . . so when Bob came back the producers decided to forgive and forget . . . they patted him on his fine, broad back and expected him to play the angel child . . . the only trouble being the *Herald Tribune* asked Bob to talk . . . and Willkie was nominated. . . .

It can be told now that Hollywood told all its people to vote for Roosevelt . . . but Mr. Montgomery was pro-Willkie . . . he organized committees . . . he talked for Willkie . . . it was freely said in Hollywood that now they would really "get" Montgomery . . . but then the election came . . . and the heat of the battle was forgotten . . . and "Rage In Heaven" came up . . . and over at Columbia a weird, amazing, rather beautiful story now called, very ineptly, "Here Comes Mr. Jordan" . . . no actor but Bob Montgomery was willing to play the leading role in this latter picture . . . it being the role of a dead prize fighter . . . but he wanted to play it very much indeed . . . so he did . . . and he's played it magnificently. . . .

It finished up his contract, too, this picture . . . studios started bidding for him . . . but, just as he had promised his more intimate friends last winter, he did not re-sign with anyone . . . for Robert Montgomery is rabidly American . . . he felt he had a duty to help somehow in this war . . . and that is why he is now far away in London working on the staff of the United States Embassy. . . .

Fascinating, isn't it, these stories behind the stories . . . Kathryn Grayson . . . Judy Garland . . . Robert Montgomery. . . Oh, yes, and Roz Russell . . . well, I'll tell you that story some other time . . . I promise. . . .



Jack Benny watches the passing *Ciro* scene with a fond eye.
His pretty dinner-party partner is Mrs. Mervyn LeRoy

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 6)

✓ Unfinished Business (Universal)

It's About: A woman who marries for spite.

IT has a measure of gaiety, charm and sophistication but not nearly so much as it could have. We felt, somehow, the necessary "oomph" that lifts a picture from the amusing to the hit class was missing. Yet, make no mistake, it's definitely a good little movie and one you'll undoubtedly enjoy.

Irene Dunne, a small-town girl enroute to the city, meets debonair Preston Foster, who completely sweeps her off her feet and just as promptly forgets her. Out of spite, she marries his brother, Robert Montgomery, while both are in their cups, but never forgets Preston, who involves her in a romantic moment during a party given by the newlyweds. The two, Foster and Dunne, caught kissing by kitycat June Clyde, are denounced by the spiteful wench, which sends Bob off to the Army and Dunne to the chorus, their marriage a wreck.

A year later Bob returns, still convinced his wife loves Foster. A surprise really jars him into the real truth—he's the head man in his wife's heart.

Foster is the outstanding performer of the picture, turning in a grand performance.

Your Reviewer Says: Amusing fare and fairly amusing.

✓ Belle Starr (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: A notorious woman bandit of the 1860's.

WHEN Hollywood is through whitewashing historical characters of unsavory fame, their own mothers wouldn't know them—or even like them. Here comes "Belle Starr," for example, a hard-fighting lassie of Grandma's time, who turns out in pictures to be Gene Tierney, if you can believe it, a gently bred Southern girl who undertakes to refight the Civil War after it's already been fought and lost.

In her agony for revenge, Belle joins up with a Southern rebel, Randy Scott, marries him and participates in his escapades, believing the old South is about to be avenged. When she discovers that the cause in behalf of the old South is only a front for thieving and killing, she washes her lily white hands of it all and gets herself killed by an ornery no-good.

Miss Tierney does a pretty good job of it, too. In Technicolor, she and some beautiful scenery vie with each other for top honors, she's that pretty. But must the poor old Northerners constantly be made to seem such heels, we rise to ask? Wasn't there a gentleman among the lot of them—or whom is Hollywood trying to please?

Dana Andrews as a Yankee Major and John Shepperd as Gene's brother are very believable and quite good. But when you boil it all down, it's the same old movie you've seen a dozen times with all its punch and power lost in Belle's needless whitewashing.

Your Reviewer Says: The same old story.

✓✓ Lydia (Korda-U. A.)

It's About: A flashback review of the suitors in one woman's life.



ROGERS
SILVER PLATE
by **Oneida Ltd.**
silversmiths

EXTRA SILVER WHERE YOU NEED IT

ONEIDA LTD.

This MARK IS YOUR GUARANTEE

*The ONEIDA LTD. name—a mark of quality—appears on the back of these Oneida Ltd. lines:

WM. A. ROGERS
1881 (R) ROGERS (R)
Simeon L. & George H. Rogers Company

BABY HELPS

A dozen leaflets, written by Mrs. Louise Branch, our own Baby Page Editor, have been reprinted and available to readers, all 12 for only 10c. Send stamps or coins, mentioning the ages of your children, to:

Reader Service, Dept. PM-114

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

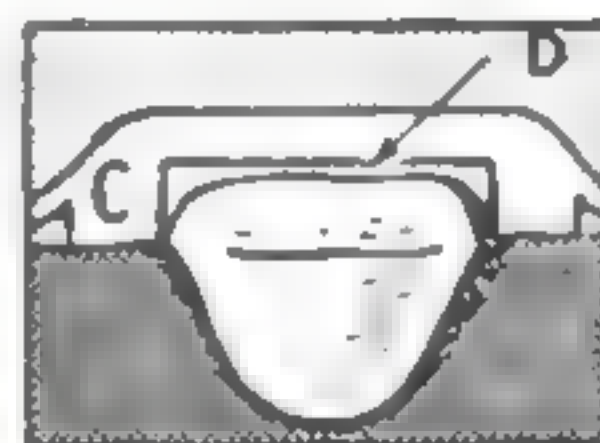
WALK AWAY YOUR CORNS



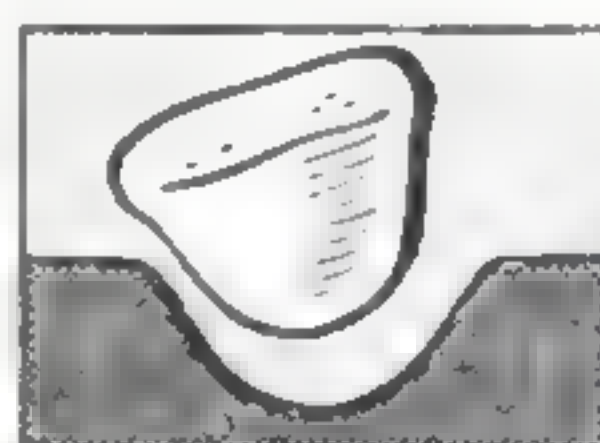
This sensible treatment works while you walk!

● First, the soft felt pad helps relieve pain by lifting off pressure. Then the Blue-Jay medication gently loosens the corn so that in a few days it may be easily removed, including the pain-producing core! (Stubborn cases may require more than one application.)

Blue-Jay Corn Plasters cost very little—only a few cents to treat each corn—at all drug counters.



Felt pad (C) helps relieve pain by removing pressure. Medication (D) acts on corn.



In a few days corn is gently loosened so it may be easily removed.

BLUE-JAY
BAUER & BLACK CORN PLASTERS

YOU, TOO, CAN EARN \$30 A WEEK

Nancy E—'s story could have been yours! Left with two little children to support . . . not much money to depend upon . . . unable to leave the children to work in shop or office—even if she could have been sure of getting a job! Yet, today Mrs. E— is making \$30 a week as a C. S. N. graduate and plans to establish a rest home for convalescents! Those magic letters "C. S. N." are responsible for her success. They stand for:



CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING

This school for 42 years has been training men and women, 18 to 60, at home and in their spare time, for the dignified, well-paid profession of nursing. The course is endorsed by physicians. Complete nurse's equipment is included. Lessons clear and concise. Easy Tuition Payments. Be one of the hundreds of men and women earning \$25 to \$35 a week as trained practical nurses. High school education not required. Best of all, you can earn while learning! Mrs. A. B. R. earned three times the cost of the course while studying. Doctors say C. S. N. graduates make their best practical nurses. Send coupon today and learn how you can become self-supporting as a nurse.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 1811, 100 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send free booklet, "Splendid Opportunities in Nursing," and 16 sample lesson pages

Name _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

CORNS GO FAST

Pain Quickly Forgotten!



Costs But A Few Cents To Be Foot-Happy Now!

Clinic and Laboratory Tested

No waiting! When you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads on your corns, callouses or bunions, tormenting shoe friction stops; pressure is lifted; quick relief is yours. These thin, soothing, protective pads ease new or tight shoes; prevent corns if used at the first sign of sore toes.

3-WAY QUICK ACTION!

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are used to relieve pain of corns, callouses, bunions, sore toes, as well as to prevent corns. Or, you can use them with the separate Medications included for speedily removing corns, callouses. Easy to apply. Stay on in bath. Sizes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions, Soft Corns between toes.

ECONOMICAL! Large, family size box—15 Corn Pads and 12 separate Corn-removing Medications—cost but a trifle. *Insist on Dr. Scholl's!* For FREE sample (please mention size wanted) and Dr. Scholl's Footbooklet—write to Dr. Scholl's Inc., Dept. 106, 213 W. Schiller St. Chicago, Ill.



Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

FREE CLUB PIN & RING CATALOG
PINS 30¢ up—RINGS \$1.50
Quality made . . . silver, gold plated, etc. Our new book shows over 300 handsome, smart, up-to-the-minute designs by Bastian craftsmen . . . oldest, largest makers. Write for your Free copy today!
BASTIAN BROS. Dept. 62, Rochester, N. Y.

BEAUTIFUL 7-JEWEL ELGIN WATCH YOURS
Choice of ELGIN, WALTHAM, ILLINOIS Movement
LATEST styled ring
1-14K Rolled Gold Plate
Shank—Genuine Sterling
5-14K Top set with 14K
50 point Simulated Diamond and six brilliant
TO PAY IN FULL
SEND NO MONEY WITH ORDER
YOUR CHOICE of Jeweled Elgin, Waltham or Illinois wrist watch. New styled size O case. Reconstructed movement. Accuracy guaranteed. Given with every Simulated Diamond ring when ordered and paid for on our purchase privilege plan. Payments: \$3.50 down, within 20 days after arrival, at your post office. Balance of \$3.89 anytime within a year (total only \$7.39). Remember, the cost of watch is included in price of the ring. Extra surprise free gift enclosed for promptness. Send NO money with order. Just rush name, address, ring size. It comes by return mail in special gift box, postpaid.
H. KENDALL JEWELERS
Topeka, Kansas Dept. WG-1141

YOU'LL ALWAYS BE CONSTIPATED UNLESS—

You correct faulty living habits—unless liver bile flows freely *every day* into your intestines to help digest fatty foods. **SO USE COMMON SENSE!** Drink more water, eat more fruit and vegetables. And if assistance is needed, take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. They not only assure *gentle yet thorough* bowel movements but ALSO stimulate liver bile to help digest fatty foods and tone up intestinal muscular action.

Olive Tablets, being *purely vegetable*, are wonderful! Used successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards in treating patients for constipation and sluggish liver bile. Test their goodness **TONIGHT!** 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

THE celebrated French director, Julien Duvivier, makes his first Hollywood picture in "Lydia" and turns in a heart-warming story that women will love and men will find tauntingly intriguing. How a suitor really seems to a woman deep in her heart is bound to be piquantly interesting to both sexes, especially the male.

Merle Oberon, as the elderly spinster who looks back over the romantic years of her life and lays bare her real feelings and emotions before the men in her life, is a treat and a surprise. Miss Oberon emerges a superb actress, who outshines all previous efforts for sheer technique and skill.

With such players as Edna May Oliver and John Halliday as competition, Miss Oberon is a standout. The men who loved Merle but failed to win her are Joseph Cotten, the faithful and devoted young physician, George Reeves, her first love, Hans Yary, the blind musician, and Alan Marshal, to whom she gave all her love and who failed her.

Yaray turns in a terrific performance, with Alan Marshal the surprise of the picture.

An album of memories brought to life, with no emotions hidden, "Lydia" is a different and fascinating movie.

Your Reviewer Says: A tale told with the heart.

✓ Whistling in the Dark (M-G-M)

It's About: The kidnapping of a radio crime story writer.

LADIES and gentlemen—Red Skelton. If M-G-M can introduce their new prize comedian by way of the screen, we can introduce him by way of PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR pages and, take our word for it, you'll be glad to know Red from now on, for Mr. Skelton is a comic that will give all other comics a first-class run for their money.

"Whistling In The Dark" is no great shakes of a howler, serving solely as a vehicle to present Red to the public, but with Mr. Skelton's very funny presence, the picture certainly takes on a certain hit appeal.

Red is the author of perfect crime stories written for the radio. In fact, his plots are so good he finds himself kidnapped by Conrad Veidt, rascally cult leader, who forces Red to work out a perfect crime that will erase a young man that stands between Mr. Veidt and a fortune. That Ann Rutherford and Virginia Grey, Red's sweetheart and the sponsor's daughter, get kidnapped along with Red doesn't make him any happier.

Anyway, it's corn, canned and scalloped, we admit, but it's funny and gay and what more could we ask?

Your Reviewer Says: A new comic makes comical news.

Flying Blind (Paramount)

It's About: Spies and intrigue on a honeymoon air express.

GOBS and gobs of plot, loads and loads of noise, thrills galore and romance abloom everywhere, went into this potpie of a B thriller, the third in the aviation series starring Richard Arlen.

When Richard, pilot of a honeymoon air express, neglects his romance with air stewardess Jean Parker, she threatens to elope with another man, but instead finds herself in a plane with hero Arlen, villains Roger Pryor and Nils Asther, who are attempting to steal an important military secret, and a daffy bride,

Marie Wilson, and her husband, Grady Sutton. The climax is a thriller-diller with more whoop-do-do than you can shake a stick at—all of which spells entertainment with a carnival spirit.

Your Reviewer Says: Action in the air.

World Premiere (Paramount)

It's About: A movie producer that runs afoul of saboteurs.

JOHN BARRYMORE plays John Barrymore as John Barrymore, a hut-nut movie producer who pilots a movie troupe to the nation's capitol for the premieres of his picture. Thinking to bolster his product, producer Barrymore orders his press agent to hire a couple of extra players to pose as saboteurs determined to destroy the picture. Oh, sure, they turn out to be *real* saboteurs. Barrymore, believing it all a publicity stunt, couldn't be happier as their insidious plots mount and mount.

Ricardo Cortez is the picture's star, who makes life one merry chase for Virginia Dale, the heroine. Eugene Pallette is the financial backer of the movie, who wishes with all his heart that he weren't.

It sounds funny, and should be funny, but the truth is, my friends, it isn't. It's a washout with a capital wash.

Your Reviewer Says: Not funny, Barrymore.

This Woman Is Mine (Universal)

It's About: A smuggler aboard a Western trading vessel.

WE pause to shake our weary, graying head at the vagaries of Hollywood. Into our midst, for example, comes the luscious Carol Bruce of "Louisiana Purchase" fame. What does Hollywood do with this eye-filling beauty but cast her as a stowaway on a trading vessel bound for Oregon ports during the 18th Century. Nothing transpires but a lot of unfunny chit-chat among Franchot Tone, representative of the company that financed the expedition, John Carroll, who assured Miss Bruce she was bound for Paris and a singing career, and poor Bruce herself. Walter Brennan as the ship's captain carries on a great deal when he discovers the stowaway, but finally saves the heroine and Tone from invading Indians by blowing up the ship. The last scenes depicting the conflict between the Indians and the white men are the only exciting moments of the picture.

Nigel Bruce just went along for the ride.

Your Reviewer Says: Just another uninspired movie.

Scattergood Meets Broadway (Pyramid-RKO)

It's About: Scattergood helps the village playwright present a smash success on Broadway.

EVEN better than its predecessors in the series is this latest installment in the life of Scattergood Baines, the Mr. Fix-it of a small town. Its homey flavor is embellished by moments of bright comedy and some corny gags that are still good.

When William Henry, one of the village boys who has written a play, goes to New York and falls into the hands of Frank Jenks and Bradley Page, a couple of slick but engaging crooks, Scattergood

follows to help him out of a jam and even ends up as producer of the play himself. Guy Kibbee fits the role of the shrewd, honest merchant to perfection and Mildred Coles is charming as the girl friend of Henry. Joyce Compton as a showgirl is excellent, as are the rest of the cast.

Your Reviewer Says: Pleasant fare.

✓ Dr. Kildare's Wedding Day (M-G-M)

It's About: Tragedy in the life of a young doctor.

It comes as a shock that jars the emotions—the sudden, tragic death of Laraine Day as *Nurse Lamont*, the beloved of Lew Ayres, the famous *Dr. Kildare* of this popular series. Although we'd been forewarned, it still seemed a rather brutal demise for a character so beloved. Whether Miss Day has made a mistake in insisting upon her release from this series or not remains to be seen, but we definitely feel her exit need not have been so shockingly conceived.

Through the solicitous comfort offered by Lionel Barrymore as *Dr. Gillespie*, *Dr. Kildare* is finally able to return to his work after his grievous loss. All the characters so beloved in this series are present. Nils Asther as the orchestra leader whose hearing is affected is very good. But all incidental counterplots are lost in the tragedy of Miss Day's passing.

Your Reviewer Says: Emotion hits the *Kildare* series.

Wild Geese Calling (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: A boy with wanderlust who finds a permanent haven through love.

HENRY FONDA can and does get himself involved in some of the slowest, duller, most aimless pictures of any actor we know. The miracle is he survives, all of which is a tribute to a talent so fine it can't be downed no matter what.

"Wild Geese Calling" has Henry a likeable, naïve sort of goof, bitten by the wanderlust and encouraged in his inability to stay put by the eternal flight of wild geese on the move.

In Seattle, Henry runs into *Blackie*, a disreputable character played by Warren William, and Joan Bennett, a waterfront chorus girl whom he marries. But the geese overhead bid him follow in *Blackie's* trail to Alaska and there he meets disillusionment that peels down eventually to contentment.

Joan Bennett wins a prize as the most miscast actress of the month. Ona Munson, as usual, is one of those "tough babies." It's draggy, shiftless and simply about nothing in particular.

Your Reviewer Says: A washout.

✓ Sun Valley Serenade (20th Century-Fox)

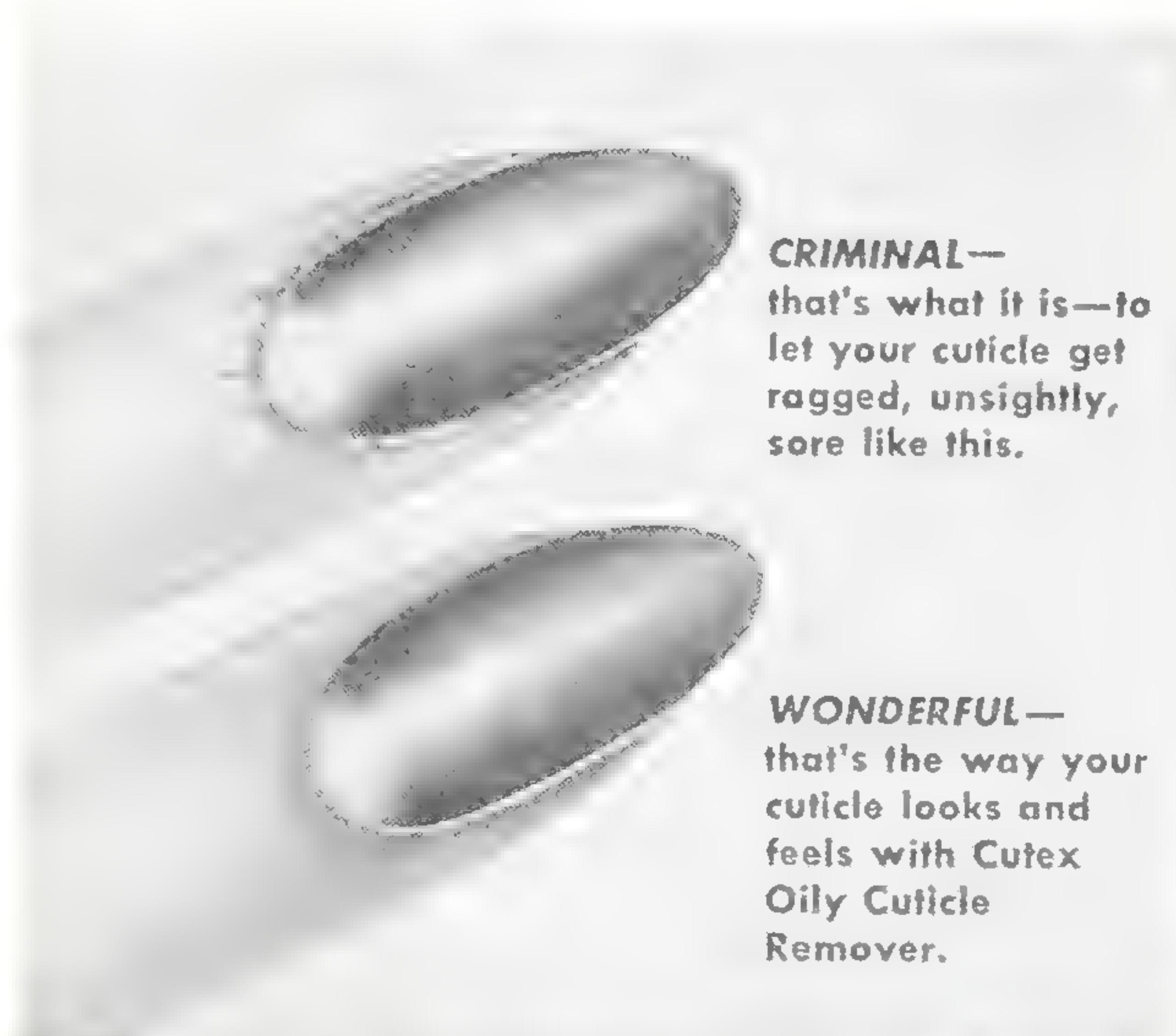
It's About: A band that adopts a refugee.

SONJA HENIE returns to the screen, a svelte, sly little puss, who enchants with her skates and skis, her smiles and charms. Her two skating numbers, especially the grand finale, are sleek, smooth, smart.

The story is a snug little bug-in-a-rug idea, with Sonja a Norwegian refugee who is adopted by John Payne, pianist with Glenn Miller's orchestra. Johnny, of course, expected a baby, but not quite

...CONTAINS NO ACID!

CUTEX OILY CUTICLE REMOVER



CRIMINAL—
that's what it is—to let your cuticle get ragged, unsightly, sore like this.

WONDERFUL—
that's the way your cuticle looks and feels with Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover.

CUTTING encourages hangnails! With Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover you *wipe away* dead cuticle—leave it softer, smoother. Get a bottle today—see how much lovelier your hands look!

Every Saturday—Look for special Cutex display at your favorite store—Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cuticle Oil, Brittle Nail Cream, Orangewood Sticks, Emery Boards.

Northam Warren, New York

* Used by more women than all other Cuticle Removers combined.

SATURDAY IS "MANICURE DAY"

MARSHA HUNT, in "Cheers for Miss Bishop," A United Artist Release



For Kissable Lips

USE

FLAME-GLO

10c
AND
25c

Glamorous Hollywood stars choose Flame-Glo for their personal use, for here is a lipstick that keeps lips radiant for hours and hours longer! The youth-glowing color is sealed by a water-repellent, protective film... won't blur at the edges! You'll adore its petal-softness, its sheenful smoothness, its moonlight fragrance. And you'll be thrilled by the luscious new fashion shades, with harmonizing face powder and rouge. Try these popular Flame-Glo shades TODAY!

RASPBERRY, GLAMOUR RED, PINWHEEL RED, RUBY RED

AT ALL
5 & 10c
STORES

Flame-Glo
"KEEPS YOU KISSABLE"



10c

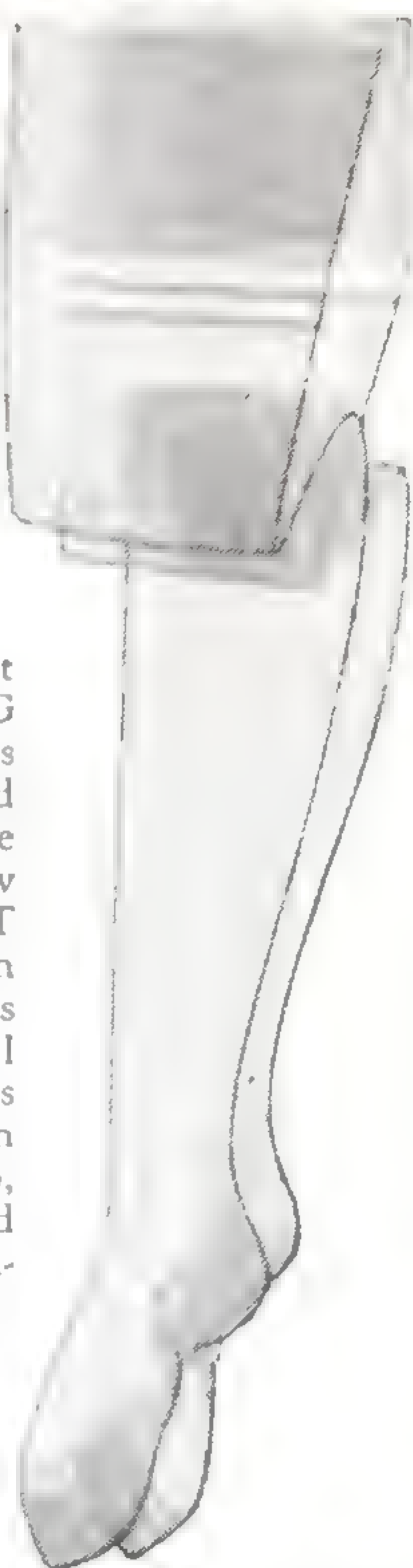
LIPSTICK • FACE POWDER • ROUGE

SPECIAL OFFER!

3-THREAD SILK STOCKINGS for 25¢

... and wrapper from
SAYMAN'S
VEGETABLE WONDER
SOAP

For a limited time, you can get lovely sheer silk stockings at a BIG SAVING. These silk stockings have picoted hems and reinforced mercerized heel and toe... are beautifully tinted in smart new shade of Bali beige... Just PRINT name, address and stocking size on wrapper from bar of Sayman's Vegetable Wonder Soap. Mail wrapper with 25c in COIN. This offer is made to acquaint you with Sayman's Vegetable Wonder Soap, which lathers at a touch in hard water, soft water, hot, cold, mineral or alkali water... rinses completely... leaves no soapy film. Send Sayman Soap wrapper, name, address, stocking size and 25c to Sayman Products Co., 2129 Locust, St. Louis, Missouri.



SAYMAN'S Vegetable
Wonder SOAP

NEW! LATEST MODELS!
POCKET RADIO!
NO TUBES
DURABLE PLASTIC CABINETS

Dual Bands—Magictenna—Microdial
Fits your pocket or purse—Wt. 6 ozs.
ABOUT CIGARETTE PACKAGE
SIZE! PATENTED FIXED POWER
CRYSTAL! Receives broadcasts clearly.
No upkeep—OWNERS REPORT
2-3 YEARS OF SERVICE!—THOUSANDS SOLD!
M. L. of ILL.
SAYS: "MIDGET RADIO WORKS FINE!" ONE YEAR SERVICE GUARANTEE. Shipped complete ready to listen with instructions and tiny phone for use in homes, offices, hotels, in bed, etc. NO ELECTRICITY REQUIRED!—Send only \$2.99 (M. O., Cash, Check) for postpaid delivery or GUARANTEE to pay postman \$2.99 plus postage charges on arrival. PRICES MAY GO UP—GET YOUR MIDGET NOW! FREE MAGICTENNA
MIDGET RADIO CO. Dept. L-11 Kearney, Nebr.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour 2 pints of bile juice into your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.

Brush Away

Gray Hair

...and Look 10 Years Younger

Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 28 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 60c at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Retain your youthful charm. Get BROWNATONE today.

so grown-up a baby as Sonja.

When the band moves on to Sun Valley, Sonja trots along, determined to marry John. In order to accomplish this, she must first break up the romance between her foster parent and Lynn Bari, singer with the band. How she finally lands her man is quite a cute story, interestingly interspersed as it is with wonderful sports scenes in beauteous, enchanting Sun Valley.

Lynn Bari is a coming star if ever we saw one. The music of Glenn Miller's orchestra, plus the clowning of Milton Berle, gives the story the dash it needs.

Your Reviewer Says: A glamorized sports picture

Tillie The Toiler (Columbia)

It's About: A dumb but beautiful stenographer who revolutionizes an industry.

BLONDIE herself (Penny Singleton) discovered Tillie, another comic-strip character, in a Cincinnati broadcasting station and brought her to Hollywood.

Miss Kay Harris, who is Tillie, is worth discovery. She is pert, pretty, talented, and makes an ideal Tillie. William Tracy is Mac, even to the rigid forelock. Jack Arnold is a smug Mr. Whipple and Daphne Pollard a cute and tiny Mumsy.

The first of the series flounders around a bit due to poor writing and direction. But give Tillie time. She's always a winner, isn't she?

Your Reviewer Says: Not up to the other series.

Our Wife (Columbia)

It's About: The battle between an ex-wife and the fiancée of one man.

WHY in the world Columbia hasn't called this "Our Husband" instead of "Our Wife" is a mystery to us. After all, there is but one husband, Melvyn Douglas and, of the two women concerned, one is an ex-wife who won't be shaken loose and the other is the fiancée who won't be sidetracked.

The story has Douglas, an inebriated musician aboard the same ship as Ruth Hussey, a scientist; her scientist father, Charles Coburn; and her non-scientific brother, John Hubbard, who went along for the laughs. The scientists befriend Douglas and he in return befriends them until ex-wife Ellen Drew steps in and attempts to win him back with a nasty ruse. The dialogue leaps out like a tongue of flame occasionally, bringing a lot of laughs.

Your Reviewer Says: A pocket edition of a laugh riot.

✓✓ The Little Foxes (Goldwyn-RKO-Radio)

It's About: The ruthless greed of a family set against itself.

THE gripping melancholic tale of the greedy avaricious Hubbards has been told with a perfection seldom equaled on the screen. Whether the public will welcome so much brooding heaviness is problematical, however, but no one can deny the magnificence of the acting, writing and directing.

Bette Davis, as the cruel Regina, holds her own with such members from the New York stage cast as Patricia Collinge, Charles Dingle, Carl Benton Reid and Dan Duryea. Herbert Marshall is perfect as the sick husband whom Bette permits

to die rather than lift a hand to help. Teresa Wright, a newcomer, is Hollywood's next young star.

In all departments the film is perfection itself, the screen presenting an even stronger version than the stage.

Your Reviewer Says: An Academy Award contender.

✓✓ Life Begins for Andy Hardy (M-G-M)

It's About: A boy's first encounter with the world.

ANDY HARDY grows up—the hard way. With high school behind him, Andy can't quite make up his mind about college. First he'd like a fling at earning his own living in New York, so reluctantly but wisely Judge Hardy and his wife stand by while hunger, a gold digger and the tragic death of a friend teach Andy a much-needed lesson.

As usual, Mickey Rooney is tops as Andy and Judy Garland perfect as the annoying girl friend. Pat Dane, a newcomer, is really the big news of the picture, with Ray McDonald rating plenty of raves on his own.

Your Reviewer Says: One of the best of its kind.

✓✓ Dive Bomber (Warners)

It's About: The experimental work of flight surgeons in the Naval Air Corps.

WARNERS have added a new twist to their perennial aviation story that makes it a brightly interesting document of our own air forces at work.

A feud between Flight Surgeon Errol Flynn and Flight Commander Fred MacMurray that eventually grows into friendship is a framework upon which is draped some of the most beautiful aviation shots ever shown on the screen.

Alexis Smith has little to do but registers as a comer. Ralph Bellamy and Regis Toomey lend grand support.

This is the picture made on location at San Diego's Naval Base with the permission of Uncle Sam.

Your Reviewer Says: Timely, informative and entertaining.

✓✓ When Ladies Meet (M-G-M)

It's About: A wife, a husband, the other woman and a lover.

ONCE in a while—and not often enough—Hollywood comes forth with a star-studded picture, smart, ultra chic and even lush in all departments. When it does, the results are worth your time.

"When Ladies Meet" is real honest-to-goodness movies at their best. It talks neither of socialistic problems, propaganda, messages or whimsy-poo. It has a lot of great big names, Joan Crawford, Robert Taylor, Herbert Marshall, Greer Garson, behaving up to the truest movie standards; Joan, an authoress in love with publisher Herbert Marshall, who is married to Greer Garson. Taylor is, of course, the lad in love with Joan. The sets, the clothes, the chitchat, will draw in the customers like flies.

Honors are divided between Miss Garson and Miss Crawford. Both girls do splendid jobs. But there's no question of divided honors for Bob Taylor, who walks away with every scene.

Your Reviewer Says: A real hit.

Tanks A Million (Hal Roach-U. A.)

It's About: A boy genius in the Army.

FOR five reels or about fifty minutes running time, a very amusing little something happens on the screen in "Tanks a Million."

The fun is all about a draftee, a former railway information clerk, William Tracy, who annoys his superior officers by spurt-ing from memory long passages, giving sections and even pages from the Army Manual.

James Gleason, as the enraged officer, and Elyse Knox, as the eye-filler, fill in the vacant spaces. But it's *Private Tracy's* picture and he makes the most of it.

Your Reviewer Says: Small-sized panic.

The Blonde From Singapore (Columbia)

It's About: An adventuress in the Far East.

THOSE jewels are here again and so are those inevitable jewel thieves that keep prowling around our movie plots.

Florence Rice, a scheming actress, who poses as a missionary's daughter, swipes the pearls (hot property) from Leif Erikson and Gordon Jones. Then she sets out to woo Alexander D'Arcy, only to find herself out on a limb with the be-wildered audience.

Your Reviewer Says: "We are not amused."

✓ Badlands of Dakota (Universal)

It's About: A love triangle in the raw old West.

EVERYBODY and everything that be-longed to our historical and even hysterical old West have been incorpor-ated in this shoot-'em-dead movie.

Robert Stack is a handsome young Easterner who does a Horace Greeley, meets his brother's (Broderick Craw-ford's) fiancée, Ann Rutherford, marries her himself and starts all the rumpus. Richard Dix is Wild Bill Hickok, Frances Farmer is Calamity Jane and Addison Richards is Custer. It's just a straight-from-the-shoulder Western and as such you can take it or leave it.

Your Reviewer Says: We'll take it.

✓ Aloma of the South Seas (Paramount)

It's About: A jealous lover in the old South Seas.

AS long as there are movies there will be the same old South Sea romance, it seems. And Dorothy Lamour in her imitation sarong will be the beautiful native girl.

Technicolor has stepped in and colored this one into a thing of heavenly beauty. The scenery alone is worth the price of admission. The story has native Jon Hall returning from the States with his newly acquired education to take over his post as ruler at his father's death and marry his betrothed, Miss Lamour. But jealous Philip Reed has other ideas and it takes the inevitable volcano in eruption to change his mind.

We have a feeling Paramount never intended this to be anything but a visual treat, and with Dorothy and Jon in sarongs they've achieved their aims.

Your Reviewer Says: The eyes have it.

HEY!

NO GIRL LOOKS PRETTY IN A FADED DRESS!

Look your prettiest in dresses
kept fresh and gay in color with RIT

• For a few pennies you can turn last year's frocks into bright, sparkling "beau-catchers." TONIGHT, with a few packages of RIT from your nearest store, you can do wonderful things. Choose your flattering colors among RIT's 28 shades. You'll look pretty, proud and HAPPY with Rit's color magic!

• But be sure you get RIT. Colors sink in evenly and beautifully. No boil-ing. Perfect results.

NEVER SAY DYE... SAY

RIT



28 Colors
Use White Rit to
take color OUT!

TINTS & DYES

WANT TO "DO SOMETHING" ABOUT YOUR COMPLEXION?

WHICH OF THESE
FAULTS MARS YOUR
COMPLEXION BEAUTY?

- ✓ Externally-caused blemishes?
- ✓ Enlarged pore openings?
- ✓ Rough, "dried-out" skin?
- ✓ Chapped skin and lips?



Most complexions would be lovelier if it weren't for some common skin fault. If you'd really like to "do something" about your complexion, do what thousands of women all over the country are doing every day! Use the greaseless, snow-white MEDICATED cream, Noxzema!

NOXZEMA is not just a cosmetic cream. It contains soothing medication that helps...heal externally-caused blemishes...it helps smooth and soften rough skin...and its mildly astringent action helps reduce enlarged pore openings.

Nurses were the first to discover the remarkable qualities of this delightfully soothing, medicated cream. Now women everywhere use it regularly, both as a night cream and as a powder base. Why not try it? Find out what it may do for you!

SPECIAL OFFER!
LIMITED TIME ONLY
75¢ JAR 49¢
At all Drug and
Cosmetic Counters





Ida Lupino, who does some things with cereal that make husband Louis Hayward ask for more, please

Porridge Preferred

—which means that cereal is tops not only for breakfast but for lunch and dinner too

WE'RE no prophet, but we're willing to bet next week's breakfasts against a used postage stamp that no Ida Lupino performances will ever be labeled type casting. The reason? Just think of the pictures she's been in lately, the meanie roles she has played with restraint, gusto, madness or whatever they called for and contrast them with the real Ida and you'll see what we mean. For instance, currently she and husband Louis Hayward are high-lighting Columbia's "Ladies in Retirement," a cheerful little opus centering on the body of a murder victim sealed up in a house and—well, on second thought better wait until you see it to find out what the Haywards have to do with things. Don't look for any romance between them in the picture, though; although it's their first film together, they oppose each other from start to finish.

Following "Ladies," Ida is scheduled for Warners' "The Hard Way," in another one of those non-sweetness and light characterizations she does so superbly and eventually for the same company's "The Corn Is Green," if rumor can be believed. We hope it can; the picture of Ida busily undoing all schoolteacher Bette Davis' highminded efforts to improve the lot of underprivileged Welsh miners is one we'd like to see.

But the picture of the off-screen Ida is something else again. Call on her as we did at the charming California type farmhouse in Brentwood where she and Louis live and you'll find it hard to believe that the on- and off-film Idas are the same. She may be concentrating at the piano (her major hobby is composing music), working in the garden (she knows every flowering gizbo and gimmick by name) or as I discovered her casually slack-suited, her hair tucked little-girl fashion behind her ears, romp-

ing on the wide rolling lawn with Dutchess, the police dog. No matter what she's doing she's pretty as a picture and so cheerfully good-natured and, yes, downright domestic that you'd think she'd never heard of meanie roles.

She's serious as anything about the domestic business—runs the house and plans the menus herself and on occasion can and does prove that she's a "home cookin' mama with a fryin' pan" by whipping up a meal—a darned good one, too—from start to finish. Being British, she and Louis have an inherent fondness for English food, but Ida qualifies their traditional preferences by saying, "I love American food and I must say I even prefer the American version of good old English porridge. Maybe cream of wheat is especially good for children, but Louis and I eat it, too, lots of different ways—sometimes with honey or maple syrup or fruits and then back to plain cream."

If you haven't tried cream of wheat for some time, why not get a box of it and discover—or rediscover, most likely—the reason why the Haywards rate it so highly? Don't make the mistake of considering it simply as breakfast food. Ida says it's equally delicious for other meals; she serves it as a dessert pudding, as a luncheon casserole and as a substitute for potatoes.

AS A DESSERT PUDDING

- 1½ cups cream of wheat.
- ⅓ cup sugar
- ½ tsp. cinnamon
- ¼ tsp. ground cloves
- ¼ tsp. mace or nutmeg
- 2 eggs

BY ANN HAMILTON

- 1 qt. milk
- 4 bananas

Cook the cereal in boiling salted water as directed on the package. When done, stir in spices and allow to cool. When cool, beat eggs, beat in sugar and add with milk to cereal mixture, stirring well. Slice bananas and fold in, then turn into buttered baking dish and bake at 375 degrees F. until firm. Serve hot or cold with cream.

AS A LUNCHEON CASSEROLE

- 2 cups cooked cream of wheat
- 1 tbl. butter or margarine
- ½ cup grated cheese
- 2 tbl. minced onion
- 1 cup condensed tomato or mushroom soup
- Salt, pepper and paprika to taste

Place a layer of cream of wheat in a buttered casserole, cover with soup, sprinkle with cheese and onion, dot with butter and seasonings. Repeat alternate layers with remaining ingredients and bake at 325 degrees F. until cooked through and brown on top. For variety, add a layer of diced cooked bacon or chopped green peppers, or put in a pinch of marjoram, savory or basil. If preferred, combine the ingredients and use as filling for stuffed baked green peppers.

As a substitute for potatoes, the cream of wheat should be poured into a long narrow loaf pan while warm and allowed to cool. When cool, cut into half-inch slices and panfry on both sides in hot fat (dip each slice in flour if mixture is too moist to fry evenly) or place slices around meat in roasting pan and allow to brown. Panfried cream of wheat is something to remember when served with jelly, honey or syrup or fresh or stewed fruits.

Now She Shops "Cash And Carry"

Without Painful Backache

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

YARN

TREMENDOUS SAVINGS
FREE—Surprise Gift Offer. Free instructions, sample book 1001 colors. Style Flash 96 new models. Free for the asking. **WOOL TRADING CO.**, Estab. 1920, 361 Grand St., Dept. X-11 New York City

FREE HAWKING

Loosen thick, sticky secretions causing hawking, coughing, stuffed-up nose. Ask your Druggist for **HALL'S TWO-METHOD TREATMENT**. Use the Expectorant and the soothing Nasal Ointment. Satisfaction or money back! Send postcard for **FREE** Health Chart **TODAY!** **F. J. CHENEY & CO.** Dept. 2311 **TOLEDO, OHIO**



WHY WEAR DIAMONDS

When diamond-dazzling Zircons from the mines of far-away mystic Siam are so Effective and Inexpensive? Stand acid, cut glass, full of Fire, true backs, thrilling beauty, exquisite mountings. Examine before you buy. Catalogue **FREE**.

THE ZIRCON CO.
Dept. 12 Wheeling, W. Va.

AGENTS SELL NYLON 1/2 PRICE

Wear Hose We Furnish With Large Outfit Women almost crazy over Nylon Hosiery and this sensational half price combination offer, with guaranteed silk hose. Read these exceptional first week earnings. E. L. Andrews, Iowa, \$35.97; Stella Scott, Okla., \$36.74; W. C. Stock, Pa., \$36.25. Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping as advertised therein. Rush name and address on penny postcard. **WILKNIT HOSIERY CO.**, Midway 8-B11, Greenfield, Ohio

STOP Scratching

Relieve Itch Fast

Relieve itching of eczema, pimples, rashes, athlete's foot and other skin troubles. Use cooling antiseptic **D.D.D. Prescription**. Greaseless, stainless. Stops itching quickly. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Ask your druggist for **D. D. D. Prescription**.

"300 Names For Your Baby" "What Shall I Buy Before Baby Comes?" "Time Saving Ways to Do Baby's Laundry"

These and 9 other practical baby helps, now available to readers of this magazine. Written by Mrs. Louise Branch, our own Baby Page Editor, all 12 yours for just 10c in stamps or coin to cover costs. Just give ages of your children and address **Reader Service, Dept. PM-115**.

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR MAGAZINE
205 East 42nd Street New York, N. Y.

SINUS HEAD COLDS CATARRH

TRY THIS FOR RELIEF OF THE NASAL CONGESTION

To ease such nasal congestion symptoms as sniffing, sneezing, hawking, stuffed-up feeling, watery eyes, roaring ears and pounding pressure, **FLUSH** the nasal passage with **SINASIPTEC**. Based on a physician's successful prescription. **SINASIPTEC** washes out thick, crusty, sticky, old mucus as it soothes and reduces swollen, irritated tissue. Ask your druggists.

Send Today for An Amazing 25c Test

Just mail 25c with name, address today for new special complete **Sinasiptec** and **Nasal Douche** package for thorough trial to **American Drug Corp.**, Dept. A-18 6000 Maple, St. Louis, Mo.

Are You Afraid to Walk Alone?

(Continued from page 36)

were a few years ago. What's more, we were almost exactly like all the other girls in our classes at school.

"Well, it didn't take us very long to discover that we didn't like it when people couldn't tell which one of us they were talking to. Girls who were getting somewhere in pictures had some individuality—some qualities which set them apart from other girls—and it took us only a short time to decide that we wanted a slice of that apiece, too.

"It doesn't matter much whether you are trying to be a success at school or in a job or just in your particular small set. Maybe you just want to be popular, to attract men—or to attract one special man. You'll have much better luck if you make the most of your own special assets than you will if you merge into a common background, made up of all the people who are exactly alike.

"So-o-o, you'll have to take inventory of yourself and your assets. And your liabilities. Don't use your favorite movie star or your best friend as a yardstick while you're doing this measuring—please! Find out what you have.

"I mean that if your hair won't go into those starched little rolls, like Sylvia's, find out what you can do with it. Your face isn't a bit like Sylvia's. Why should it have an identical frame?

"Remember to start with the little things. The frock, the hair, the hat. It will take some initiative just at first. Then you'll find it's fun and that it pays. Just pluck up courage to walk alone for a very little while and you'll find a lot of people wanting to trail along with you!"

Incidentally, if you want a good example of what individuality did for Loretta Young, get a good look at her in Columbia's "Bedtime Story."

ANN SOTHERN, of M-G-M's "Panama Hattie," enters this discussion right here and with excellent reason. Ann really had to work to make her individuality register. She worked and studied for nearly ten years before she was sufficiently sure of her own, rounded-out personality to begin to battle for the sort of parts she wanted—to make the place she wanted for herself on the screen.

So, you see, Ann knows what it is to "walk alone."

"It's the inventory that's important," she insists. "Tot up your assets and liabilities—ruthlessly, without coddling yourself or your vanity. But don't be too hard on yourself. Remember that what you want may have some bearing on what you should do and be. If you look like a fluffy little number and still have a strong desire to do a mean rhumba—by all means experiment with the rhumba and see how you come out.

"It doesn't make much difference what your job is," Ann says. "Acting isn't very different from any other sort of job. I knew a girl who was a stenographer—a good one. But what she wanted to be was a crackerjack private secretary—as who wouldn't? In the office where she worked there were ten or twelve stenographers and two really high-powered, high-salaried secretaries—one who looked after the Big Boss and one who served his assistant. One day my little friend took that necessary inventory. 'What have those two women got that I haven't got?' she asked herself.

DON'T LET SIMPLE PILES TORTURE YOU. GET PAZO FOR RELIEF!



SUCH A RELIEF FROM PAIN SUE, I USED PAZO!



EDNA, YOU LOOK GRAND

Millions of people suffering from simple Piles have found prompt relief with **PAZO** ointment. Here's why: First, **PAZO** ointment soothes inflamed areas—relieves pain and itching. Second, **PAZO** ointment lubricates hardened, dried parts—helps prevent cracking and soreness. Third, **PAZO** ointment tends to reduce swelling and check bleeding. Fourth, it's easy to use. **PAZO** ointment's perforated Pile Pipe makes application simple, thorough. Don't put up with the torment of simple Piles. Your doctor can tell you about **PAZO** ointment. Get **PAZO** ointment from your druggist, today.

Grove Laboratories, Inc.

Dept. 204-MW/G-4, St. Louis, Mo.

FREE Offer Limited. MAIL TODAY!
(Good only in U. S. A.)

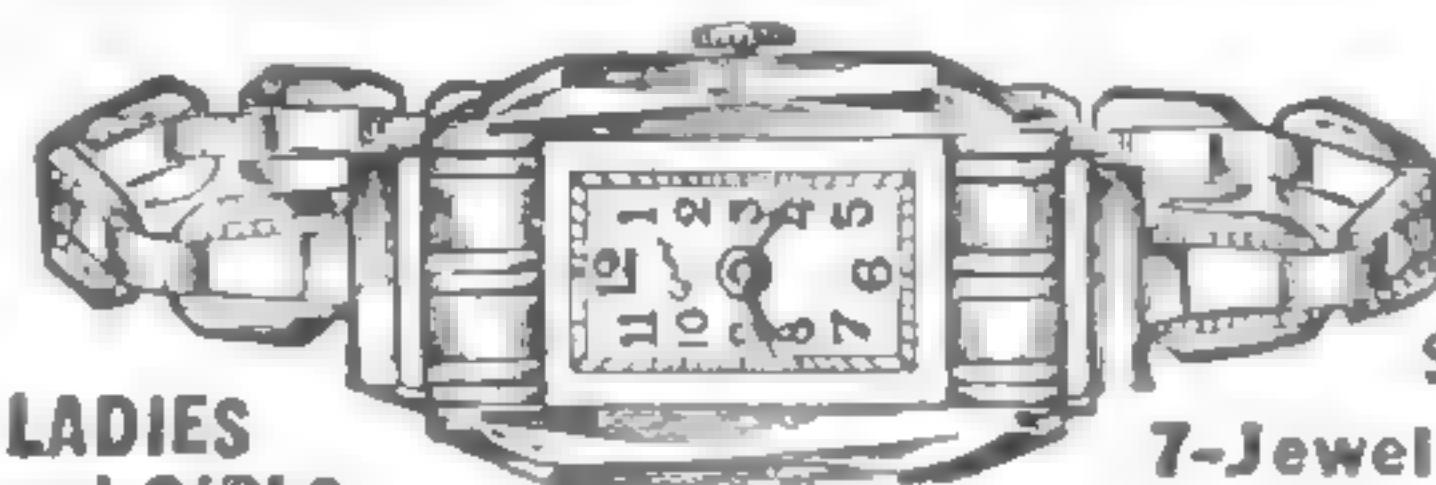
Gentlemen: I want **PAZO**, **FREE!** (Mailed in a plain wrapper)

Name

Address

City State

SAVE 50% FACTORY-TO-YOU 9 BANDS (ON 6 DIAL SCALES)
With **SUPER BAND SPREAD CHASSIS**
UP TO \$50.00 **TRADE-IN** 30 DAYS TRIAL
Write for **FREE** Catalog Showing 1942 Radios, Radio-Phonos, Home Recorders... up to 16 Tubes
PUT THIS CHASSIS IN YOUR PRESENT CABINET
MIDWEST RADIO CORPORATION
DEPT. 104-A CINCINNATI, OHIO (USER-AGENTS WANTED)



GIVEN!

LADIES and GIRLS

NOTHING to BUY Send No Money!
7-Jewel Chrome Finish
Send Name and Address

Simply Give Away **FREE** pictures with well known **WHITE CLOVERINE** Brand **SALVE** used for Chaps, mild burns, easily sold at 25c a box (with picture **FREE**) and remitting per catalog sent with order. 46th year. We are reliable. **SPECIAL:** Choice of 20 premiums given for returning only \$3 collected. Write for Salve and pictures, postage paid by us.

WILSON CHEM. CO., INC., Dept. 65-W, TYRONE, PA.



ANY COLOR

LIGHT BROWN to BLACK
Gives a natural, youthful appearance. Easy to use in the clean privacy of your home; not greasy; will not rub off nor interfere with curling. For 30 years millions have used it with complete satisfaction. \$1.35 for sale everywhere.

FREE SAMPLE
BROOKLINE CHEMICAL CO. Dept. MC 11-41
79 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.
Name
Street
City State
GIVE ORIGINAL HAIR COLOR

FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

Most WOMEN of "MIDDLE AGE"



38-52 Yrs. Old
Suffer Distress At This Time—

If this period in a woman's life causes you to get easily upset, cranky, nervous, blue at times, suffer weakness, dizziness, hot flashes, headaches, distress of "irregularities"—

Try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—made especially to relieve female distress due to this functional disturbance. Pinkham's Compound helps build up resistance against annoying symptoms of "middle age." Famous for over 60 years!

GIVEN AWAY!

-Guaranteed Rings-
Aviation emblem Ring for Ladies, also Boys, in 1/40 10K rolled Gold plate; or a lovely new sweetheart Ring in 1/30 10K rolled Gold plate; your size, your choice, **FOR** selling 4 boxes of Rosebud Salve at 25c each. Patriotic Lapel Pin **FREE** with each ring for prompt selling. **Order 4 salve. Send No Money.**
ROSEBUD PERFUME CO., BOX 52, WOODSBORO, MARYLAND.

LEG SUFFERERS

Why continue to suffer without attempting to do something? Write today for New Booklet—"THE LIEPE METHODS FOR HOME USE." It tells about Varicose Ulcers and Open Leg Sores. Liepe Methods used while you walk. More than 40 years of success. Praised and endorsed by multitudes.

FREE BOOKLET

LIEPE METHODS, 3284 N. Green Bay Ave., Dept. M-51, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

WOMEN WANTED

You can make money supplying consumers with the well known Rawleigh Products. We supply stocks, equipment on credit; and teach you how. No experience needed to start. Over 200 easily sold home necessities. Large repeat orders. Permanent, independent, dignified. Many women now making splendid income. Full or spare time.

WRITE THE W. T. RAWLEIGH CO.
Dept. K-90-MFD Freeport, Ill.



Be a RADIO Technician

Learn at Home. Many Make \$30, \$40, \$50 a Week

If you want better pay quick, and a job with a future, learn Radio, Television. Hundreds I train jump their pay. Radio has grown fast, is still growing—that's why it pays many \$30, \$40, \$50 a week—why many earn \$5 to \$10 a week extra in spare time while learning. My Course can help you get better rating, extra pay in Army, Navy. Free 64-page book tells about many good job opportunities Radio offers. **MAIL THE COUPON NOW.**

MR. J. E. SMITH, Dept. 1MT
National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.
Mail me your book **FREE.** (No salesman will call. Write Plainly.)

NAME.....AGE.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....STATE.....

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS

MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST

Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on Psoriasis and Dermoil with amazing true photographic proof of results also **FREE.**

Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Generous trial bottle sent **FREE** to those who send in their Druggist's name and address. Make our famous "One Spot Test" your- self. Write today for your test bottle. Print name plainly. Results may surprise you. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores. **LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 547, Northwestern Station, Dept. 2504, Detroit, Mich.**

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE FREE

Always a sound question!

"Checking up, she found that she dressed nicely, met strangers pleasantly, had an engaging voice on the telephone. She did her work swiftly and neatly. What more could a man want? Well, one day when she was taking letters from a minor executive she remembered that she had taken letters from him the day before. He had contradicted himself somehow and she plucked up courage to tell him about it—and to hunt up the carbon of his first letter to show him. He was delighted and was thanking her effusively for saving him from a stupid error—she was feeling pretty hot about the whole thing—when he said, suddenly, 'What's your name? I want to ask for you again—but I can never tell all you pretty little girls apart!'"

"That did it. 'He didn't even know my name!' she said. 'And I'd been working there for months. When I went back to the big office I looked around and realized why he couldn't tell us apart. All the stenogs and the switchboard girls were just "pretty little girls" and not one of us was a person. Those secretaries were people. They had poise and they had opinions and they expressed them. They didn't even look like the rest of us. When we were all working on our page boy bobs in the rest rooms, the boss' secretary was wearing her hair parted on the side and in a smooth little knot on her neck. We had giggled and said, "She's trying to be quaint." Now I knew she hadn't been trying to be anything but herself. And I knew, too, that no one—ever again—was going to get me mixed up with a whole herd of girls just like me!'"

AT this point, Bette Davis, the star of Warners' "The Little Foxes," a girl who also ought to know, rises to remind you that if you make up your mind that it's worth the struggle to be yourself, to live your own life, to mark your own path, you'll also have to make up your mind that you will be criticized and misunderstood. "You will be," she says, darkly, "a target. You don't have to follow the mob. You don't have to be 'one of the crowd.' It's fear that makes you try to follow a pattern. Fear of not being liked by everyone, fear of being thought 'queer.' Fear, really, of the spotlight.

"There's a funny thing. If you are really ambitious to succeed at something—almost anything—the spotlight is what you really want. But you're afraid of it, too. That little circle of white light looks a pretty lonely spot and you run from it and hide in the shadows of everyone else!"

Someone asked Bette if she hadn't ever felt this fear, herself. She was forthright. "Certainly I have. And don't bother to tell me that because I am successful in my field now, I can afford to be different before I could tackle trying to be successful. Let's take an up-to-date example. It would have applied to me with different names.

"Suppose you were a girl who wanted to be an actress and you admired Hedy Lamarr. If you wanted to be like Hedy, the first practical thing you'd find out would be that Hedy doesn't want to be like anyone else! The last thing she wants to do is imitate anyone in the tiniest fashion. Hollywood can make wonderful use of one Hedy, one Claudette Colbert, one Carole Lombard. It would have no use at all for two of any of these women.

"If you looked exactly like the gorgeous Hedy, you'd be awfully lucky if you

could find one little peculiarity to make your own. You'd have to build your whole personality, stake everything, on that one difference. Well, suppose you don't look a bit like Hedy. You look a good deal like a great many other people. Hunt for your peculiarity and try to make capital of it. You can't make much capital of a face, figure or even talents which too many other people possess.

"I learned first to look different from other people—and not to mind. After that it wasn't quite so difficult to learn to behave differently, too. To manage my life in my own way. I lived for a while in a modest house on a modest street in Hollywood. You would have thought—almost—that I had affronted someone, that I had let down some important tradition of the acting profession doing that. I was once discovered staying at an auto camp when I was on a trip and apparently people were shocked at my doing that after I had become a star. The reason I was doing it was that one member of the party couldn't afford to stay at a more expensive place. Anyhow, I rather like auto camps!"

"Didn't you mind at all? The people's being shocked?" we asked her.

Bette's honesty is one of her most engaging attributes. "I minded a little bit," she admitted. "If I hadn't, I wouldn't be recalling it to tell it to you now. But I knew I shouldn't mind. And I wouldn't today. You see, one of the important things you have to learn is that if you make up your mind to be an individual, then you will be a target for criticism—often.

"Sometimes this is because people can't understand and sometimes it is because they don't want to. But you can't let this sway you. I knew that that was the right thing for me to do at the time. If you decide that about any issue, no matter how big or how trivial it seems to outsiders, then you must stick with your guns. You must be criticized for being genuine. But you'll be liked and respected, too.

"It takes courage. At first you think you are completely alone. Can you take it, you wonder? Walking alone? Honestly, it's worth it!"

"Some of the most pathetic people I have ever known have been people with plenty of money. Money blocks them so if they don't understand it. They spend most of it trying to ape someone who has a little bit more money. I know a woman who has more money than most of us ever heard of. She sometimes buys a dress she likes and wears it, whenever she feels like it, for several years. It suits her. It makes her comfortable. She looks and feels well in it. She doesn't care who knows how old it is. That's true freedom. Her money will never make her miserable because it will never rob her of that important quality which is herself. She's a good showman. And she knows that even with all the wealth in the world it sometimes takes a bit of courage to walk alone. It's a challenge and she likes it and people love her for it."

"Someone," we suggested, "might raise the point that it isn't so difficult to dare to be different when you are successful Bette Davis."

"Well!" said Bette, firmly. "I do wish that everyone who reads this article would take some time off—a month, perhaps—and stop trying to be what she isn't and try to find out what she is—whatever her circumstances. She will probably find—and she may be surprised—that she's very nice and that people are glad to know her.

"But it will take courage—just at first—to walk even that little way alone!"

Speak for Yourself

(Continued from page 23)

\$1.00 PRIZE

THERE'S one comedian that I'd like to rave about. Her name is Judy Canova. One dull week end I saw one of her pictures and was she good! She's really one of the best.

You don't have to wait till she says something to laugh. Just a look at the clothes and shoes that she wears in her pictures is enough to make you roar (although when she's dressed properly she's quite attractive). And her singing! I'd rather listen to one of her sour hill-billy songs than a dozen sweet populars. Prescription to the sad and blue: See a Canova movie.

MISS M. SKOZLEK,
Fairhaven, Mass.

\$1.00 PRIZE Speaking Freely

I AM an ardent movie fan, but I wonder if I might speak freely on a subject that has bothered me considerably, namely, glamourizing noted criminals.

My youngsters react these pictures in their play and why they should be led to believe that Jesse James and others were heroes is beyond me.

Recently I saw "Billy the Kid" which I enjoyed immensely and in which Taylor and Donlevy both played magnificent parts. It was "Kiddie Show Day" and I couldn't blame the children for thinking Billy must have been wonderful; but what was the effect on their young, untrained minds?

A few years ago a little boy was tied to a post and burned by his companions in imitation of a movie they had seen.

Why cannot this practice be stopped and our children given some real heroes to worship? It is not too much to expect that our grandchildren may some day see pictures in which Dillinger and other criminals may be depicted as martyred heroes instead of dirty rats.

It would be grand if parents, magazines, actors and producers would co-operate to give our children something better to follow.

DOLORES L. GRAHAM,
Wilkinsburg, Pa.

\$1.00 PRIZE Down with Dead-Pan Dick

BEING a Dick Powell fan from way back, I hope we have seen the last of these Blondell-Powell marital comedies (?) in which Dick serves as nothing but a dead-pan stooge for flamboyant Joan. Those critics who used to rap Dick for being "too cute" should see him now—he's almost in the Ned Sparks class. Oh for the singing, smiling, gaily confident Dick Powell of "Thanks A Million"!

MISS M. L. DAILEY,
Racine, Wis.

HONORABLE MENTION

AN open letter to Marion Morrison: In the September issue of Photoplay-Movie Mirror you were so kind as to attempt to enlighten me with a few overly used patriotic American facts which are obvious to every American but which are totally irrelevant to the point stressed in the picture, "The Devil and Miss Jones."

This picture was not intended to repre-

sent or exemplify a communistically or radically instigated strike against production or defense as you intimated. It simply illustrated very clearly the problem of the little man and how he is used for the purpose of satisfying the whims and egotistical desires of those who delight in making the most of their supposed superiority. This unjustifiable situation, which is very common in everyday life, was very delightfully portrayed and a child could easily have understood the idea of the story.

JOHN FRANK LASELL,
Hollywood, Cal.

WHEN I go to see a "Western" I leave the man of me at the theater door; I'm no longer in my late thirties but a boy again. I don't care if the plot is hokum. I don't care if Hoppy's six-gun shoots twenty times without reloading. I don't care if he licks ten men in a fight and comes out of the battle without a scratch. I don't care because I'm a boy again—a boy in the saddle—riding alongside Hoppy, with the wind in my face, a popping six-gun in my hand and the rustlers just ahead.

LUNDY HOWELL,
Emmett, Idaho.

COULDN'T there be better roles for George Sanders? This is a selfish plea, for I am grievously wearied by the stale repetitions fobbed off on the customers as fresh triumphs by the present stars. Of those stars now getting the cream of the leads, each has a small stock-in-trade, a little bag of tricks—and nothing more.

Now my nominee, Sanders, has imagination, versatility, shading, change of pace; he brings to each role a conception not of George Sanders but of the character he's playing. He can be suave, brutal, humorous, hateful, romantic. His voice is singularly full, his pantomime graphic. In short, he's tremendous.

ANTON DI ROSO,
New York, N. Y.

NOW that Melvyn Douglas is nearing the top of the ladder of success, don't you think he would double his box-office appeal by appearing a few pounds lighter in his next picture?

KATHLEEN CORCORAN,
University Heights, O.

I WANT to thank the moving-picture industry and their designers for the wonderful ideas that I get for my own wardrobe. From the pictures that I see during the year I create my own clothes and all the compliments that I receive on them go to the credit of these designers. Of course, I don't wear them just as I see them on the screen. I deglamourize them some and add a practical touch here and there.

PAT PHILAPY,
Oklahoma City, Okla.

WHY don't some of those Hollywood big-wigs recognize the merits of that fine young actor Gene Reynolds? In "The Penalty" Gene's name was stuck so far back in a corner it looked as though he were just a bit player when he was really one of the stars.

Any boy who can steal a picture from such fine actors as Edward Arnold and Lionel Barrymore deserves a break, don't you think?

BEVERLY-ANN SALTER,
St. Charles, Mo.

IT'S SO EASY TO KNOW ABOUT

Feminine Hygiene

Facts every woman should know—for her satisfaction. No reason to be without information.



The MODERN WAY

A simple, dainty, medicated suppository—cleansing, deodorizing, astringent and soothing—ready for instant use—that is Boro Pheno-Form, for years the choice of thousands of smart women. So simple, convenient and satisfactory!

Simple, because each single medicated cone is complete in itself. Convenient, because ready for instant use. Satisfactory—three generations of women testify to its satisfactory use.



FREE!

Interesting and informative booklet explains the Boro Pheno-Form way of Feminine Hygiene. Get your copy now.

Ask Any Druggist Anywhere—or write
Dr. Pierre Chemical Company
162 No. Franklin St.—Chicago, Illinois—Dept. K12

**DR. PIERRE'S
BORO PHENO FORM**

SHEET MUSIC
WHEN BUYING SHEET MUSIC
ask your dealer to show you
CENTURY CERTIFIED EDITION
IT COSTS ONLY 15¢ A COPY
Catalogue of 3000 Selections
FREE ON REQUEST
15¢ A COPY CENTURY MUSIC PUBLISHING CO. **15¢ A COPY**
245 W. 40th STREET N.Y.C.

TYPEWRITER 1/3 PRICE
STANDARD OFFICE MODELS
About 1/3 MFRS. ORIG. PRICE
Easiest Terms **70¢ a Week**
as Low as
All models completely rebuilt like new.
FULL 2-YEAR GUARANTEE
No Money Down—10 Day Trial
Send for FREE price smashing literature in colors. Shows all models. See our literature before you buy. **SEND TODAY.**
FREE COURSE IN TYPING INCLUDED.
INTERNATIONAL TYPEWRITER EXCH.
Dept. 1103, 231 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

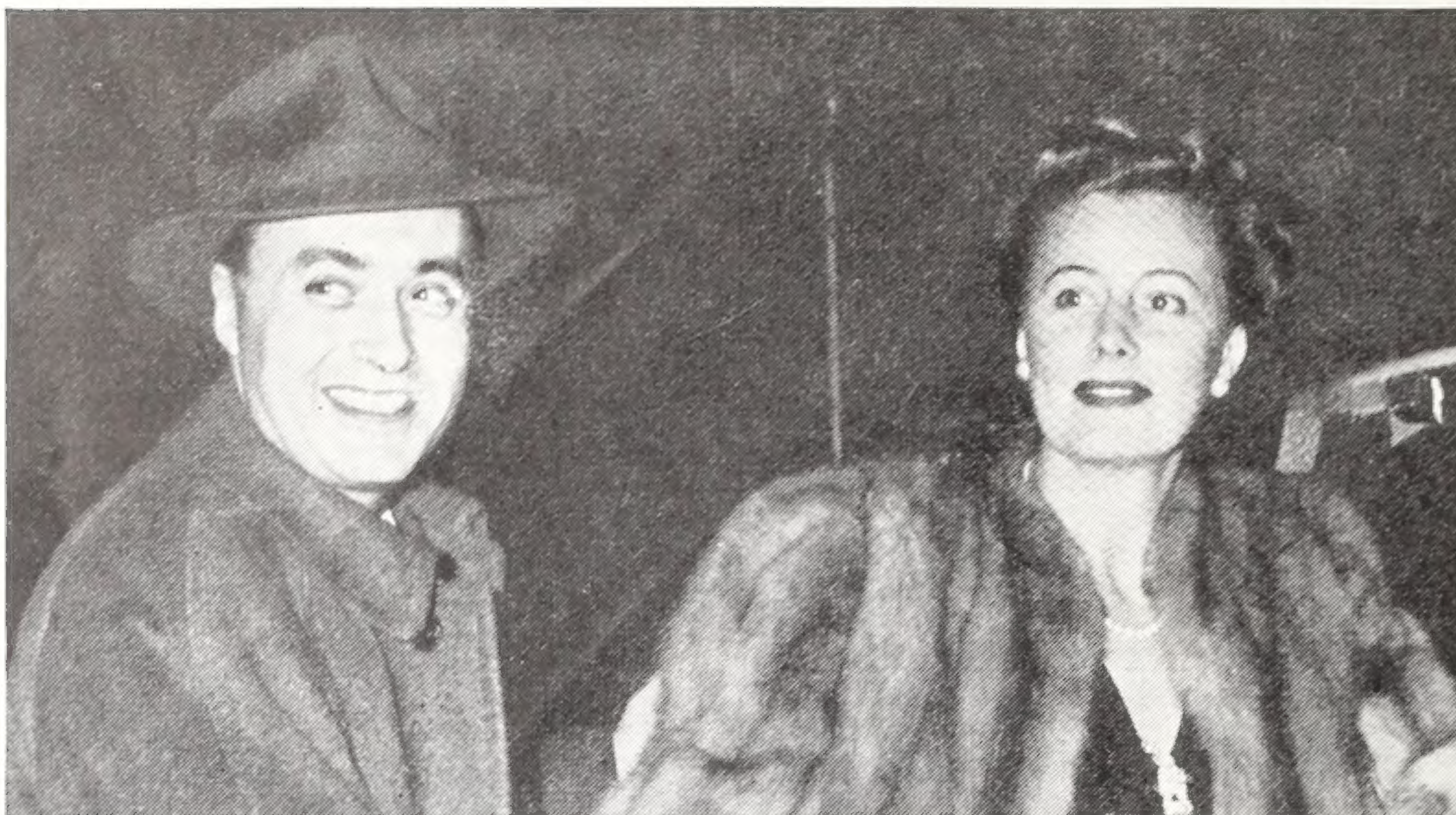
GIVEN NOTHING TO BUY

SEND NO MONEY—SEND NAME AND ADDRESS! Girls! Ladies! Boys! Charming Watch or Cash Commission Given—SIMPLY GIVE AWAY FREE Pictures with well known **White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE** for mild burns and chaps, easily sold to best friends at 25¢ a box (with picture FREE) and remitting per catalog. **SPECIAL!**—Choice of 20 premiums for returning only \$3 collected from salve sent on trust. 46th yr. Nothing to buy. Send for salve, pictures, postage paid by us. **WILSON CHEM. CO., INC., Dept. 65-P. TYRONE, PA.**

EASY WAY....

Tints Hair JET BLACK
This remarkable CAKE discovery, TINTZ Jet Black Shampoo, washes out dirt, loose dandruff, grease, grime and safely gives hair a real smooth JET BLACK TINT that fairly glows with life and lustre. Don't put up with faded dull, burnt, off color hair a minute longer. TINTZ Jet Black Cake works gradual... each shampoo leaves your hair blacker, lovelier, softer, easier to manage. No dyed look. Won't hurt permanents. Full cake 50¢ (3 for \$1). TINTZ comes in Jet Black, light, medium and dark Brown, Titian, and Blonde. Order today! State shade wanted.
SEND NO MONEY Just pay postman plus postage on our positive assurance of satisfaction in 7 days or your money back. (We Pay Postage if remittance comes with order.) Don't wait—Write today to
TINTZ COMPANY, Dept. 846, 207 N. MICHIGAN, CHICAGO
CANADIAN OFFICE: Dept. 846, 22 COLLEGE STREET, TORONTO

Casts of Current Pictures



Rallying for relief: Charles Boyer, who's seldom photographed without a hat, and Irene Dunne at a Chinatown benefit festival

"ALOMA OF THE SOUTH SEAS"—Paramount. Screen play by Frank Butler, Seena Owen and Lillie Hayward. Story by Seena Owen and Kurt Siodmak. From the play by LeRoy Clemens and John B. Hymer. Directed by Alfred Santell. Cast: *Aloma*, Dorothy Lamour; *Tanoa*, Jon Hall; *Corky*, Lynne Overman; *Revo*, Philip Reed; *Kari*, Katherine deMille; *High Priest*, Fritz Leiber; *Nea*, Rita Shaw; *Tarusa*, Esther Dale; *Raaiti*, Pedro de Cordoba; *Ikali*, John Barclay; *Aloma* (as a child), Norma Jean Nelson; *Nea* (as a child), Evelyn Del Rio; *Tanoa* (as a child), Scotty Beckett; *Revo* (as a child), Billy Roy; *Moukali*, Noble Johnson.

"BADLANDS OF DAKOTA"—Universal. Screen play by Gerald Geraghty. Original story by Harold Shumate. Directed by Alfred E. Green. Cast: *Jim Holliday*, Robert Stack; *Anne Grayson*, Ann Rutherford; *Wild Bill Hickok*, Richard Dix; *Jane*, Frances Farmer; *Bob Holliday*, Brod Crawford; *Rocky*, Hugh Herbert; *Spearfish*, Andy Devine; *Jack McCall*, Lon Chaney, Jr.; *Hurricane Harry*, Fuzzy Knight; *General Custer*, Addison Richards; *Chapman*, Bradley Page; *Uncle Wilbur*, Samuel S. Hinds; *Mercer*, Carleton Young; *Russell*, Glenn Strange; *Joe*, Don Barclay; *Benson*, Emmett Vogan; *Chinaman*, Willie Fung; *Judge*, Edward Fielding; *The Jesters*, Dwight Latham, Walter Carlson, Guy Bonham.

"BELLE STARR"—20th Century-Fox. Screen play by Lamar Trotti. Story by Niven Busch and Cameron Rogers. Directed by Irving Cummings. Cast: *Sam Starr*, Randolph Scott; *Belle Starr*, Gene Tierney; *Major Thomas Crail*, Dana Andrews; *Ed Shirley*, John Shepperd; *Sarah*, Elizabeth Patterson; *Blue Duck*, Chill Wills; *Mammy Lou*, Louise Beavers; *Jasper Tench*, Olin Howland; *Sergeant*, Paul Burns; *John Cole*, Joseph Sawyer; *Jim Cole*, Joseph Downing; *Colonel Thornton*, Howard Hickman; *Colonel Bright*, Charles Trowbridge; *Sergeant*, James Flavin; *Carpetbagger*, Charles Middleton.

"BLONDE FROM SINGAPORE, THE"—Columbia. Screen play by George Bricker. Story by Houston Branch. Directed by Edward Dmytryk. Cast: *Mary Brooks*, Florence Rice; *Terry Prescott*, Leif Erikson; *"Waffles"*, Billings, Gordon Jones; *Sergeant Burns*, Don Beddoe; *Prince Sali*, Alexander D'Arcy; *Sultana*, Adele Rowland; *Sir Reginald Bevin*, Lumsden Hare; *Tada*, Richard Terry; *Captain Nelson*, Emory Parnell.

"DIVE BOMBER"—Warners. Screen play by Frank Wead and Robert Buckner. From a story by Frank Wead. Directed by Michael Curtiz. Cast: *Doug Lee*, Errol Flynn; *Joe Blake*, Fred MacMurray; *Lance Rogers*, Ralph Bellamy; *Linda Fisher*, Alexis Smith; *Art Lyons*, Robert Armstrong; *Tim Griffin*, Regis Toomey; *Lucky James*, Allen Jenkins; *John Thomas Anthony*, Craig Stevens; *Chubby*, Herbert Anderson; *Senior Surgeon at San Diego*, Moroni Olsen; *Swede Larson*, Louis Jean Heydt; *Corps Man*, Cliff Nazarro.

"DR. KILDARE'S WEDDING DAY"—M-G-M. Screen play by Willis Goldbeck and Harry Ruskin. Story by Ormond Ruthven and Lawrence P. Bachmann. Based upon the characters created by Max Brand. Directed by Harold S. Bucquet. Cast: *Dr. James Kildare*, Lew Ayres; *Dr. Leonard Gillespie*, Lionel Barrymore; *Mary Lamont*, Laraine Day; *Vernon Briggs*, Red Skelton; *Molly Byrd*, Alma Kruger; *Dr. Stephen Kildare*, Samuel S. Hinds; *Constanzo Labardi*, Nils Asther; *Dr. Walter Carew*, Walter Kingsford; *Mrs. Martha Kildare*, Emma Dunn; *Dr. Lockberg*, Miles Frank Orth; *Conover*, George H. Reed; *Sally*, Marie Blake; *Mrs. Bartlett*, Margaret Seddon.

"FLYING BLIND"—Paramount. Original screen play by Maxwell Shane and Richard Murphy. Directed by Frank McDonald. Cast: *Jim Clark*, Richard Arlen; *Shirley Brooks*, Jean Parker; *Eric Karolek*, Nils Asther; *Veronica*, Marie Wilson; *Rocky Drake*, Roger Pryor; *Riley*, Eddie Quillan; *Bob Fuller*, Dick Purcell; *Chester Gimble*, Grady Sutton; *Miss Danila*, Kay Sutton; *Corenson's Secty*, Charlotte Henry; *Nunnally*, Joe Crehan; *Lew West*, William Hall; *Leo Qualen*, Dwight Frye; *Dispatcher*, James Seay; *Police Officer*, George McKay; *Jerry*, Pat West; *Scout Leader*, Darwood Kaye; *Pilot*, Bill Kellogg; *Telephone Operator*, Gayle Mellott; *Messenger Boy*, Scotty Groves; *First Business Man*, Bob Ireland; *Second Business Man*, Raymond Cooper; *Saleswoman*, Mildred Shay; *Colonel*, Sam Flint; *Justice*, Frank Darian; *Murph Corenson*, Dick Keane.

"LIFE BEGINS FOR ANDY HARDY"—M-G-M. Screen play by Agnes Christine Johnson. Based upon the characters created by Auranian Rouverol. Cast: *Judge Hardy*, Lewis Stone; *Andy Hardy*, Mickey Rooney; *Betsy Booth*, Judy Garland; *Mrs. Hardy*, Fay Holden; *Polly Benedict*, Ann Rutherford; *Aunt Milly*, Sara Haden; *Jennett Hick*, Patricia Dane; *Jimmy Frobisher*, Ray McDonald.

"LITTLE FOXES, THE"—Goldwyn-RKO-Radio. Screen play by Lillian Hellman. From the play by Lillian Hellman. Directed by William Wyler. Cast: *Regina Giddens*, Bette Davis; *Horace Giddens*, Herbert Marshall; *Alexandra Giddens*, Teresa Wright; *David Hewitt*, Richard Carlson; *Birdie Hubbard*, Patricia Collinge; *Leo Hubbard*, Dan Duryea; *Ben Hubbard*, Charles Dingle; *Oscar Hubbard*, Carl Benton Reid; *Addie*, Jessie Grayson; *Cal*, John Marriott; *William Marshall*, Russell Hicks; *Manders*, Lucien Littlefield; *Mrs. Hewitt*, Virginia Brissac; *Julia*, Terry Nibert; *Harold*, Henry "Hot Shot" Thomas; *Simon*, Charles R. Moore.

"LYDIA"—Korda-U. A. Screen play by Ben Hecht and Samuel Hoffenstein. Original story by Julien Duvivier and L. Bush-Fekete. Directed by Julien Duvivier. Cast: *Lydia*, Macmillan, Merle Oberon; *Granny*, Edna May Oliver; *Richard*, Alan Marshal; *Michael*, Joseph Cotten; *Frank*, Hans Yaray; *Bob*, George Reeves; *Butler*, John Halliday; *Johnny's mother*, Sara Allgood; *Johnny*, Bill Roy; *Old Ned*, Frank Conlan.

"NEW YORK TOWN"—Paramount. Screen play by Lewis Meltzer. Based on a story by Jo Swerling. Directed by Charles Vidor. Cast: *Victor Ballard*, Fred MacMurray; *Alexandra Curtis*, Mary Martin; *Paul Bryson*, Jr., Robert Preston; *Stefan Janowski*, Akim Tamiroff; *Sam*, Lynne Overman; *Vyvian*, Eric Blore; *Gus Nelson*, Fuzzy Knight; *Shipboard Host*, Cecil Kellaway; *Bender*, Oliver Prickett; *Master of Ceremonies*, Ken Carpenter; *Toots O'Day*, Iris Adrian; *Brody*, Edward McNamara; *Henry*, Sam McDaniel.

"NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH"—Paramount. Screen play by Don Hartman and Ken Englund. From the play by James Montgomery and the novel by Frederick S. Isham. Directed by Elliott Nugent. Cast: *Steve Bennett*, Bob Hope; *Gwen Saunders*, Paulette Goddard; *T. T. Ralston*, Edward Arnold; *Tommy Van Deusen*, Leif Erikson; *Dick Donnelly*, Glen Anders; *Linda Graham*, Helen Vinson; *Mr. Bishop*, Grant Mitchell; *Mrs. Donnelly*, Rose Hobart; *Samuel*, Willie Best; *Mrs. Ralston*, Mary Forbes; *Mr. James P. Van Deusen*, Clarence Kolb; *Mrs. James P. Van Deusen*, Catherine Doucet; *Dr. Lothar Zarak*, Leon Belasco.

"OUR WIFE"—Columbia. Screen play by P. J. Wolfson. From the play by Lillian Day and

Lyon Mearson. Directed by John Stahl. Cast: *Jerry Marvin*, Melvyn Douglas; *Susan Drake*, Ruth Hussey; *Babe Marvin*, Ellen Drew; *Professor Drake*, Charles Coburn; *Tom Drake*, John Hubbard; *Dr. Cassell*, Harvey Stephens; *Hattie*, Theresa Harris.

"SCATTERGOOD MEETS BROADWAY"—Pyramid-RKO-Radio. Screen play by Michael Simmons and Ethel Stone. From the stories by Clarence Budington Kelland. Directed by Christy Cabanne. Cast: *Scattergood Baines*, Guy Kibbee; *Mirandy*, Emma Dunn; *Diana*, Joyce Compton; *Bard*, Bradley Page; *Bent*, Frank Jenks; *Davy*, William Henry; *Peggy*, Mildred Coles; *Hipp*, Paul White; *Quentin*, Chester Clute; *Squire*, Carl Stockdale; *Elly*, Charlotte Walker; *Rhumba Dancer*, Sharon Mackie.

"SUN VALLEY SERENADE"—20th Century-Fox. Screen play by Robert Ellis and Helen Logan. Story by Art Arthur and Robert Harari. Directed by H. Bruce Humberstone. Cast: *Karen Benson*, Sonja Henie; *Ted Scott*, John Payne; *Phil Corey*, Glenn Miller; *Nifty Allen*, Milton Berle; *Vivian Dawn*, Lynn Bari; *Miss Carstairs*, Joan Davis; *Specialty*, Nicholas Brothers; *Murray*, William Davidson; *Specialty*, Dorothy Dandridge; *Nurse*, Almira Sessions; *Band Leader*, Mel Ruick.

"TANKS A MILLION"—Hal Roach-U. A. Original screen play by Paul Gerard Smith, Warren Wilson and Edward E. Seabrook. Directed by Fred Guiol. Cast: *Dodo*, William Tracy; *Barkley*, James Gleason; *Charlie*, Noah Beery, Jr.; *Sergeant Ames*, Joe Sawyer; *Jeanne*, Elyse Knox; *Captain Rossmead*, Douglas Fowley; *Radio Announcer*, Knox Manning; *Skivic*, Frank Faylen; *Monkman*, Dick Wessel; *Cleary*, Frank Melton; *Lieutenant Caldwell*, Harold Goodwin; *Major Green*, William Gould; *Major*, Norman Kerry.

"THIS WOMAN IS MINE"—Universal. Screen play by Seton I. Miller and Frederick Jackson. Based on a novel by Gilbert W. Gabriel. Directed by Frank Lloyd. Cast: *Robert Stevens*, Franchot Tone; *Ovide de Montigny*, John Carroll; *Captain Jonathan Thorn*, Walter Brennan; *Julie Morgan*, Carol Bruce; *Duncan MacDougall*, Nigel Bruce; *Second Mate Mumford*, Paul Hurst; *First Mate Fox*, Frank Conroy; *Angus McKav*, Leo G. Carroll; *Lamaze*, Abner Biberman; *John Jacob Astor*, Sig Ruman; *Roussel*, Morris Ankrum.

"TILLIE THE TOILER"—Columbia. Screen play by Karen DeWolf and Francis Martin. Story by Karen DeWolf. Directed by Sidney Salkow. Cast: *Tillie Jones*, Kay Harris; *Mac*, William Tracy; *Simpkins*, George Watts; *Mumsy*, Daphne Pollard; *Whipple*, Jack Arnold; *Bubbles*, Marjorie Reynolds; *Glennie*, Bennie Bartlett; *Ted Williams*, Stanley Brown; *George Winker*, Ernest Truex; *Perry Tweedale*, Franklin Pangborn.

"UNFINISHED BUSINESS"—Universal. Screen play by Eugene Thackery. Directed by Gregory La Cava. Cast: *Nancy Andrews*, Irene Dunne; *Tommy Duncan*, Robert Montgomery; *Storie Duncan*, Preston Foster; *Elmer*, Eugene Pallette; *Frank*, Dick Foran; *Aunt Mathilda*, Esther Dale; *Billy Ross*, Walter Catlett; *Richard*, Richard Davies; *Katy*, Kathryn Adams; *Uncle*, Samuel S. Hinds; *Clarisse*, June Clyde; *Sheila*, Phyllis Barry.

"WHEN LADIES MEET"—M-G-M. Screen play by S. K. Lauren and Anita Loos. Based on the play by Rachel Crothers. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. Cast: *Mary Howard*, Joan Crawford; *Jimmy Lee*, Robert Taylor; *Clare Woodruff*, Greer Garson; *Rogers Woodruff*, Herbert Marshall; *Bridget Drake*, Spring Byington.

"WHISTLING IN THE DARK"—M-G-M. Screen play by Robert McNugle, Harry Clork and Albert Mannheimer. Based upon the play by Laurence Gross and Edward Childs Carpenter. Directed by S. Sylvan Simon. Cast: *Wally Benton*, Red Skelton; *Joseph Jones*, Conrad Deidt; *Carol Lambert*, Ann Rutherford; *"Fran" Post*, Virginia Grey; *Sylvester*, "Rags" Ragland; *Philip Post*, Henry O'Neill; *"Buzz" Baker*, Eve Arden; *Jennings*, Paul Stanton; *Gordon Thomas*, Don Douglas; *"Noose" Green*, Don Costello; *Robert Graves*, William Tannen; *Beau Smith*, Reed Hadley; *Hilda*, Mariska Aldrich; *Upshaw*, Lloyd Corrigan; *Deputy Commissioner O'Neill*, George Carleton.

"WILD GEESE CALLING"—20th Century-Fox. Screen play by Horace McCoy. Based on the novel by Stewart Edward White. Directed by John Brahm. Cast: *John Murdock*, Henry Fonda; *Sally*, Joan Bennett; *Blackie*, Warren William; *Claraella*, Ona Munson; *Pirate Kelly*, Barton MacLane; *Len Baker*, Russell Simpson; *Mazie*, Iris Adrian; *Mack*, James C. Morton; *Manager*, Paul Sutton; *Jennie*, Mary Field; *Delaney*, Stanley Andrews; *Headwaiter*, Robert Emmett Keane; *Guide*, Michael Morris; *Mahoney*, George Watts.

"WORLD PREMIERE"—Paramount. Screen play by Earl Felton. From the story by Earl Felton and Gordon Kahn. Directed by Ted Tetzlaff. Cast: *Duncan DeGrasse*, John Barrymore; *Kitty Carr*, Frances Farmer; *Gregory Martin*, Eugene Pallette; *Lee Morrison*, Virginia Dale; *Mark Saunders*, Ricardo Cortez; *Franz von Bushmaster*, Sig Rumann; *Joe Bemis*, Don Castle; *Luther Skinkley*, William Wright; *Muller*, Fritz Feld; *Signor Scaletti*, Luis Alberni; *Peters*, Cliff Nazarro; *Nixon*, Andrew Tombes.

DELICIOUS, NUTRITIOUS Karo Desserts Cost less than 4¢ a serving

MOLDED CHOCOLATE RICE
First: Steam $\frac{3}{4}$ c. rice until soft. Next: Heat 1 c. milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. KARO (red label), $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt, 4 tbsp. sugar in top of double boiler. Add rice and cook for 10 minutes. Cool; add 1 tsp. vanilla, 1 tbsp. orange juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. grated orange rind. Then: Melt 2 squares unsweetened chocolate; add 1 tbsp. sugar, 2 tbsp. KARO (red label), 2 tbsp. water. Blend well. Fill individual cooled molds—alternating a spoonful of rice mixture and a spoonful of chocolate mixture. Makes 6 servings—Less than $3\frac{1}{2}$ ¢ a serving.

KARO GLAZED APPLES
Wash and core 8 medium sized apples. Do not peel. Place in saucepan; add 8 whole cloves, 1 piece stick cinnamon, $1\frac{3}{4}$ cups water and $\frac{3}{4}$ cup KARO (red label). Cover and cook very slowly for one hour, or until tender. Makes 8 servings—Less than 3¢ a serving.

KARO COTTAGE PUDDING
Combine 1 c. KARO (blue label), $\frac{1}{2}$ c. sugar, 1 tbsp. cream, $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. vanilla. Cook 5 minutes; remove from heat; add 1 tbsp. butter, and stir until dissolved. Pour over eight squares of plain, "one-egg" cake. (There's a good recipe in "KARO KOOKERY"). Cost of cake and KARO Sauce less than 4¢ a serving.

There's Flavor Plus Food Value in these Tempting Desserts

MOST desserts look good, taste good—but what about their food value? Karo recipe desserts do more than tempt the eye, thrill the taste. They actually supply substantial food energy. For there's DEXTROSE in Karo Syrup. And Karo may be served in many, many ways other than desserts. And you'll always enjoy its fine flavor—and benefit by its food value. You'll find a variety of exciting Karo recipes in "KARO KOOKERY", a beautiful new cookbook. All the recipes are easy to make, economical. The coupon below will bring your copy free—postpaid. *Dr. Dafoe says: "Karo is the only syrup served the Dionne Quintuplets. Its maltose and dextrose are ideal carbohydrates for growing children."

World Copyright 1941
King Features Syndicate



YVONNE
likes Karo spread
on bread...Every-
body does!



ANNETTE
prefers Karo on
applesauce...Says
it's wonderful!



CECILE
enjoys Karo on
French toast...Your
family will, too!



EMILIE
dotes on Karo
Butterscotch Sauce
on Cottage Pudding!



MARIE
finds Karo delight-
ful sweetening for
fruit juices. Try it!



in Dextrins,
Maltose and
Dextrose

KARO IN GLASS IS THE SAME DELICIOUS SYRUP YOU'VE ALWAYS ENJOYED...SAME PURITY, BODY, FINE QUALITY.

Free! CORN PRODUCTS SALES CO., P. O. Box 171
Trinity Station, New York, N. Y.—Dept. C11
Please send me my copy of "KARO KOOKERY"
without cost or obligation.

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____



Karo is sold
by grocers
everywhere

Rich in Dextrins,
Maltose and
Dextrose

Actual color photograph of tobacco hanging inside curing barn—J. M. Talley inspects a leaf of fine, light tobacco, before

Lucky Strike means fine tobacco

"Take my word for it—tobacco like this is plenty expensive!" says J. M. Talley, tobacco warehouseman of Durham, N. C. "But that doesn't stop Luckies. I've seen them go after this finer leaf in my warehouse again and again—and pay the price to get it!"

Smokers, the higher-priced tobaccos Luckies buy are worth the money be-

cause they're milder and better-tasting—just naturally more enjoyable smoke than the ordinary kind.

Wouldn't you like these tobaccos for your own cigarette?

Remember: the independent tobacco experts see who's best. And with these Luckies, the war

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—

Copyright 1941, The American Tobacco Company

